





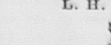








L. H. ALLEN,



FUNERAL AND FURNISHING  
UNDERTAKER.

Railroad st., near corner of Main  
WOBURN.

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CASKETS and COFFINS of various Styles and  
prices. ROBES in great variety. Also, CATH-  
OLIC HABITS, and every article necessary  
for the burial of the dead furnished at  
short notice.

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The attention of the public of this and the neigh-  
boring towns is called to the fact that the

only Cloth Manufactory in the vicinity, and goods are furnished here at less than Boston prices, and delivered free of charge within ten miles.

He likewise offers the new invention for preserving the bodies of cold animals, without direct application of ice. When preserved by the cold air process, a great preservation of all moment the features of the deceased, and the various marks upon his face, and in the old way I have a sufficient number at all times for the merchants and the neighboring towns.

Persons with one or two horses, and Carriages furnished.

Residence, East Street, near Green. 87

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**EBENEZER PARKER.**  
**BILL COLLECTOR.**

Residence, 38 Main Street,  
**WOBURN, MASS.**

All orders left at the JOURNAL Office promptly attended to. 88

# Great Display

**ROOM PAPER**  
AT  
**A. E. Thompson & Co.'s,**  
**No. 3 Wade Block.** 89  
**WOBBURN.**  

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Woburn and Boston Express

**S. F. Thompson,**  
CIVIL ENGINEER,  
Conveyancer, Auctioneer,  
Real Estate and Insurance Agent  
PROBATE ADVISER &c.,  
Waburn Office, corner of Main and Walnut streets  
Principal Office, 19 Tremont Row, Boston.

to be at Woburn office on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings, until 8 P. M., and by agreement at other times. Orders promptly executed upon reasonable notice.

N. B.—Much of my valuable evidence concerning property loss, was saved from the late fire. 91

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## W. A. & M. Association

Capital Stock \$30,000.

Directors: J. J. Winn, M. P. Winn, Charles Bond, John Johnson, Horace Conn, E. S. Blake, and E. D. Hayden.

Depositors are hereby notified that all moneys received by the Association are (year from April 1st, 1870, to) draw interest at the rate of SIX PER CENT, per annum. All moneys withdrawn within thirty days after the date of withdrawal.

Depositors are guaranteed the payment of all obligations on their private stock and private property of the stockholders.

All moneys draw interest from date of deposit, unless paid within thirty days.

JOHN JOHNSON, Secretary and Treasurer. 92

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## E. K. Willoughby,

## HOUSE & JOB CARPENTER,

Walnut St., Woburn, Near Main Street.

Orders for Jobbing of all kinds promptly attended to, and satisfaction guaranteed, as heretofore. 93

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## SAKUEL H. DAVIS

Manufacturer of, and Dealer in

## Ladies', Gents', Misses & Children's

## Boots, Shoes,

AND  
RUBBERS.  
*No. 4 Richardson's Block,*  
WINCHESTER. 94  
Repairing done at short notice in a thorough and  
orkmanlike manner.

**G. F. HARTSHORNE,**  
**Surveyor & Civil Engineer**  
Surveys, Plans, and Divisions of Estates accurately made. Grading, Levelling, and Public and Private Grounds ornamentally laid out.  
Also, attention given to Conveyancing.

**Office, 159 Main Street, over A. Buck-**  
**man's Shoe Store. Office hours 7 to 9 P. M., except**  
**Wednesdays and Fridays.** 95

**W. A. COLEGATE,**  
**FLORIST,**  
Greenhouse, at Cummingsville.

Greenhouse at Cummingsville.  
WOBBURN, - - - MASS.

Plants, Shrubs, Trees, Potted  
Plants, Wreaths, Bouquets,  
and Baskets of Cut  
Flowers.

96  
S. W. Manning's Nursery, Reading  
Mass.

**H. ELLIS & CO.,**  
**BUILDING MOVERS, STONE MASONS**  
**AND CELLAR BUILDERS,**  
**Park st., Rear of Baptist Church**  
**Office over Buckman's Shoe Store,**  
**WOBBURN.**

Laborers furnished by the day. Having had an  
experience of twenty-five years in the Moving and  
Cellar business, we guarantee to give good satisfaction.

For some of the BEST KINDS OF COOKING and  
PAVILION STOVES, or rapid plates, stove pipes  
and Hollow Ware, at LOW PRICES, at  
**No. 131 MAIN STREET, WOBBURN,**  
**L. THOMPSON, Jr.**

\$50.00 \$20.00 per day! Agents wanted! All classes of working people  
interested in the United Fruit Company. See advertisement on page 10.  
Sole. Particulars from Admrs. W. Stearns & Co., Portland, Maine.











monument garlanded with a watering pot. The dilapidated and rheumatic fence (?) which disgraced the Main street in front of the depot was moved, and the public eye will be tortured no more with that. In the forenoon of the Fourth a game of ball was played between the Hawsers of Lexington and a mixed nine made of town boys and members of the Woburn High School nine, the former winning in a game of five innings by a score of 16 to 6. Once in a while during the day and evening the sound of a stray fire cracker was heard, and in the evening a half dozen rockets now and then lit up the sky. The stillness of the day made it very agreeable.

Sometimes ago the government forwarded to the different post offices a glazed frame in which daily reports of the weather were to be placed. With many bright anticipations we looked for their coming. What a comfort thought we, to know what the Clerk of the Weather has in store for us. What plans we could make and what labor we could save. No more hurrying to save the well-worn hay from the threatening shower; no more picnics broken up or dispersed by the same dampening process. Here at last was a certainty, and we thanked Uncle Sam and waited. We had begun to despair of ever seeing such a thing as a report in the frame, when we entered the office a few days ago, we espied a piece of paper underneath the glass. Joyfully we hurried towards it to welcome it as the first of a noble race, when imagine our disgust we found instead of a weather report the following: "Pasturage for Cows on reasonable terms."

The revelation of feeling was too much. This indignity ought not to be overlooked. The public mind should arise in its might and demand the head of the author of this outrage. We have heard somewhere that "truth crushed to earth will rise again," but what can ever restore our confidence in the Weather Report. To have one's hopes so completely crushed is humiliating.

**Bedford.**  
INDEPENDENCE DAY.—The unseasonable ringing of bells, blowing of flags and innumerable screechings of our amateurs were the first demonstrations of the anniversary of the nation's great day, and many of the participants of this fearful jubilee well be asked: "Does your mother know you are out?" but as the sun came to view these fine luminaries died away, and a foreigner sojourning here would hardly have known that this was the nation's birthday, for that still which had stood and ornamented our beautiful commonwealth, and borne our emblem of freedom at the very top of its mast, whenever joy and gladness filled the nation's heart as well as suspending it at half its height when the nation's heart was bleeding, lowering it gently as if touched with sympathy as one after another of "our fallen heroes," were returned to their kindred dust, that staff in its fragmentary condition is but a silent reminder of all those scenes of the past, while the "stars and stripes" are carefully stored from the view of the passing stranger. The evening was made lively by a display of fireworks procured by our young folks, together with the roar of the shop piece of the town, "the old anvil."

**BUREAU OF STATISTICS OF LABOR.**  
We find the following in a Boston paper:—Of the many departments of the State House, perhaps none, for the period of its existence, has been the subject of so much criticism (favorable and otherwise) as the Bureau of Statistics of Labor. It has been about four years ago that shed light upon the complicated questions arising concerning capital and labor, the opinion has been given among many that the bureau has been pursued with a partisan bias calculated to detract much from the value of its statistics and conclusions. Accordingly, during the session of the last legislature, the former chief of the bureau, General Oliver of Salem, was superseded by Colonel Charles D. Wright, a member of the State Senate.  
Since his appointment Senator Wright has been originating plans for the thorough reorganization of the bureau, and the question as to whether savings banks are dependent upon the poorer classes mainly for their deposits has been a mooted one by this bureau and has not been satisfactorily settled. Senator Wright is aiming at a method by which the facts in this matter may be obtained from the various savings banks in the State. He has spent considerable time in investigating the workings of the Bureau of Statistics of the National Government at Washington and in similar departments in foreign countries, so as to arrive at the best methods of operation. The bureau has been taken up by the subject of the purchasing power of money in different countries, and very valuable comparative tables will be given in connection therewith.  
As another important branch, full attention will be given to the matter of the protection of employees, not only in factories but in manufacturing, from fire, crowding, poor ventilation, liability to injury from machinery, etc. A novel feature that will be introduced is the comparative wages of brain and hand work, and the results will show what professional labor brings in comparison with skilled and unskilled mechanical labor. Yet another subject of investigation will be the wages of women when performing the work of men.  
Thus has been given in part a general idea of what the bureau proposes to undertake for some time to come, and it is hardly necessary to add that in the consideration of these weighty questions, no partisan bias will be brought to bear, and the facts as evolved will be left to speak for themselves. The policy of the bureau will be to pursue all investigations in the direction that shall have a practical bearing on the condition of the people who earn their own living.  
And now as to the method of working. The plan is to have actual men on the spot, instead of relying on parties answering circulars sent out. The experience of the past, both at Washington and abroad, is that the latter system is entirely unreliable. Colonel Wright will not rely upon his own judgment alone, but proposes to consult the eminent men of this country who have interested themselves in subjects germane to the bureau, and receive their suggestions as to the best methods of working this important department, and the best subjects to investigate.  
The headquarters of the bureau have recently been removed to No. 33 Pemberton square (recently leased by the State) where in a very pleasant, cosy and tastefully furnished suite of rooms on the first floor may be found Colonel Wright—ever ready to give his visitors a courteous greeting—with a strong right hand man in the person of his deputy, Major George H. Long of Charlestown, and with an efficient secretary in the person of Mr. Charles F. Fildig. These gentlemen comprise the present force of the office, while a temporary clerical force may be employed as the work requires. The aim in all plans will be to run the department as economically as its efficiency will admit. As has also been hinted, investigations into different subjects will be made on the ground by practical and reliable men, skilled in the subject under investigation. With these plans and facilities, and the co-operation of all searchers after truth, it is hoped that the bureau may measurably achieve the purposes for which it was created, and be a help in solving the social problems now exciting the attention of so many in this and other lands.

**MISS TILLEY'S VEGETABLE GARDEN.** The house made by Mr. Anson D. F. Randolph & Co., N. Y.

In the usual good style of this house this little work comes before us for notice. In it Miss Warner (a pleasant acquaintance by the way) tells us, and we believe all she says, just what she has done, and others can do the same if they bring a corresponding energy and carefulness to the work. And what does she say is the result? Just what you all would like to do, male and female—make your pocket money. Now go and get this little book, we are quite an enthusiast upon ladies' gardening and floral occupations, we would see more of our fair friends using Nature's out of door's balm of health and less of Hagan's enamel. One elevates the whole system, male or female, and the other is a deadly poison, and should never be placed upon the face of even the most homely female. Purchase the book, read it, throw Hagan's balm to the dogs.

**LITERATURE AND JOURNAL.** By Matthew Arnold, A. B. Osgood & Co., Boston.  
This purports to be the last work of Mr. Arnold, and has the force of an essay towards the better apprehension of the Bible. We have had placed before us in the course of three years quite a number of works whose objects have been not very dissimilar to the one in question. Now, we are a believer in possibilities, but when one attempts in these latter days to reconcile the impossible, and bring to life a defunct body, whether it be a physical system or a dead and buried theory, we think the thing simply impossible. As a literary work we think highly of Mr. Arnold's work, it is the best and stands at the head of the list, and should find many readers, it is forcibly, tersely and concisely written, and his opinions are what we call liberal. And no one can read this work without deep thought. The question comes home to him like a personal appeal, "well, all this is possible, but Christianity is still the same; let my heart be imbued with the true spirit of Christ, and I care not for dogmas." In the times that are past, many things were born of an over-heated zeal, and in the name of liberty many base things were done; so in our own times, so in the times of Henry VIII of which Mr. Arnold speaks, many bad men held bad opinions, and what is much worse did not hesitate to give them to the world. But we are among those who believe that all who would gain a better conception of Christianity and its fruits, can learn as much from the divine author and the perusal of the revelation of the Christ as from reading the work of Mr. Arnold. Very few Englishmen apprehend the teachings of this essay, as does the author. May the true light guide and shine upon every one who would seek a better life through its teachings.

**COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.**  
MIDDLESEX, ss.  
To either of the Justices of the Peace of the County of Middlesex, in said County, I, the undersigned, do hereby certify that the following is a true and correct copy of the will of the late Frederick A. Fisk, deceased, as the same appears from the records of said County, to-wit:—  
In said County, on the 10th day of July, 1873, at 3 o'clock P. M., to act on the following articles, viz:—  
ART. 1. To hear and act on the report of the Board of Commissioners on the petition of said Fisk, deceased, for the appointment of a guardian of his estate.  
ART. 2. To hear and act on the report of the Board of Commissioners on the petition of said Fisk, deceased, for the appointment of a guardian of his person.  
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This work is from the German by S. A. Stern, and has a pleasant biography of the author. One of those charming volumes made up of the wild and wonderful, the weird stories entitled "The Florentine Nights." Reader, you will be well pleased with this book, it is a delightful aura of vivid tales each one, if possible, surpassing the former in brilliancy and piquant delineation. As a book belonging to this particular class, it has the merit of being old yet new. Witty told are the quaint stories, they are like wise old epigrams, all the better for their age. Heine wielded a pen of power and sarcasm, sending the arrow straight to the mark, and we find ourselves sometimes asking this question, "can anything be true?" His pointed shafts, stuck firmly in the unprotected coat of the versatile Frobenius, while the cool phlegmatic German finds his coat of mail a poor protection from the barbed arrow of Heine's subtle wit. We were about to give an analysis of his surprising powers, but the book has it all there, and it is a most brilliantly written book, and much good resulted from its publication on its first appearance in German. It is a manly and dignified protest against wrong, and as such we commend it to all our readers. Our Boston friends will find it at A. Williams & Co.

**THE MINISTRY WE NEED.** Rev. Dr. Sweetser Boston Trinitarian Society.  
Probably but very few men could have written a more practical or better book upon the subject than the veteran author of the above pages. We do not hesitate to state that we believe that any clergyman in the State of Massachusetts whether considered popular or not popular, among the rural or city congregations, can read this work with much personal benefit. No one can read this book with a desire to get good, who will fail in the end of being made better and more spiritual-minded thereby. If one has already a well founded hope in the grace and goodness of God, he will find his confidence in the all prevailing power of truth strengthened, and he will find the scales have fallen from his eyes, and he begins to see, what? That most especially in this period of the Christian Era, the world at large still need the enunciation of great truths by just such great minds. It is a complete work in fourteen chapters, covering the entire subjects upon which it treats with a master hand. Having been not only a leader but a minister himself, he knows the true definition of the apostolic words, "go teach." In reading this little golden chain of ideas, we much regret that among the many who read, and it may be honestly believe they are called of God to preach his gospel, so few truly come up to the requisite standard of this gospel. This book is like a cool, refreshing shower in a sultry afternoon. The Rev. Dr. does not spend those great and glorious gifts bestowed upon him by his heavenly Father in a canting, whining funeral dirge upon the wickedness of the world, but takes a hopeful view of Christianity. We commend the work as the very first book that should head a selected list of books for any Sabbath School library.

**RETIRED MAXWELL.** Lady Blake, Boston, James R. Osgood & Co.  
This is just the companion for an afternoon at the sea side, when the heat is oppressive. It is a graciously written, piquant, interesting story, and will be well received by our lady readers. The characters are finely drawn, and there is a finish and clearness about the several domestic scenes, that reminds one of their own homes, and recalls many familiar memories of the past. The style is unexceptional, the tone moral, the handling of all quite spirited and fresh. The leading character or heroine, is a charming young lady, who will accompany you to the end, and there you will only regret that you and herself must necessarily part company. We wish there were more of this kind of reading for sunshine and rainy days.  
**BOOKS OF STAFF.** by the author of "Woven of many threads." Boston, James R. Osgood & Co.  
This is a story of English middle life, and is a well written, highly dramatic story, the language and style good, vigorous, and abounding with deep pathos which renders some of its characters not spirited but highly finished. Besides the leading or title story, the reader will find equally interesting, "A Woman's Story," "Miss Gordon's Story," "Everything Broken," "A Domestic Tragedy," "Mr. John," and "The Drinkers of Ashes."  
**JOHN ILLUSTRATED.** New edition; illustrated, James R. Osgood & Co., Boston.  
The first edition of this hand book of our city met with a very ready sale, and the first edition was soon exhausted. This new edition, or re-issue is much enlarged, containing many new and interesting features not in the first edition. The late calamities fire, and the necessary alterations and additional changes in streets, and the arrangement of buildings, and other extensive changes make a second edition of this valuable little companion necessary. We used to say we are going to "Old Boston," now it is in a great measure "New Boston" we go to, and to find the true location of our old Boston mercantile establishments many of them we need the new edition of Boston Illustrated. This book is gotten up in the well known style of Osgood & Co.

**FOR FAMILY USE.**  
—THE—  
**HALFORD**  
LEICESTERSHIRE  
**Table Sauce,**  
—THE BEST SAUCE & RELISH—  
Made in any part of the World.  
FOR  
FAMILY USE.  
Pints, 50 Cents.  
Half Pints, 30 Cents.  
For Sale by all Grocers.

**HOUSE PAPER,**  
**WINDOW SHADES.**  
**CORDS, TASSELS AND**  
**FIXTURES.**  
IN LARGE VARIETY AT  
**HORTON'S**  
Woburn Telegraph Office.

**VINEGAR BITTERS.**  
PURELY VEGETABLE. FREE FROM ALCOHOL.  
DEWALERS' CALIFORNIA VINEGAR BITTERS.  
No person can take these Bitters without feeling a refreshing and invigorating effect, and remain long unwell, provided the system is not destroyed by mineral poison or other means, and vital organs wasted beyond the point of repair.  
Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Headache, Pain in the Stomach, Gout, Rheumatism, Gravel, Dropsy, Nervous Debility, Female Complaints, and all the ailments arising from an impure and unwholesome diet, are cured by these Bitters. They are a gentle Purgative as well as a Tonic, possessing the merit of acting as a powerful agent in relieving congestion or inflammation of the liver and visceral organs, and in biliousness.  
For Scurvy, Eruptions, Tetters, Itch, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Pains of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys and Bladder, these Bitters have no equal. Such diseases are caused by Vicious Blood. They are a gentle Purgative as well as a Tonic, possessing the merit of acting as a powerful agent in relieving congestion or inflammation of the liver and visceral organs, and in biliousness.  
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**TOWN WARRANT.**  
COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.  
MIDDLESEX, ss.  
To either of the Justices of the Peace of the County of Middlesex, in said County, I, the undersigned, do hereby certify that the following is a true and correct copy of the will of the late Frederick A. Fisk, deceased, as the same appears from the records of said County, to-wit:—  
In said County, on the 10th day of July, 1873, at 3 o'clock P. M., to act on the following articles, viz:—  
ART. 1. To hear and act on the report of the Board of Commissioners on the petition of said Fisk, deceased, for the appointment of a guardian of his estate.  
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ART. 91. To hear and















The Clergy and laity were well represented, and the exercises were very interesting. Among others called on for remarks was Rev. E. G. Porter. He was introduced as one of the three sons of the church who had gone out to carry the ministrations of the Gospel to other places. He alluded to his memories of the year the church was organized; the revolutions in Europe, the gold fever, the funeral of an ex-president of the United States at Quincy. He spoke of the kind influences, advice and earnest proclamation of the truth which led them to engage in the ministry; the private advice and constant example, and those warm influences which radiate from the pastor's study. He also spoke of the influence of the Sunday School, and its loved Superintendent. The church had undergone a change, from the time it was filled with high-backed box pews; from the time when the former pastor passed away and his mantle fell so gently on his successor. He spoke of the satisfaction of worshipping in the old church, and the devotion fostered by ancient cloisters, like Westminster Abbey; and he made allusion to Deacon Edward Sharpe and Deacon Howe, men of practical piety whose memory was cherished by all.

#### ARRIVALS.

WOODCOCK.—In our last, certain young men were warned in regard to shooting woodcock. A correspondent states that the warning party would not have said anything about it if they had had any luck themselves.

—The young men who were injured by the cannon discharge on the Fourth, are doing well and their recovery is a matter of the immediate future. Young Frost was able to leave his room on Wednesday. Their escape from death borders upon the miraculous.

RESIGNATION.—The Rev. William H. Ryder, pastor of the Universalist Society for the past two years, has resigned much to the regret of all, and goes to Malden. We understand that he receives a salary of \$2500 at the latter place, which is an increase of \$1000, above his salary here. The laborer is worthy of his hire.

SURVEYORS.—We have in town a new firm, Messrs. Cuyler & Hale, who will attend to any business in the line of surveying or civil engineering, the citizens may desire to have done. They are doing considerable work for the town and will be found to be competent members of their profession. Office over M. A. Richardson & Co.

CONCERT.—The little folks connected with the Universalist Sunday School, gave a concert at the Vestry of their Church last Sunday evening which was very much enjoyed by all, and goes to show that the children are not idle. We understand that before taking their summer vacation the old folks propose taking them to a picnic down to the Beach or grove, so that all can have a grand time after which there will be no Sabbath School services during the hot weather.

—It often happens that our country cousins are just as foolish as was George West of Arlington, who attempted to take a run yesterday on one of the East India wharves, in company with \$30 in money, a pair of boots and a still glass of balm. When West awoke he found that the money and boots had departed for some place unknown.—Herald.

POLICE COURT.—Before Judge Carter. Of late certain persons have been in the habit of visiting houses that were being built and stealing wood therefrom. Mr. Geo. D. Tufts has suffered from these visits. The thieves who called at his house, took not only wood but also fit for kindling, but lumber that was of use, and also abstracted from the garden green grapes, pears, etc. Last Saturday Daniel Hurley was arraigned on a charge of theft of this kind, and was found guilty. Mr. Tufts was satisfied that Hurley was not as much to blame as some others, although culpable to a degree and through his efforts Hurley was let off by paying the costs.

#### COMMUNICATION.

JULY 12TH.—The anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne was duly celebrated in grand Orange style. The members of Mount Horeb Local Orange Lodge No. 19, with their wives, sisters and sweethearts celebrated the 12th of July with a picnic on the grounds of Brother A. McManas. At 4 o'clock the brethren with their friends set out to a most sumptuous repast provided by the Committee. After all had done justice to the good things provided, the day was spent in the most delightful manner, the usual patriotic and Orange sentiments were proposed and some of them were responded to in speeches appropriate to the occasion. Indeed, all felt how good and pleasant it was for brethren to dwell together in unity. We hope that this meeting may prove a blessing to him who joined in it. All parted well pleased, and hopefully anticipating to meet again with increased numbers and renewed energies next 12th of July. We should not omit to mention that during the day the beautiful new banner presented by the lady friends of the Lodge, and other emblems of the order were conspicuously displayed on the picnic grounds.

#### ORANGE.

NEW CHURCHES.—There are to be two new churches at this place. The residents have for a long time demanded some provision of this kind, and now they are earnest in regard to it.

On Monday night last, the Congregational society held a meeting, and plans for a church edifice were presented and approved, and the committee were instructed to proceed at once to contract for the work. This society have purchased a lot of land, 80x100 feet, of Mr. S. H. Holton et al, situated on the corner of Bowers and River streets. Mr. Holton very generously offers to give them \$500 when the edifice is boarded in, and \$300 more when it is completed. The location is a fine one and this society, with its two or three score of members will have a pleasant place of worship.

The Methodists, of whom there are about 16 in this part of the town, have also decided to build, in fact have commenced. Their lot is located on Bowers St., a little south of the proposed site of the Congregational church. The building they are putting up will serve as a

chapel. The posts are 15-12 feet high, and the sills are 4x25 feet. A tower 45 feet high will surmount the whole. This chapel has been placed at the rear of the lot which is 200x100 feet, so that when required a church can be built in front. Mr. M. W. Mann, formerly of Woburn, is doing the work. When completed the chapel will seat 250.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.—The August number is very interesting. The boys will enjoy Jack Hazard's adventures at the circus. The magazine maintains its place in the front rank of the juvenile monthlies.

AMERICAN HOMES for July is a bright and breezy number for this hot weather, and is up to its usual high standard in its power to amuse, instruct and beautify illustrations. The science of gardening is humorously illustrated, and will be fully appreciated by amateur gardeners. The contents are a good story for chronos or books, and all the people must read this work eventually. Send \$2 to Chas. H. Taylor & Co., Boston or Chicago.

#### READY MONEY MONTHLY.

By the author of "My Little Girl," James B. Osgood & Co., Boston.

This work has a plot which may be called its own, original and straightforward familiar story telling style. It has a good moral tone and forcibly points out the evils of a penniless or miserly disposition. Graphic, sketchy, amusing and free of matter of fact, you will be pleased with it. The hero or principal character of the story shows what he might have been if he had only been born of a different father. Now that very troublesome "if" often spoils a good story. You have in this history, the amusing adventures of one who was "turned out of doors," by his father, whose training and industry made him a good boy, the Fagan school. And in progress of time he becomes a sporting gambler. Repents at last and dies in the midst of his good resolutions. A very readable book with a plainly pointed moral.

#### THE ISLES OF SHOALS.

By J. S. Jenness. Cambridge River, England.

We welcome another little, well written historical work upon the Isles of Shoals, by an author who is destined to be quite popular, we believe, with all our summer tourists. "Where shall we go for a few weeks' inhalation of the pure sea breezes? to what location shall we turn our eyes for a cool, pleasant retreat for a few days of weeks?" Why go to the Isles of Shoals, and before you go, purchase Mr. Jenness' book, descriptive of this "out of doors place." A clearly written history of this interesting group of islands is graphically given by the author, for the benefit of many friends who will thank him for this pretty pocket volume. A single extract from this work gives the key note to its graphic style. "The Isles of Shoals played a more important part in the early history of New England, than the general reader is aware of. They were settled long before the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, these barren rocks were visited and described by the French and English navigators, and were the annual resort of fishermen and whalers, and the time Europe. The first unmistakable mention of these islets falls, however, in the succeeding or 16th century. There can be little doubt that they were settled by Cromwell in 1602, and by Martin Prince in 1603; but it is not until the voyage of the French along our coast in 1605, that a distinct reference to them is made in the chronicles. The golden age of the Isles of Shoals, to which we now recur, was the middle of the seventeenth century. Their population was at this time larger than at any other point in the Eastern province; trade and commerce were extensive; the fisheries were pursued with activity; the little harbor was filled with shallops and pinces; the neighboring sea was dotted with sails; sweeping in and out; the rocks, now silent and deserted, resounded with clamor and bustled with business; every where boisterous hilarity, animal enjoyment, exuberant spirits, cheerfulness and activity. To the habits of this motley population, many other interesting facts, and quaint stories, we refer our readers to the book itself, and it is a gem in the times, just the book to put in one's pocket when bound to the sea side.

#### THE TRIP TO PROCTOR.

By William Carleton. N. Y. D. J. Sallie.

We find in the spicily written pages of this story of Irish life and character much that is good, true and very interesting. We sympathize with those whose honest desire is to work for fair and honorable means any needed reform. The ill effects resorted to by an overwrought, unauthoritative zeal is vividly and graphically shown by our author in his remarks upon public abuses. We know that the ideas held by the "white boys," and other kindred associations, were of a high and patriotic order, yet we think they failed in the end of accomplishing much good; they were sometimes very oppressive, although animated by the best motives. The "Tithes Proctor," is a representative character, a man who naturally grows up with the times, and we think the author makes him a better man than true historical fidelity warrants. Murdering a very bad man is establishing a bad precedent, and although the poor suffering peasantry are goaded on to untoward acts of reprisal and redress, yet we think although the Tithes Proctor, though a vile man, should have been spared a little longer for repentance. Many of the characters are well drawn, the scenes are somewhat out of the ordinary, if not unnatural. As a whole the book is reformatory and instructive.

A scenery defacer has been fined \$5 at Port Henry, N. Y., for painting advertisements on rocks. Served him right.

#### DIRT.

In Woburn, July 16th, John A. son of John H. Bullitt, aged 2 years, 7 months, 11 days.

In Woburn, July 16th, Mary Jane, daughter of Timothy Kennedy, 10 days.

In Woburn, July 16th, Mrs. Mary Brown Holt, aged 66.

In Woburn, July 16th, Miss Maria Hoyt, aged 19 years.

In Woburn, July 16th, Mrs. Mary Durnin, aged 58 years.

In Woburn, July 17th, Jeremiah Callahan, aged 28 years.

#### TOWN OF WOBURN.

Office of the Road Commissioners.

Notice is hereby given that there will be a hearing on the petition of J. W. Hammond and others on the widening and straightening of Walnut St. at the Selectmen's Room, Bank Block, 173 Main Street, on Thursday, July 24th, at 7 P. M., at which all parties interested may appear and be heard.

By order of the Road Commissioners.

E. E. THOMPSON, Clerk.

#### Cure for Female Weakness.

WITHOUT SUPPORTERS. The best

and most reliable medicine for the cure of female weakness, which is one of the most common ailments, makes new blood and strengthens the whole system. Three bottles will convince the most skeptical. Handful will testify. Write for circulars, testimonials, and price. Sent by mail. Female Care, Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1.00 per bottle.

MISS LINDA BELCHER, Randolph Mass.

Geo. C. Goodwin & Co., 28 Hanover St., Boston.

Weeks & Foster, 176 Washington St., Boston.

## FOR FAMILY USE.

### THE HALFORD

## Table Sauce,

THE BEST SAUCE & RELISH

Made in any part of the World.

FOR FAMILY USE.

Pints, 50 Cents.

Half Pints, 30 Cents.

For Sale by all Grocers.

## FOR SALE.

100 feet of Fence for Sale, can be seen at cor. of Fowle and Mr. Tinsant street.

CHARLES K. COHN.

## SPECIAL NOTICE.

The subscriber in order to meet the demands of his increased trade, has been induced to erect a building, where he has a large and commodious room, elegantly fitted up, where may be found

PIANOS AND ORGANS

from the best manufacturers of NEW YORK and BOSTON. Also all the

Popular Sheet Music of the Day.

A full and complete assortment of small

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

VIOLIN and GUITAR STRINGS &c.

PIANOS AND ORGANS

Sold on installments at terms to

suit. Also tuned and repaired

WOBURN MUSIC STORE,

No. 2 Railroad Street.

Rear of DODGE'S BLOCK,

WOBURN MASS.

## O. GREEN.

Popular New Music Books.

For the Coming Music Season.

THE STANDARD. EMERSON & PALMER.

Unexcelled as a Collection of Church music.

THE RIVER OF LIFE. PERKINS & BENTLEY.

The Newest and Finest of Sabbath School Song Books.

CHEERFUL VOICES. L. O. EMERSON.

Very beautiful School Song Book.

GEMS OF STRAUSS. JOHANN STRAUSS.

All the Best Strauss Music.

ORGAN AT HOME. For Read Organs.

200 most attractive pieces.

CLARK'S DOLLAR INSTRUMENTS.

For Read Organs, Piano and Violin.

EMERSON'S CHANTS AND RESPONSES.

100

DR. STREETER'S VOICE BUILDING.

150

OLIVER DITSON & Co., Boston.

C. H. DITSON & Co., 711 Broadway, N. Y.

## At Auction

IN WOBURN CENTRE.

ON TUESDAY, July 23d, 73, at 4 o'clock P. M., the fine Cottage House with 1700 feet of land, situated on the corner of Railroad and Sullivan Streets, in Woburn, Mass., and at the Water Bank Block, 173 Main Street, where applications for water service must be made, and a certificate signed by the owner or agent of the estate designated.

The terms and conditions upon which the service pipe will be laid from the street line to the inside of the cellar wall of each applicant will be made known at the office.

Those who have verbally or by written notice already applied for water service must call and sign an "Application Certificate."

Office hours at the selectmen's room every evening (except Tuesday) from 7 to 9.

Office hours at the Water Board Room, Tuesday evenings from 7 to 10.

For order F. E. THOMPSON, Clerk.

Woburn, June 25th, 1873.

## FOR SALE.

A Black Mare, 10 years

old, 15 hands high, is sound and kind.

It is also well road fifteen miles in one hour. I never had occasion to drive her from Woburn to Medford, which is five miles, in ten minutes, is not afraid of the cars, will stand without tiring, and is quiet while persons are getting in and out of the carriages. It is offered for sale because I have more horses than I need. May be seen by applying to

L. HUGHES ALLEN.

## HOUSE PAPER,

WINDOW SHADES,

CORDS, TASSELS AND

FIXTURES.

IN LARGE VARIETY AT

HORTON'S

Woburn Telegraph Office.

Geo. S. Dodge,

APOTHECARY,

No. 189 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

"DETERMINED TO MEET EVERY PUBLIC REQUIREMENT."

"The invalid needs the best of everything."

In addition to the most complete Medical department we furnish BOTTLE AND DRUGS, FANCY GOODS and STATIONERY, at very low prices.

37

## FOR SALE.

A DOUBLE HOUSE with a Bath

on Davis Street, pleasantly located on 15,000 feet of land. Within one minute's walk of the house cars. Inquire of

A. J. WADE.

On the premises.

Woburn, July 9th, 1873.

\$500-\$20 per day. Agents wanted. All orders of working men sent by mail. Address: A. J. WADE, 100 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

Weeks & Foster, 176 Washington St., Boston.

## NEW STORE, NEW GOODS,

### And New Attractions.

## WHEELOCK & SON,

(Formerly W. H. Wheelock.)

Have added to the business of Ready Made Clothing and Furnishing Goods, the largest and finest selected stock of

FINE WOOLENS

ever shown in Woburn, and are now prepared at their new store,

No. 185 Lyceum Hall Building,

to furnish perfect fitting garments to order, and at prices as low as the lowest. Having secured the services of Mr. J. F. McAVOY, formerly with Geo. Lyon & Co., of Boston, as cutter, we will guarantee perfect fitting garments to all those favoring us with their patronage.

Call and Examine Goods and Prices

AT

WHEELOCK & SON,

(FORMERLY W. H. WHEELOCK'S.)

New Clothing Store,

No. 185 MAIN STREET, - WOBURN,

Lyceum Hall Building.

May now be found one of the largest and best selected stocks of READY-MADE CLOTHING for MEN'S, YOUTH'S and BOY'S wear, ever shown in Woburn.

We have also a full and complete line of

HATS, CAPS, and GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS.

selected for the Spring and Summer wear; all of which we are happy to show those favoring us with their patronage.

Parties in want of a nice TRUNK or VALISE, can here find a new and desirable selection. Also, other goods usually found in a first-class

Gent's Clothing and Furnishing Store.

The ONE-PRICE SYSTEM will be STRICTLY ADHERED TO.

WHEELOCK & SON, - - - Clothiers.

STILL'S

ICE CREAM

AND

DINING SALOON,

No. 196 Main Street, Woburn.

Confectionery

of the purest and best varieties.

Catering for Parties, &c., as usual.

Parties and Families supplied with

Ice Cream, Cake, &c., &c.,

AT SHORT NOTICE.

O. R. STILL.

Remember the place! New Store!

No. 196 Main Street, Woburn.

NOTICE is hereby given that the subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator of the estate of Michael Mulhern, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and taken upon himself that trust by giving bonds, as the law directs.

All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are requested to exhibit the same, with vouchers in support thereof, to the undersigned, at his office, on or before the 1st day of August, 1873, at which time he will make payment to them.

Woburn, July 8th, 1873.

WOBURN WATER WORKS.

Applications for Water.

The Board of Water Commissioners will be ready to receive applications for water service on and after Monday, July 15th, 1873.

The "Application Certificate Book" will be open on that date in the Selectmen's Room, Bank Block, 173 Main Street, where applications for water service must be made, and a certificate signed by the owner or agent of the estate designated.

The terms and conditions upon which the service pipe will be laid from the street line to the inside of the cellar wall of each applicant will be made known at the office.

Those who have verbally or by written notice already applied for water service must call and sign an "Application Certificate."

Office hours at the selectmen's room every evening (except Tuesday) from 7 to 9.

Office hours at the Water Board Room, Tuesday evenings from 7 to 10.

For order F. E. THOMPSON, Clerk.

Woburn, June 25th, 1873.

## FOR SALE.

Seven houses, from \$1600, to \$6000.

Inquire of

J. C. WHITCHER.

## HORSES FOR SALE.

Two car loads of Horses, just arrived. Matched and Single Horses, weighing from 900 to 1,400 several good stephens in the number.

A. P. MAHON, Burlington, May 10, 1873.

## A TEN STRIKE.

Ten Tickets, each of which will entitle the bearer to a choice of the following list of Photographs at TUNNEY'S PHOTOGRAPH ROOMS, 47 HANOVER STREET, BOSTON.

will be given for Twenty Dollars:

1 doz. Berlin Cards, Plain 2 Cabinet, Tinted.

1 doz. Berlin Cards, Plain 2 Cabinet, Tinted.

1 doz. Berlin Cards, Plain 2 Cabinet, Tinted.

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1 doz. Berlin Cards, Plain 2 Cabinet, Tinted.



## A HOMEY STORY.

"Hang it all! there is no use in helping those who will not help themselves!" exclaimed Uncle John.

Now "hang it all!" was an uncommon expression for John West to use. If, in its place he had substituted "Indeed!" my pen would have been more ready to transcribe his thought. But this vulgar, meaningless sentence did escape his lips, and having expressed himself thus, he seemed relieved.

Uncle John had a favorite nephew, and this nephew had a wife. Uncle John was rich, and owned several fine farms. On young John's wedding day the uncle brought no gift of gold or silver ware—

"nothing; not so much as you could wind round your finger," the bride said that night, when far from home, the newly made husband and wife discussed the events of that eventful day. But when John returned from his wedding tour, Uncle John paid them a visit, and said, quietly, as he was ready to leave: "what are you going to do now, John?"

"I think of taking Joel Benson's farm on shares for a year at least."

"You can do better than that," here is your wedding gift; and placing some paper in his hands he hastily left.

The papers were:—First, the deed of a valuable farm; with, second, a mortgage upon it (awaiting of course young John's approval and signature) of just one half its value—said mortgage to be paid in small annual installments. The land was fine, the house newly new, and all the outbuildings in excellent condition.

The tears sprang to John's eyes as he read it; he was sensitive to the very heart's core.

"Oh, won't that be grand?" exclaimed his wife, when he showed the papers to her. "Now you can buy that new carriage and a new silver-mounted harness. I shall want you to pay anything more than the interest, and give the rest to you and by, my way, when he dies."

"Never!" exclaimed John, looking at her in amazement; "he has given me enough already. Be the times good or bad, I shall pay the interest, and the installments as they are due."

You see he had a little of the old John in him. The sequel would seem to show that the bride had said under her breath, "We will see."

It was just two years from this time that Uncle John used that inelegant expression; and he said more than that, he said: "Such a woman as that deserves no better home than a Kansas dug-out."

The truth was, Mrs. John was not very young, but she was very selfish and designing. She courted John so assiduously and yet so delicately; and he—had nothing but a good head and strong hands, and his heart—well he had never tried his head yet, and the fair-skinned, golden-haired woman, he felt sure, loved him. She was poor, too; together they might make a home. She had always been obliged to work; of course she would be willing to work with and for him.

Poor John! "But he deserves his fate," you say. What, when his failing was his perfect faith in womanhood?

It was Uncle John's faith, too. Once a clear-eyed, sunny-browed little girl had ever called him "dear John," but ere he had pressed a husband's kiss upon the June lips, the angels called her. In those early days he thought all women like his lost darling, but as years passed, he came to know that she had been one of the few sent to earth to show all womanhood what they might become.

For the reason that John's wife had worked hard and lived economically all her young life, for to her sufficient reason, now that she was the wife of the favorite nephew of a rich bachelor uncle; that she should "live like other folks," meaning by this, like people of wealth, never seeming to realize that happiness is of the heart;—never stopping to think that a large share of the gains from the farm must be returned to it in one shape or another, and that farm life means to most a home, and its comforts and pleasures.

How few realize that a work greater than that of any artist, is given American farmers' wives and daughters to do; to show to the world what a home may be—a place where work and culture shall dwell together. The husband is very pleasant, and loving hands might, with simple means, have made of it a beautiful picture. John proposed to furnish only the kitchen, dining room (which they would use for a sitting room) and their own room, opening from it; but Mrs. John had set her heart on having her parlor furnished. On the Benson farm they would have lived in a tenant house, small but comfortable, and there would have been no parlor to furnish; but it has been proven many times that only a well-balanced mind can bear sudden prosperity. But John was firm.

"Wait, Celia," he said, until we get ahead a little; then you shall furnish the house from top to bottom to suit yourself; and Celia knew that meant it, for John had not a miserly trait about him. Well, if she could not furnish the parlor, she would furnish one of the chambers.

"What will it cost?" John asked.

"About a hundred dollars," she said.

"Well," said John, slowly, with a cloud upon his brow, and a pain which he would give no breathing space oppressed him; but the pain into words would have been, "Does this woman truly love me?"

John owned a good span of horses and a light wagon before he was married; he bought a yoke of oxen early in the spring to do the heavy work of his farm during the coming winter, and considered himself well equipped for his summer's work. Celia waited till he had completed all his arrangements, and then petitioned for a horse and carriage for her own use.

"It is impossible, dear, for me to buy them this year, only be patient and help me along, and in a few years we will have almost anything we please. It will be impossible not to make money off from this farm, with good management," he continued.

"I know it, and so I think we might have things as we go along, will it all come right in the end," Celia answered. For the sake of your opinion of John's

manhood, I am sorry to say that with a horse and carriage were bought, with a new harness not silver-mounted.

Two years had passed. At the end of the first John came to his uncle to pay the interest; he could pay but part of the installment. "I am ashamed, uncle," he said frankly, "but I can't raise another cent."

"Well, no matter, you may be able to pay it with your next year's payment." But Uncle John could not help thinking that the amount paid for the furnished chamber (which they seldom used) and the horse and carriage, would have more than paid the other half.

There was a fine Durham cow belonging to his uncle that John was anxious to possess. Her price was a hundred dollars. If he could have made his payments, he would have asked his uncle to take his note for her until fall, but he had not the face to do it now.

The next winter Mrs. John must have a velvet cloak and expensive furs—and she got them, (she was a peculiar woman—a quiet, cat-like woman, in justice to womankind, I will say there are but few like her.)

The second year John could pay nothing but the interest and the half payment due the year before. It was a week after that Uncle John, leaning over the fence where his nephew was beginning the spring plowing, said: "your farm needs more stock."

"I know it, but I cannot buy it this year. Another year I must make some or sell out."

"Very well, John, if you cannot, I advise you to sell out by all means," said his uncle, quietly as he walked away.

And young John said he had a headache when his wife noticed, at dinner, how grave he was.

The summer had passed. Celia had and so many of her friends staying with her, that she told her husband she must have help in the house. So help was obtained. John was hospitable.

One dull November day he said: "I believe I must put the farm in market. I can make no headway. What do you say to going west?"

Celia turned pale. "Are you in earnest?" she asked.

"I am for once in earnest."

And Celia knew by his firmly set mouth that he was. He had been indulgent to the last degree, and this was the end of it. She had pushed him too far.

"But I don't want to go west," she faltered.

"We shall be obliged to go there or somewhere," He rose, took down his cap and went over to Uncle John's.

Uncle John was reading before a bright wood fire in his pleasant library. By the way he had furnished John. And his wife with all the reading matter ever given their housekeeping began. Several agricultural journals, and two or three of the best literary monthlies found their way into the sitting room before their wraps were removed, and Uncle John's library was open at all times to his nephew, who appreciated the advantage and profited accordingly.

Seating himself before the fire John said: "Please don't talk to me, uncle. I am discouraged. I want to sell my farm. I thought perhaps you would want to take it back."

"Certainly; nobody but a John West must own that farm while I live. This was my model farm, John."

"I know it, uncle, and I will disgrace it no longer. Do you want any of the stock?"

"I will take everything just as it is. I shall be obliged to find some good tenant for the place. Where do you think of going?"

"I think of going West this fall to look about."

"The sooner the better, then, at this season. I will see to your stock, my men are trustworthy. Celia can stay here while you are gone; go, and find a home in the West if you can. I will take care of your farm while you are away."

John flushed and started nervously. "Then Uncle John does understand the true state of affairs," was his thought. He made no reply; he had never uttered a word against his wife; he never would.

A week later John and Celia turned the key in their back door, and went over to Uncle John's as he bade them welcome. He looked at Celia gravely, and he seemed to say, "woman, behold your work!" But he waited until John was gone and Celia had cried for three days, shutting herself in her room. On the morning of the fourth day she made her appearance at the breakfast table.

"When do you expect to hear from John?" asked Uncle John abruptly, after his morning salutation.

"He said he would write from his first stopping place. Oh, dear! what did he do to go away for?" She began to sob.

"Celia, stop crying and listen to me; I want to talk with you. I feel as badly as you do about John's going away."

"I thought you wanted him to go," she said feebly.

"He is obliged to go; and you have sent him. You by your extravagance, are disheartening him. He has been too good to you; he needs a loving, helpful wife."

She sobbed piteously; she knew it was her worst word of it; and she respected that fact Uncle John West.

"I can be that," she said.

"You should have been that from the beginning. There are few nobler young men than my nephew, John West."

"I know it," she said simply.

"You ought to know it; you have tried his love and generosity to the utmost."

"Don't leave me—I can't bear it."

John seemed dazed to her now than anything else, he was so far away.

"I have never talked so plainly to you before, and I never shall again," said Uncle John; "but for John's sake, do try and make a true woman of yourself."

Three days later John's first letter came. He was stopping at a little village in Minnesota, and thought of buying a farm in the vicinity; he would wait, though, until he received letters from home.

"I do not want to go there," said Celia, when she had finished reading their letters.

Uncle John made no reply.

"Would you let us take the farm as tenants—the farm we left, I mean—if I will take hold and help John?" she asked at length.

"If you are in earnest and John wishes, I am willing."

"I am in earnest. I will do most any-

thing, rather than go into that out-of-the-way place."

"Well, write to John at once then."

Uncle John wrote, too, a long letter, and in a week John was home again, not as a tenant, but with the pleasant prospect of some time paying for the farm.

The horse and carriage were sold, and Mrs. John was content to ride in the light wagon. She sent her turks to the city, and with their price bought the L. Sam cow for a Christmas present for her husband; another year found them living as they should have begun.

John was a trifle graver, for this woman he had made his wife had failed him once, and he feared to trust her entirely, but Celia had effectively mended her ways.

Another year a little one came; they called him John for his uncle; and if anything will cast out selfishness from a woman's heart, it is mother love.

TRYING AN EXPERIMENT.—He came in with an interrogation point in one eye and a stick in the other. One eye was covered with a handkerchief and one arm in a sling. His bearing was that of a man with a settled purpose in view.

"I want to see," said he, "the man that puts things into this paper."

We intimated that several of us earned a frugal livelihood in that way.

"Well, I want to see the man which crabs things out of the other papers. The fellow who writes mostly with shears, you understand."

We explained to him that there were seasons when the most gifted among us driven to distraction by the scarcity of ideas and events, and by the clamorous demands of an insatiable public, in moments of emotional insanity, plunged the glittering shears into our exchanges. He went on calmly, but in a voice tremulous with suppressed feeling and indistinct through the recent loss of half a dozen or so of his front teeth:

"Just so, I presume so. I don't know much about this business, but I want to see a man, the man that printed that little piece about pouring cold water down a drunken man's spine of his back and making him instantly sober. If you please, I want to see that man. I would like to talk with him."

Then he leaned his stick against our desk, and moistened his servicable hand and resumed his hold on the stick as if he were weighing it. After studying the stick a minute, he added in a somewhat louder tone:

"Mister, I came here to see that 'ere man. I want to see him bad."

We told him that particular man was not in.

"Just so, I presume so. They told me before I came that the man I wanted to find wouldn't be anywhere. I'll wait for him. I live up north, and I've walked seven miles to converse with that man. I guess I'll sit down and wait."

He sat down by the door and reflected, evidently pondered the door with his stick, but his feelings would not allow him to keep still.

"I suppose none of you didn't ever pour much cold water down any drunken man's back to make him instantly sober, perhaps?"

None of us in the office had ever tried the experiment.

"Just so, I thought just as like as not you hadn't. Well, mister, I have. I tried it yesterday, and I have come seven miles on foot to see the man that printed that piece. It wa'n't much of a piece, I don't think; but I want to see the man that printed it just a few minutes. You see John Smith he lives next door to me when I'm to home, and he gets how-home-when-so every little period. Now when he's sober he's all right if you let him alone; but when he's drunk, he goes home and breaks dishes and tips over the stove, and throws the hardware around and makes it inconvenient for his wife, and sometimes he gets his gun and goes out calling on his neighbors which isn't pleasant."

"Not that I want to say anything about Smith, but me and my wife think he ought not to do so. He came home drunk yesterday and broke all the kitchen windows out of his house, followed his wife around with the carving knife, talking about her liver, and after a while he lay down by my fence and went to sleep. I had been reading that little piece; it wa'n't much of a piece, and I thought if I could pour some water down his spine on his back and make him sober, it would be more comfortable for his wife and the square thing all round. So I poured a bucket of spring water down John Smith's spine of his back."

"Well," said we, as our visitor paused "did it make him sober?"

"Our visitor took a firmer hold of his stick, and replied with increased emotion:

"Just so. I suppose it did make him as sober as a judge in less time than you could say Jack Robinson; but, mister, it made him mad. It made him the maddest man I ever saw; and Mr. John Smith is a bigger man than me and stouter. He is a good deal stouter. Bla—bless him, I never knew he was half so stout till yesterday, and he's handy with his fists, too; I should suppose he's the handiest man with his fists I ever saw."

"Then he went for you, did he?" we asked innocently.

"Just so. Exactly. I suppose he went for me about the best he knew, but I don't hold no grudge against John Smith; I suppose he ain't a good man to be a grudge against, only I want to see the man that printed that piece. I want to see him bad. I feel as though it would soothe me to see that man. I want to show him how a drunken man acts when you pour water down the spine of his back. That's what I come for."

Our visitor who had poured water down the spine of a drunken man's back remained until about six o'clock in the evening, and then went up street to find the man that printed that little piece. The man he is looking for started for Alaska last evening for a summer vacation, and will not be back before September, 1873.—Union Herald.

This is the way in which a reporter can write up a city sunset when he gives his mind to it. As the lengthening shadows merge one into another, betokening the end of the day, the ridges and spires of the city seem to glow with molten gold, while the mellowed light of the declining sun falls upon them, and soon upon all a ruby tinge of "dewdrops." Very good, but how about a lady's nose?

PRIZE CHILDREN.—There is an old superstition that praise be too good a thing to give to the children; that it is too rich for their mental and moral digestion. Some parents are so afraid that a child will grow up proud that they never praise him, and this course is often disastrous. It is either apt to produce too much self-assertion—or self-assertion is a legitimate outgrowth of the withholding of commendation to which one is entitled,—or to engender a self-distrust or melancholy hopelessness of disposition.

Praise is sunshine to a child, and there is no child that does not need it. It is the high reward of one's efforts to do right. Thomas Hughes says you can never get a man's best out of him without praise. Many a sensitive child, we believe, dies of hunger for kind commendation. Many a child, starving for the praise a parent should give, runs off eagerly after the degrading flattery of others.

To withhold praise where due, is dissonant, and in the case of a child, such a course often leaves a stinging sense of injustice. Motives of common justice, as well as regard for the future of the child should influence the parent to give generous praise for all that deserves it.

A TRUE TALE OF A CAT.—A friend of ours is possessed of a cat which he has trained to perform a number of tricks. Among other feats this grinnakin was taught to take up articles from the floor with its fore paws, while being held in the air by the tail. This was considered a smart performance, but no one thought to put it into practical use, until one day the mistress of the house discovered a mouse in her floor barrel, and like most of her sex, feeling loth to tackle the terrible intruder, she began to devise ways and means to rid herself and the barrel of the vermin. She thought of the cat, but to put it into the floor would never do.

Luckily she remembered pussy's tail, and he knew that the work of a moment to seize what she was telling, to whom she was telling it, when and where it would be repeated, and whether the repetition would do good or harm. She had wonderful tact, which was of immense service to the great statesman; and long experience taught him that her intuitions were infallible in various matters. If some communication made to her particularly interested herself upon her side she would say, "You must write that down, and I will show it to Lord Palmerston when he comes in; or stay, perhaps he has not gone out." A simple message, verbal or written, sent to him this was always immediately answered. He had learned the value of her tact and penetration.

"Good gracious!" says Smith to Robinson, who has just entered his club in a state of great excitement, "how pale you look! Anything the matter?" "I believe you. A few minutes ago I was crossing Pall Mall with a friend, when he was knocked down by a Hansom. I thought he was killed, but fortunately he escaped with only a few bruises." "You must have been terribly frightened all the same." "I should fancy I was. This morning I lent him five hundred pounds, and I hadn't got a receipt."

BARD WORK TO STEAL.—Henry Ward Beecher says, "There was a man in the town where I was born who used to steal all his fire wood. He would get up at night and go and take it from his neighbor's wood piles. A computation was made, and it was ascertained that he spent more time and trouble in getting his fuel than he would have saved, if he had earned it in an honest way, and at ordinary wages. And this thief is a type of thousands of men who work a great deal harder to please the devil than they would have to work to please God."

DR. C. T. LANC'S Dental Rooms, 135 MAIN ST., WOBURN, Opposite First Congregational Church. 2

POULTRY AND EGGS. B. F. COLEGATE, prepared to supply Eggs for setting, of all the common or fancy breeds of Hens. Also, for sale, trills of Buff and Partridge Cochins, Dark and Light Braams, Dominiques, Plymouth Rocks, &c. 3

HENRY AT CUMMINGSVILLE Woburn Mass. JOHN A. BOUTELLE, GENEALOGIST

BANK BLOCK, 173 MAIN STREET, WOBURN. Genealogies traced and compiled. Family Registers constructed, Diplomas filled out. Marriage Certificates written, &c. 4

An Evening School will be opened THURSDAY, Nov. 14, 1873, at 6 o'clock, P.M., and continue on Monday and Thursday evenings, for instruction in Bookkeeping and Penmanship. Terms for 12 lessons, in advance, \$2 for Penmanship, \$3 for Bookkeeping. 5

JOHN C. BUCK, TEACHER OF PIANO-FORTE & REED ORGAN Vestry of First Cong'l Church, Woburn. Refers to the following testimonials: 6

I take pleasure in recommending Mr. John C. Buck, organist of the First Congregational Church, as a most efficient, capable, and teacher well qualified to give instruction upon the Piano-Forte and Reed Organ. WILLIAM H. CLARKE. 7

SPRING STYLES! We are now ready to show the Spring styles of Hats, make to measure, block, repair or make over OLD HATS to the present style at short notice. J. W. HAMMOND, 181 Main Street. 13

JAMES LITTLE, FUNERAL UNDERTAKER. ROBES, CASKETS, AND COFFINS Furnished at the lowest cash price. Lots furnished in the East Woburn Cemetery 242 MAIN STREET, WOBURN. 14

For Hardware or Tools. CALL AT BUEL'S BLOCK IN MAIN ST. L. THOMPSON, Jr. 15

JAMES BUEL & CO., MACHINISTS, Manufacturers of and Dealers in

Steam Engines, Boilers, Shafting, Pulleys, Mill Gears, And all kinds of Machine Work. 129 Main street, Woburn. 16

Steam and Gas Piping done at short notice, and in the most satisfactory manner. Also kept constantly on hand a large assortment of Plain and Galvanized Iron, Brass and Iron Fittings, Bolts, Nut and Set Screws of all kinds, Copper and Brass Wire, Rubber Springs, Clutch Valves, Water, Gas, and Steam Valves, Clutch Valves, and all kinds of Machinery and Engineers' Supplies. 17

We are agents for the celebrated COWLING'S PATENT Pumps, embracing more than 150 different styles and also for the Blake Patent Steam Pump, the best in use. English Files, of all sizes, constantly on hand. 18

Particular attention paid to the fitting up of Farmhouses and Carrying Sheds, and to the manufacture of Leather Machinery. JAMES BUEL, JOHN R. PLINT, Woburn, May 25th, 1873. 19

Oil Carpets. The best assortment of Oil Carpets we ever had on hand for sale at the old stand. 20

OPPOSITE THE COMMON. W. WOODBERRY. 21

J. E. Littlefield & Sons, DEALERS IN LUMBER, Coal and Wood, 22

SHINGLES, Clapboards, Laths, Pickets, Conductors, Caps and Irons, Mouldings, 23

for inside and outside finish. TANNERS' and CURRIERS' Yard & Hanging Sticks, 24

Doors, Windows and Blinds, on hand and supplied to order at short notice. 25

RED and WHITE CEDAR POSTS all lengths. LEHIGH, LACKAWANNA AND 26

Franklin Coal, Hard and Soft WOOD. 27

All of which will be sold at the LOWEST CASH prices, at 28

96 Main Street. F. J. Culbert, PLUMBER, 29

No. 6 Union Street, Woburn, Mass. 30

The best quality of PLUMBING MATERIALS and DRAIN PIPE kept always on hand. 31

DR. C. T. LANC'S Dental Rooms, 135 MAIN ST., WOBURN, Opposite First Congregational Church. 2

POULTRY AND EGGS. B. F. COLEGATE, prepared to supply Eggs for setting, of all the common or fancy breeds of Hens. Also, for sale, trills of Buff and Partridge Cochins, Dark and Light Braams, Dominiques, Plymouth Rocks, &c. 3

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## Middlesex County Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.

SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1873.

The figures printed with the subscribers name on this paper show to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

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**AMATEUR WALKERS.**—Considerable interest has been developed in athletic sports. The recent college contests with the car, the bat, and on foot, have stimulated all who enjoy exhibitions of manly prowess. The ten mile walk of a few weeks ago, has been the topic of conversation in Woburn, especially as one of our citizens was a contestant. There are quite a number of young men in town who walk fast, and to decide who should be the leader of these amateurs, and at the same time afford amusement to their friends, Mr. Libby arranged for a contest. By the terms of the race, none but Woburn men could enter, and none who had previously walked for prizes. The distance to be walked was four miles, over a straight course one fourth of a mile in length, necessitating fifteen turns. There were seventeen entries as follows:

Name	Age	Height	Weight
E. W. Andrews	20	5' 10"	160
C. E. Cooper	20	5' 10"	125
K. C. McWam	24	5' 11"	140
R. Swan	20	5' 10"	130
A. K. Pettigrew	22	5' 10"	122
J. Brown	22	5' 10"	120
J. G. Bridgman	18	5' 10"	120
J. McDonald	22	5' 10"	120
James Delan	22	5' 10"	120
Thomas W. Jones	22	5' 10"	120
Thomas F. Lord	24	5' 10"	120
Thomas McKenna	24	5' 10"	120
T. F. Foley	23	5' 10"	120
George Anderson	23	5' 10"	120
George Thorne	23	5' 10"	120
A. Cloney	19	5' 10"	120

The last six did not start on the ground, however, and the race started with only eleven walkers. The track was on Wyman street, commencing near the old Wyman barn and ending near the house of Mr. Seward. Boards were placed across the road on the ground at both these points, and the pedestrians were required to touch the boards at each turn. A tally keeper was appointed for each walker, to record the times he returned to the starting point. Messrs. F. E. Wetherell of the Journal, H. J. Allen of the Advertiser, Peter Kenney and D. A. Dolan were the judges. Charles Hertkorn and E. O. Soles, each with a stop watch, acted as time keepers. Mr. Hertkorn timing the first, and Mr. Soles the second man.

Andrews is a plasterer, and formerly lived in Maine. Cooper is a civil engineer, and son of the late E. E. Cooper. McWam is a carpenter. Swan is a currier, and an amateur gymnast. Pettigrew and Brown are lathers. Bridgman is a graduate of the High School class of '73, and employed in Boardman's drug store. McDonald, Jones and Dolan are curriers. Pierce is a butcher. Of the men who walked, the average height is 5 ft. 9 in.; average weight, 141 lbs.; average age 21 years.

The attendance was very large, the race being witnessed by 2000 people, including a large number of ladies in carriages at the upper end of the course, and on the hill overlooking it. The assembly was a very orderly one, and the absence of those features which sometimes make contests of this kind objectionable, was very marked. It was, in fact, a friendly contest, of our own boys, and the citizens who attended and gave it their countenance, were there to see a manly exhibition, rather than to bet, fight or drink. It was fairly conducted, and reflects credit on all concerned.

The word "go" was given a few minutes before seven, the men getting off very well together. McDonald, Andrews, McWam, and Dolan soon got the lead, and walked several times nearly together. McDonald led at the close of the first mile, but during the last half of the second he dropped to second place, and then to third, and left the race without completing three miles. McWam came to the starting point seven times and then withdrew. Dolan and Jones went out before the end of the third mile. The last mile was very exciting. Andrews had a good lead, followed by Bridgman, with Pettigrew making plucky efforts to pass him. This he found it impossible to do, and they entered the last quarter, and went home in the same order, Andrews crossing the line in 35 minutes 47 seconds, and Bridgman following in 39 minutes, 26-1/2 seconds. Pettigrew was not far behind, though Bridgman spurred on the last eighth, and opened the gap between them somewhat. Pettigrew's time as taken unofficially was 39:45. The following is a summary:

FOUR MILE WALKING MATCH.	
Elizabeth W. Andrews	39 min. 47 sec.
James G. Bridgman	39 min. 26-1/2 sec.
Alfred K. Pettigrew	39 min. 45 sec.

The silver medal was awarded to Mr. Andrews, and the cup to Mr. Bridgman. The runners were taken in charge by their attendants, and the assembly dispersed well pleased with the affair.

Mr. Pettigrew was alone upon the track, considering that he had no "coach," and depended solely on himself, was entitled to no little praise. This feeling was quite general, and accordingly on Thursday, some of the contestants and other friends contributed a sum, and purchased for him a silver vase, which was given him with the following note:

Woburn, July 24th, 1873.

Mr. A. K. Pettigrew,

Sir:—The subscribers were witnesses of your walking at the Woburn Amateur Walking Match last evening, and congratulate you on your being "Third" out of a field of eleven, and on your walking four miles in 39:45. They ask your acceptance of the accompanying silver vase as a memento of the occasion.

E. W. Andrews, H. J. Allen, A. K. Pettigrew, G. F. Smith, G. H. Newcomb, H. J. Allen, L. Parker.

The vase was purchased of G. F. Smith & Co., and will be engraved as follows:

A. K. PETTIGREW.  
July 25, 1873.

The average time made on this race was 39 min. 42 sec. The four miles were walked as follows:

1—A. McDonald	39 min. 42 sec.
2—E. W. Andrews	39 min. 47 sec.
3—J. G. Bridgman	39 min. 26-1/2 sec.
4—E. W. Andrews	39 min. 45 sec.

**GET ALONG.**—A man from Winchester in conversation with a Woburn man on the all-absorbing water question, remarked "We can get along without Woburn." "Well," rejoined the other, "we can't get along without Winchester as a place to drain into."

**MUSICAL.**—The musical event of the season was the formal opening on Monday evening of the new Music Room by Mr. Oliver Green. He has lately completed a building on the north side of Railroad street, second door from Main, and fitted the first floor as a music room, where he will keep for sale pianos, organs and other musical instruments, and sheet music. Monday evening the room was crowded with many of our first citizens, and a musical treat offered such as is seldom enjoyed in Woburn. The artists who assisted were Mr. Cheney, pianist, of Boston, and Messrs. Lang, Robbie, Buck, Hertkorn, Morse, Mrs. Wheelock, Misses Clough, Wood, Wyman, Putnam and Hammond, of our own town. The following programme was offered:

- 1.—Piano Solo. MR. J. W. CHENEY.
- 2.—Quartet "Phoebus." Barbury, Messrs. Robbie, Lang, Miss Wyman and Mrs. Wheelock.
- 3.—Sonata, 1st movement. Beethoven.
- 4.—Piano and Violon. MR. HENRIETTA A. PUTNAM.
- 5.—Voice of Long Ago. Lang.
- 6.—Fantasy. MR. ROBBIE.
- 7.—Only. MR. CHENEY.
- 8.—Piano Solo. MISS EMMA A. PUTNAM.
- 9.—Live and Love. MR. C. H. MORSE.
- 10.—Duet from "Foot and Puppet." MR. PUTNAM and MISS HAMMOND.
- 11.—Piano and Violon. MR. HENRIETTA A. PUTNAM.
- 12.—One that I Love dearly. MR. ROBBIE, MR. LANG, MISS WYMAN and Mrs. WHEELLOCK.
- 13.—Piano Solo. MR. CHENEY.

Owing to the crowded state of the room, none of the pieces were repeated excepting the quartet "One that I love dearly," which all were finely rendered and well received. The pianos used were from Guild, Church & Co., and W. P. Emerson.

**ACCIDENT.**—"Put that in your pipe and smoke it," is a common expression, but when "that" refers to powder, the pastime loses its attraction. Thursday noon, a workman named B. S. Kent, borrowed a pipe of Michael Brady, a fellow-workman, while the latter went to dinner. These men are employed on Mr. J. R. Kendall's farm. When Brady returned, Kent gave him his pipe, and when Brady lit it the fire was started by an explosion. Kent had filled the bowl with powder, evidently for a joke. The fire burned off the mustache, and a portion of the chin whiskers, blistered the cheek and forehead, but did not seriously damage the eye, although it has been very painful since.

**WATER WORKS.**—The work of cleaning up the engines is progressing well. The foundation being raised, the heavy parts of the engines were moved into the building on Thursday and put in place. The brick arch over the filter gallery will be completed to-day.

**PICNIC.**—The Methodists went to Nahant on Wednesday in barges, and had a splendid time. There were about a hundred in the party, the day was pleasant, the roads good, and it was altogether one of the best picnics they ever had.

**AT THE FIRE.**—The other evening some one marched off with a horse collar. But it was like the prize the man took at the fair—the owner collared him and made him put it back again.

**THE EXCURSION.**—The excursion to the Isle of Shoals drew many of our citizens away on Thursday. Some of them were shipped at the shrine of Neptune, and their libations were freely bestowed.

**HOPE.**—Two of our Woburn boys are employed as waiters at the Tip Top House, Mr. Washington. That is a high region,—board nine dollars a day. Nothing like consistency.

**HORN MOUSE.**—The new carriage house for the use of the hose company of the Highland District, has been raised and boarded, and another week will see it well advanced towards completion.

**OUT AGAIN.**—We were glad to see Mr. Erwin, the special policeman who was so brutally treated on the 4th, has got out again, and is feeling pretty well.

**MR. LAMSON ALLEN** of our High School class of '73 has successfully passed the examinations, and will enter Amherst College in September.

**TOWN MEETING.**—Another Town Meeting next Friday afternoon, at 4 o'clock. See the warrant.

**KICKED.**—On Sunday Frank Rocco was severely kicked in the leg, by an unruly horse which he was driving.

**HYDRANT.**—A hydrant has been put on the northeast corner of the Common

**FIRE.**—The stillness of Tuesday night was broken by the cry of fire at 10:45. For a moment or two after the first note of alarm, the location was a matter of doubt, but soon it was known that it was in the rear of the block owned and occupied by P. Crehan. Nos. 225 and 227, and F. M. Leighton, 229 Main street. Adjoining the L. of this building is a smaller one in which Mrs. Ellen Crehan manufactures cigars. Arriving upon the spot, the citizens found the inmates endeavoring to extinguish the flames, which seemed to be confined wholly to a small closet next to the chimney, which ran up between the two buildings. A line was instantly formed, and pail after pail of water was thrown upon the blazing wood, and in a few moments the flames were to all appearance extinguished. In the meantime, the church bell was ringing and calling together the department. The steamer was in readiness to start out, when word was passed along the line that the fire was out. The bell ringer ceased his work and the driver of the steamer unhooked his horses. The fire was extinguished in the closet, but it had extended in the partition to the very roof, and thence along the ridge pole to the top of the main building. Upon the discovery of this, the alarm was again sounded, and word was sent to hurry forward the steamer, which arrived in a few moments, and took up a position at the Salem street reservoir, and as the clock struck 11, two streams were playing upon the flames, which had now extended to the roof of the main building. From this moment the fire retreated, although it had a very strong hold upon the building. It was just beneath the roof covering, between it and the plastered walls of the attic, this rendering access to it very difficult.

The fire as stated, was first discovered in the small closet in Mrs. Ellen Crehan's cigar manufactory. Shortly after 10 o'clock, Mr. P. Crehan and Mr. R. Hollis were called and told the house was afire, but it was a half hour later before the alarm was given. This delay allowed the fire to get the headway which surprised every one, and caused many a hard word to be spoken of the fire department. How the fire came in the cigar manufactory, is a theme for many a conjecture. After careful examination of the premises and diligent inquiry, we are constrained to believe that it was caused by a kerosene lamp placed in the corner near the closet, which was exploded or tipped over, and communicated to the workroom, and thence up through the partitions.

The people responded to the alarm, and soon the streets were thronged, but much anxiety was visible upon the faces of the multitude. The memory of our great fire is still fresh, and awakens feelings of a very unpleasant nature. The streets and adjoining stores were piled with the removed stock and furniture of the unfortunate occupants of the building, and some of the occupants themselves acted as if crazed. Thieves were busy, and the officers had enough to do to guard the property.

H. J. Allen of the Advertiser, was assisting as hoseman, had his hand cut quite badly with an axe.

One man who evidently had an eye to business, was heard saying to another, "Be gorra, there'll be a nice job of plasterin' there."

The department lost a few moments in getting to work, on account of a misunderstanding, but when they once commenced they worked with a will, and were rewarded with gaining complete mastery of the flames, and saving the community from what promised at first to be a disastrous conflagration.

Mr. Crehan estimates the damage to the building \$4,000, insured for \$4000; stock \$1000, insured for \$2000; furniture \$500, allowed \$275. Mr. Leighton had \$1000 insurance, and his loss is \$800. Ellen Crehan had \$1000 insurance and \$800 loss. Mr. Culbert lost \$75 and had no insurance.

**MUSICAL SORROW.**—There was a very pleasant musical entertainment at the residence of Mr. T. Robbie Jr. on Fairmount street, last Wednesday evening. The "Boylston Club" of Boston were present. This is a club of musical gentlemen who have acquired considerable reputation, and their rendering of songs arranged for local voices is very fine. Several of our local artists were present, and favored the large audience with some very choice music. The evening was warm, but the guests were disposed outside the house where seats were provided, and as the bewitching strains of music were wafted through the open windows, all thoughts of discomfort were dispelled. Mr. Robbie is entitled to the thanks of a great many music lovers for the enjoyment afforded.

The Congregationalist church, at Parsons, dedicated last Sunday morning, a neat and substantial house of worship, 27x50, of brick, and costing about \$3,000. Dedication sermon by Rev. J. C. Vicar. In the evening Rev. Percy M. Griffin was ordained as pastor of the church. Ordination sermon by Rev. J. C. Vicar, of Fort Scott. Mr. Griffin is the son-in-law of our esteemed fellow-townsmen Col. Jeff. Huntton, and brother of James F. Griffin, Esq., of the Topeka National Bank. He graduated a year ago at the Theological Seminary, Andover, Massachusetts, and is doing an excellent work in his new and important field of labor.—Topeka (Kan.) Commonwealth.

Rev. Mr. Griffin was a graduate of our High School, and is well known in this vicinity. His many friends will be glad to learn that he is pleasantly located as a parson of Parsons.

The subject of procuring water from the Woburn waterworks, is being discussed by the citizens. A ten-inch main is laid as far as East Woburn, and it does not require a great stretch of the imagination of many of our citizens to see the continuance of the same to Stoneham. The supply of water is said to be sufficient for both towns, and we doubt not that the project is the most feasible of any yet taken into consideration. We really want water from some source or other, and should think it high time to hear from the committee appointed by the town almost two years ago, to consider the best means of introducing it.—Stoneham Advertiser.

**ACCIDENT.**—On Tuesday Mrs. Reddy, an old lady, mother of Mr. Eugene Reddy, fell and dislocated her ankle. Owing to her advanced years, serious results are feared.

**POLICE COURT.**—Before Justice Converse, July 18th, Julia Richardson of Winchester, drunk, \$5 and costs.—10th. Neil O'Donnell, drunk.—21st. Geo. Nelson and Thomas Carbett, drunk, \$3 and costs each.—Edward Matthews of Winchester disturbance of the peace, \$5 and costs.—22nd, Thomas Gibbons of Winchester, drunk, \$3 and costs; Matthew Foley and Thomas Lynch of Winchester single sale of intoxicating liquor, \$10 and costs, \$1000 recognizance with surety, each.—July 19th, Richard Crowley, Winchester, bathing in public place contrary to law, \$5 and costs.—19th, Hugh Gibbons of So. Boston, illegal transportation of liquors in Winchester, \$20 and costs, and \$1000 recognizance.

**NURSERY.**—We fully endorse the following notice of the August number in an exchange when it says it comes like a song bird to cheer the little folks. We really believe that Mr. Sherry's resources are limitless in this direction, for he seems to have new and unique feasts for his readers every week. We do not wonder that the little ones lay aside their playthings and gather around the one who is so fortunate as to obtain the magazine, first for they see in every picture, just how they appear in their gambols.

**PETERS' MUSICAL MONTHLY.** No. 73, is to hand, and contains the following selections of New Music:—Lost and Cast Away. Song and Chorus. My Love Sleeps under the Daisies. Will he come home to-night? Song. My Dear Old Mother. Song and Chorus. Hear the Postilion. Duet. Bertie's Schottische. An Instrumental Piece. The Reapers' Dance. Golden Hours. Morceau de Salon.

Mr. John C. Buck is to be found at Green's Music Room. Mr. Buck's well known skill in musical matters will be of great value to all who may patronize the room. We notice a choice selection of sheet music on the shelves.

Mr. Ham is a dyspeptic. He says "Sometimes I eat a thing, and it don't hurt me a bit. And then I'll go to work and eat that same thing right over again, and it seems as if I should die." We should think it would.

"I didn't know your water works had got so far long," remarked a Burlington gentleman the other day. "Oh, yes," was the reply. "and Mr. Farlow expects to have the engines running in a few weeks." When we left, our rural friend hadn't decided whether it was a joke or not.

**MOVED.**—The old Catholic church building is again moved across the railroad, and will settle down on N. J. Simonds' lot, rear of his residence. He will continue to use it for the storage of stock.

**REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE** has accepted the editorship of the *Christian at Work*, and his sermons and articles are to be exclusively in that journal. Mr. Talmage will begin his duties in August.

**POSTED.**—Teams can no longer pass between the trees on the north side of the Common, posts having been placed there this week.

Shaw's lemonade is as cool as a collector. Call in at 150 Main street and test the thing.

Green apples are in the market, and Jamaica ginger is selling at 25 cents a bottle.

Exodus 23:8 is supposed not to refer to flags.

**A SINGULAR COINCIDENCE.**—Col. A. P. Martin, who commanded during the late war, the battery bearing his name, possessed, among his other military equipments, a fine, brown horse, which, after surviving the rebellion, still remains in his possession. On the horse Col. M. invariably rode during the many engagements in which he participated. Singularly enough both the Colonel and his horse, passed entirely through it, and were struck in the neck by a ball which passed through it in the same direction and manner as did the one which wounded his horse, and resulting no more dangerous.

This is a coincidence is related by an officer intimately connected with Col. Martin in military service, and will still be remembered by those acquainted with Martin's Battery.—Journal.

**SOAP.**—The *Turner's Falls* Reporter tells of a man who owned stock in the Hoosac Soapstone Quarry, and, as a matter of course, attended the meeting of the company. He was delighted with the prospect of affairs, but something seemed to trouble him—finally, after anxiously looking the works all over, and ever and anon lifting up handfuls of dirt made by the saws, he took the Superintendent one side and asked him if it couldn't be panned shame all that stone "couldn't be put to some other use than cutting up to make soap out of." His idea of soapstone was given to the rest of the party, and since the laugh indulged in he evidently don't want to ask any more questions.

**A GASSY JOKE.**—It appears that on disconnecting the gas pipes in the Old Town Hall, preparatory to moving the building, the fact was brought to light that the outgoing gas received its supply directly from the main, and not from the meter as it should, and as the Gas Co. supposed; consequently the town has been using this light gas for the same. Supt. Burbank is figuring up in order to present a bill to the town for a few feet of gas more than they have paid for, and is due to him to say that he is in no way responsible for this mistake, as the building was piped before he took charge of the works.—Citizen, Wakefield.

When a crowd of jayhawkers started a disturbance in a Texas church the other day, the preacher raised up a shot gun and said: "William Delio, sit down, or I'll make it painful for you!" William sat down, and was as quiet as a lamb.

Cannot something be done to prevent young ladies from being insulted on our streets at night? asks a Cincinnati paper. There can. Just have the girl's mother tuck her into her little bed about eight o'clock in the evening, and lock the door on her.

**WATER QUESTION.**—With many of the hits and comments of "Victor," on the Water question in last week's Journal, we shall concur, although the style in which he puts them is rather objectionable. A fair, candid statement of the matter is far better, in our opinion, than any ridicule thrown upon a transaction of such importance.

We do not agree with "Victor," in the statement that "we do not need water at present, and are not able to take it." That we do need it, is the experience of a large number of our townspeople, who during this and the previous dry seasons, have been deprived of this necessary article. The fact is, that we are not plentifully supplied with water in our wells, and many have cistern water alone and after a season of drought there is generally a scarcity, necessitating in some cases the expense of procuring it at a distance. We have no doubt but that a large part of our community would take the water, and are not afraid of the expense, provided they are sure of a sufficient supply and a pure article.

It seems to us upon inquiry and observation that a majority of the citizens are not satisfied with the plan of taking water from Turkey Swamp, or in fact decided what is the best course to pursue in general. The small number present and voting upon the question in town meeting, is an indication of this fact. Not more than one-fifth of the voters recorded their votes upon a measure involving a probable expense of some two hundred thousand dollars. The season of the year is one when people do not care to attend town meetings in a hall with no proper ventilation and fragrant with its peculiar aroma. It may be said that in a matter of such importance, our people should not have been deterred from attending for these reasons. But many have become disgusted by attending previous town meetings, and hearing the discussions and personal altercations, and witnessing the small amount of business done. These meetings have become a sort of debating club in which a few individuals occupy most of the time in discussing their personal grievances, or bantering with others upon worn out and hackneyed themes.

In our opinion, the project to take water from Turkey Swamp, was carried by the votes of those who pay little if any other than a poll tax, and who were glad to have the water introduced from this source without expense to them, while a long and profitable job opens before them. We believe that the Water Committee have acted honestly in this matter, and they are not devoid of confidence that they have acted for the best interests of the town. They have demonstrated by science that a sufficient amount of water can be obtained and stored in Turkey Swamp for our use, but we would give more for the opinion of old farmers and others who have lived in this region all their days, than that of scientific men, who work out theories, and are oftentimes at fault. We have got to rely on the rain falls in winter and spring, and its being treasured up in this meadow for our supply. This must of necessity be stagnant water, and what a choice favor it will have. Again we think there is an opinion prevailing quite generally that not enough effort was made in regard to getting terms from Woburn for a water supply. It is true that there was a correspondence between the Committee on the two towns in which terms were stated, but we understand that there was no personal interchange of opinion between the gentlemen of the committee, and that probably better terms could have been had if only earnestly sought for. For ourselves only we say, that as a matter of economy, as well as of sure supply, we believe it would have been better to take it from Woburn. It is too much of an expensive job for a small town like ours to undertake alone. We may be mistaken, but we are far from being alone in this opinion. We sincerely hope that our Water Commissioners will hesitate long before using the power given them by so small a minority of the voters, and wait for a fuller expression of opinion upon this important subject, which is to affect so seriously the future well or woe of our now pleasant and thriving municipality.

**BRIEF JOTTINGS.**—Miss Starkey of Vassalboro, Me., has been appointed teacher of the Rumford Primary School. Some parties who went berrying in the Turkey Swamp region were quite unsuccessful. They found the berries as scarce as water. For further particulars apply to Dodge (W.L.).—The managers of the McLean Asylum for the insane have been looking at the estate of Rev. Mr. Eaton in this town, and are favorably impressed with the location as a site for their hospital. The assessors found one bear in town.—A party of young ladies took an excursion to Nantasket Beach on Wednesday last, entirely ignoring the young gentlemen. Good sport for them.—Some of our well known citizens went to Hyannis port last Tuesday to partake of the hospitality of Wm. Boynton, at his summer residence there. They needed considerable sport to get along.

**STATISTICS.**—The result of the Assessors' labor (just completed) show the following figures:—Valuation, Real Estate, \$3,091,085; Personal, \$1,583,928; Total, \$4,675,013. This is an increase of \$215,300 on Real, and \$48,364 on Personal, or a total increase of \$263,724 over last year's valuation. There are 271 Horses, 8 Oxen, 162 Cows, 19 Heifers, 253 Swine, 2 Sheep, 22 Goats, 138 Carriages, 531 2-4 Horses (an increase over last year of 47) 193 Bares, 147 Sows, 134 Dogs, 1 Bear. The appropriations for the year are, Town Tax \$45,900; State \$4,905; County, \$27,943; Overlays, \$634.50, or a total of \$84,222.50, an increase over the previous year of \$7,496.18. The rate of taxation \$11.25 per \$1000, an increase of \$1 per thousand.

**THE RAILROAD ACCIDENT.**—The correspondent in last week's Journal who was bound for Lowell on the day of the great smash up on the railroad here and who complained so bitterly of the delay in having trains meet on the other side of the obstructions evidently knew but little about the situation of affairs. Happening to be at the scene of the accident shortly after its occurrence, we spent some time in watching the operations of the railroad officials and employees, and were satisfied that they done all they could with the appliances at their command to

clear the track. We think "R." must have looked at the scene afar off to think the wreck could be cleared in two hours. It was the worst smash up and the most difficult to straighten out of any that we have ever seen. It was impossible to have trains connect on the other side for the simple reason that most of the engines and cars were on the Boston side and they could not be got around until the track was cleared or another track laid outside which latter was eventually done. No better or more comfortable place for these delayed travellers could have been found than the new and commodious centre depot. If there was no water to be had, except through the kindness of "Uncle Solomon," it was an omission which should be overlooked in consideration of the confusion into which the station agent was thrown by this severe accident, and the busy time which it occasioned to all the railroad employees in this vicinity. We concur in the suggestions regarding better pay to switchmen, and would add all the employees, from the Supt. down. It is too true, however, that the best of men in responsible places oftentimes prove recreant to their trust. As an instance of this the recent affair at Brooklyn, N. Y., where the President of a Trust Company has proved a defaulter in over \$100,000, and many hearts are saddened and beggared thereby. Still these positions in connection with our railroads are very important, as the lives and limbs of thousands are affected by their faithful or unfaithful discharge of the duties assigned them and we should give them so far as money will, sufficient wages to incite them to fidelity always. "Fidelity at work," should be the motto of all railroad men and we are proud to say that we have had many noble examples of those who have been true to this motto, and gained a martyr's crown. Let us think of them, and besides the approval of their own consciences and their God, may they feel that their fellow men recognize their value and importance and honor them in so far as they honor themselves.

**MR. EDITOR.**—Great complaint is made about our roads, and not without cause. It is often the case that as fast as towns increase their highway money, the roads grow worse. In 1863 this town raised \$800 for highways and bridges. In 1873, about \$8,000; and we have been told our roads are in such a condition at the present time that life insurance companies ask an extra rate of premium for parties travelling over them. As a general thing the roads leading north out of Boston are bad, while those leading South are much harder and smoother. Our material is poor, and the work often imperfectly done. To build good roads requires experience and taste, the right grade and good width. The work is not commenced early enough in the spring. Ruts should be filled, low places raised, and above all, stones removed early. The greatest annoyance one meets in riding is small stones to run on and stumble over. We have spent a large amount of money within a few years upon old and new streets. Two short streets, both not a quarter of a mile long (Pleasant and Walnut) will cost the town 45,000 dollars. Highland Avenue, got up to suit pasture lots, and laid out by the County Commissioners, will cost in the region of \$20,000 more. So we go on, and the end is not yet. Our town authorities desire to do their duty well, and to do right, but our towns never manage their affairs so close and careful as individuals. The constant cry is, new street, everybody has got to pay for it, we must have them now or be behind the times. Raise less money, and spend it early in the season, and with more judgment, and then we may have good hard roads. Good streets add to the growth of a town. Not in the amount, but in the manner spent are we benefited. Streets are multiplying all the time. We are too anxious to get new ones even if bad and narrow. We have been to heavy expense, in widening and straightening old streets. In the past we have been too apt to look at present condition, instead of future wants. A road once thoroughly built costs much less in the end, than when the same amount is spent in patching it up from year to year.

The new driveway contemplated in Woburn, around Horn Pond, will be an undertaking of great value and interest, if carried through. The drive will be delightful, the scenery one of great attraction. Horn Pond so convenient to the center of the town, so nestled in crowning hills, when the surroundings are further embellished by art and culture, will be one of the finest and most charming sheets of water in all the region. The water so clear, the pond so formed, the location so romantic, will become a favorite resort to many, who seek gratification and recreation after a day of toil or the cares of business. No other spot near has the natural advantages that this presents for a popular and elegant driveway. Let it be wide and well built, belted with broad foot walks fringed with green and shady trees; there beauty, fashion, and pleasure will mingle in sports and joy. Woburn is wealthy, liberal, and tasty, and now has an opportunity to construct one of the most splendid avenues in all her borders, and at a cost far below the satisfaction it will afford. It will be a lasting testimony to the spirit of her citizens. It will throw open a field hitherto unapproached, and with the substantial water works draw thousands of visitors to admire its beauty. When all now living shall have passed the river of life, upon this crystal lake, at twilight, as the joyous day grows dim, the setting sun will shed its golden glow, again in morn, tinge with light her misty cheek. Here at night the silvery moon reflect her pure face, and starry sentinels march forth to watch o'er slumbering nature.

**RECEIVED.**—Since the days of the flag staff cutting and the interruption of the course of true love, our town has been quite monotonous. But Saturday night there was a ripple on the surface in the shape of a disturbance at the house of John Jordan, rear of the hotel. It appears that John has "ardent" for sale, and this coming to the ears of State Constable John E. Tidd, of Woburn, he visited the place Thursday, and seized what there was on hand.

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**ATTENTION.**—(Communication.)

**ITEMS OF OBSERVATION.**—Are not two churches, one Unitarian and one other Universalist, too much of a good thing in a town like ours of limited church goers? It is the opinion of a good many, belonging to each parish, that we should get more efficient exercises by uniting forces and all worship at one altar. The Unitarian church is capable of holding the worshippers of both societies. Universal salvation is maintained by the Unitarians, and upon the opposite even of this sentiment, the Evangelical churches are shaky. The Methodists are trying to get foothold in town, and with them comes a working element, that



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1. The first step is to identify the problem or question that needs to be answered. This involves understanding the context and the specific requirements of the task.







# The Middlesex County Journal.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING. . . JOURNAL BUILDING, 204 MAIN STREET. . . TERMS, \$2.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES, FIVE CENTS.

Vol XXII.

WOBURN, MASS. SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1873.

No 46.

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FLORIST,  
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A GREAT  
MEDICAL  
DISCOVERY  
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Extracts of Roots and Herbs which almost  
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Dyspepsia, Heart Burn, Liver Complaint,  
and Loss of Appetite, or taking a few bottles,  
Epilepsy, Low Spirits, and Sinking Sensa-  
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For Kidney, Bladder and Urinary derange-  
ments, it has no equal; one bottle will convince  
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Worms, expelled from the system without the  
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definitive cure.

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Rheumatism, Swollen Joints, and all Scrofu-  
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medicine, the Quaker Bitters.

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arising in malarial parts of our country, com-  
pletely relieved by the use of the Quaker Bitters.

The aged find in the Quaker Bitters just the  
aid they stand in need of in their declining  
years. It quickens the blood and cheers the  
mind, and paves the passage down the plane  
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No one can remain long unwell, unless afflicted  
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Profits are annually declared and at once added  
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GEO. C. TREMELLE, Treasurer.

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Harvey Carpenter, Daniel H. Whitney,  
William Robinson, George S. Derby.

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## Poetry.

### IN THE NEST.

Gather them close to your loving heart—  
They will soon enough leave your brooding care,  
Soon enough mount youth's topmost stair—  
Little ones in the nest.

Freely not that the children's hearts are gay,  
That the restless feet will run;  
There may come a time in the day and by,  
When you'll sit in your lonely room and sigh  
For a sound of childish fun.

When you'll long for the repetition sweet  
That sounded through each room,  
Of "mother," "mother," the dear love calls,  
That will echo long in the silent halls,  
And add to their stately gloom.

There may come a time when you'll long to hear  
The eager, boyish tread;  
The restless feet, the dear, shrill shout,  
The busy bustle in and out,  
And patter of pattering.

When the boys and girls are all grown up,  
And scattered far and wide,  
Or gone to the undiscovered shore  
Where youth and age come never more,  
You will miss them from your side.

Then gather them close to your loving heart—  
Cradle them on your breast;  
They will soon enough leave your brooding care,  
Soon enough mount youth's topmost stair—  
Little ones in the nest.

## Selected.

### How Blumle got Married.

Blumle boasted of being a confirmed  
bachelor, and took pride in being called a  
woman-hater. I mean Thomas Blumle  
of the importing house of "Hood, Stiver  
and Blumle." He was very fond of let-  
ting people know that he disregarded the  
charms of the softer sex, and was fre-  
quently heard to say that he would like  
to see the woman that could get him un-  
der her thumb. There was a time, of  
course, when Blumle was susceptible to the  
overtures of Cupid; because when he was  
plain "Tom," of fifteen years of age, and  
lived in "Rock Cove," came to the city,  
and entered the employ of "Mensor,  
Tigby & Hood," he left behind him a  
young "Polly Ann," with many a sigh  
and tear, and more vows than both put  
together, to be true till death. For two  
years he wrote constantly to his Polly  
Ann, repeating the manifold vows of  
boyhood love; then he was promoted  
from boy to entry clerk, and soon after  
was introduced to a very bewitching  
young lady whom we may be allowed to  
call Hattie Elton. Then he forgot his  
Polly Ann, down in Rock Cove, and be-  
came very attentive to Miss Elton. He  
accompanied her to the theatre and made  
her presents; he got trusted for his new  
coat, and with the money that should  
have paid for it, they took a sleigh ride  
to Brighton, and feasted on hot chickens  
and champagne; to please her he learned  
to polka and waltz; the schottische and  
various dances were not in vogue then.  
Things had sped along very smoothly for  
about a year, so Tom, thinking he might  
as well have the matter settled at once,  
popped the question. Miss Elton ap-  
peared very much surprised—for a mo-  
ment she remained silent, and then lifting  
up both hands, she exclaimed:

"Why, Mr. Blumle,—she had com-  
stantly called him 'Tom,' for six months  
previous—'I've been engaged this two  
years, didn't you know it?'"

"Know it? No!" replied Blumle, in  
utter astonishment.

"Why, yes, I've been engaged to  
Charley Dudley for a long while, and I  
thought you knew all about it, and was  
only paying attention to me out of po-  
sition. Charley is in New York now,  
but we are to be married next Christ-  
mas."

"Married next?"

"We may guess what Blumle was go-  
ing to say, but we shall always be in  
doubt, for instead of finishing his sen-  
tence, he took his hat and rushed out of  
the house, not even waiting to make the  
parting salutation of 'good evening.'"

Perhaps he was afraid to trust his gas-  
hunting teeth, for fear they would change his  
well meant words into some wicked ex-  
pression.

Tom, in the privacy of his own cham-  
ber, with his door locked, his elbows  
upon his light stand, and his face pined  
in his hands, reverted to the year's time  
and the many dollars he had thrown  
away on Miss Elton; then he thought of  
poor Polly Ann, whom he had "cut," and  
he shamefully down at Rock Cove, and he  
decided to write to her, to offer pressing  
business as an excuse for not writing be-  
fore, to sue for pardon for past negligence,  
and to assert that his affections were still  
unaltered and unalterable. So he un-  
buried his face, and penned the tender  
missive, full of falsehoods and stale love,  
which he despatched with the fullest con-  
fidence, that Polly Ann would be very  
happy to receive it.

But alas for poor human expectations!  
Polly Ann's letter came. It was brief.  
She told Blumle she had heard of his  
attention to the city lady, that she had  
almost forgotten him, and was going to  
marry Jerry Smike, the village black-  
smith, the next week. She returned to  
Tom his earliest efforts at love letter  
writing, and a lock of his hair, and re-  
quested him to return to her sundry arti-  
cles in that line that he had received from  
her.

From that day, Blumle announced  
himself to the world as a woman hater.  
He had been false to one woman, and one  
woman had tricked him—so he cried  
down the whole sex. The time when  
Blumle had heretofore divided between  
love and business, was now devoted to  
business alone, and in consequence he  
received one promotion after another till  
he had the pleasure of seeing his own  
name the third on the sign over the door,  
which he had entered as errand boy. I  
don't believe he remembered that there  
was any such person in the world as

Hattie Elton or Polly Ann, the day the  
new sign was raised.

It was as the junior member of the  
firm, that Blumle had travelled through  
the New England States, two years ago  
with samples, receiving orders. During  
his tour, he remained in the pretty village  
of P. N. H., one fine night in October.  
He sat in the bar room after supper,  
smoking his cigar, until it became filled  
with villagers, discussing politics, smok-  
ing their pipes, talking of their crops, and  
ogling him, all of which was quite inter-  
esting to him, so he concluded to  
walk out and view the village by moon-  
light. He had hardly stepped into the  
entry, and before he could close the door,  
he heard a voice inquire:

"Who is that gentleman?"

"His name is Blumle; he's from Bos-  
ton," replied the landlord.

"Blumle from Boston?" chimed in a  
third voice, and then added, "you don't  
say so!" followed by a long, low whistle  
of astonishment.

Blumle stepped off the piazza, and  
walked up the village street. He had  
scarcely walked twenty yards, before he  
was aware of being followed. Giving  
himself but little thought, however,  
he turned from the road into a pleasant  
lane that wended its way towards some  
half dozen farm houses until he came to a  
rustic seat, upon which he threw himself,  
and was soon oblivious to all the world  
excepting the business affairs of "Hood,  
Stiver & Blumle." He sat until his ci-  
gar was consumed, when he was aroused  
by the town around him by the village  
clock striking ten. Buttoning his coat  
closely around him, he hurried down the  
lane toward the hotel.

As he turned from the lane into the  
great road, he was suddenly, and not very  
softly seized by the throat, by the shoul-  
ders, and by the coat tails, by at least a  
dozen hands. He was rather too much  
surprised to speak, even if he had had  
the chance to do so. The hands so closely  
clenched around his throat, would have  
prevented his speaking, if he had not been  
so greatly surprised. As he could not  
speak, he listened very patiently to some  
half dozen exclamations of "New we've  
got you!"

Something desperate must be done; so  
Blumle struck the fellow that held him  
by the throat, full in the face, knocking  
him down, and then cried out as though  
he expected that this would be the last  
chance he would ever have to speak.

"What in the deuce do you mean?"

The striking question had a miraculous  
effect upon the numerous hands distrib-  
uted about his person, and Blumle was  
free. He waited a few minutes to regain  
his breath, then looking around him asked  
very energetically:

"What does all this mean?"

"It means that if you don't promise to  
leave town and not go to see Mary Gay  
again, we'll just hide you, and then ride  
you out of town on a rail," said the young  
man, the recipient of the blow, who had  
regained his feet.

There was a great reform in the man-  
ner and habits of Thomas Blumle, mer-  
chant. He left his bachelor clubs, not-  
withstanding the jeers and taunts of his  
former companions, and he became a  
circumspect in his remarks on female  
character. For a number of months he  
spent his spare hours writing to Mary,  
and choosing appropriate gifts for her,  
and for a long time the Boston & P. ex-  
press considered him one of their best  
customers.

But ere long there was a brilliant wed-  
ding party at the house of Squire Gay,  
and P. lost its most charming belle, for  
Miss Gay became Mrs. Blumle.

A few weeks ago Mr. and Mrs. Blum-  
le went down to Rock Cove, and visited  
the old Blumle homestead. While there  
Mr. Blumle introduced his wife to  
Mr. Jerry Smike and Mrs. Polly Ann  
Smike, and all the little Smikes. It would  
be impossible to tell which are most con-  
tented with their lot, Thomas or Polly  
Ann. One thing more and I am done.  
In answer to Blumle's advertisement  
for a chambermaid who would assist in  
plain sewing, who do you think applied  
for the situation? You'll never guess, so  
I'll tell you. It was Hattie Elton! Her  
New York beau had heard of her flirta-  
tions with Blumle, and for that reason  
broke his engagement with her. And she  
who might have been Mrs. Thomas  
Blumle, must be content to be Mrs.  
Blumle's servant.

WEDDING OUTRAGES.—As things go  
now-a-days, an invitation to a wedding  
is no laughing matter. Those paste-  
board squares, with their entanglement  
of monograms, summon us to take part  
in many absurdities of custom; but of all  
these the most absurd and burdensome is  
that of giving presents. The fact is,  
marrying people practice upon their  
friends a system of barefaced extortion,  
without allowing them to resist or ex-  
pose it. There is no pretence of spontane-  
ity or sentiment in these gifts; they are  
purchased because they must be; and  
this the receiver well understands. This  
extortion upon men of ordinary means,  
rating their affections before the town  
by the number of dollars they are able  
or willing to invest on the ocean; and  
mortifying them, if the gifts be small  
by parading it, with the name attached,  
in contrast with the outlay of wealthier  
friends, is so essentially vulgar and in-  
delicate, that it is strange it should be  
tolerated in society claiming to be refined.  
It appears absurd, also, as well as vulgar  
and oppressive when one comes to reflect  
upon it. The matrimonial party really  
gain nothing for they are expected to  
repay the same in equal value, when the  
donors invite them to a similar occasion,  
so that presents are simply loaned. How  
many times the bride must have said,  
"Thank you very much; how lovely it is!"  
over this amount of plate, when she  
knows that the equivalent, which must be  
forthcoming in the future, would purchase  
a uniform service for her own heart.  
As it is each couple find themselves  
possessed of a heterogeneous collection of  
silver ware, not only unlike in design,  
but with excesses and deficiencies which  
nobody could foresee. We have heard of  
one bride with self control enough to  
smile sweetly on receiving her fourth  
soup ladle; and her white lies of grati-  
tude must be pardoned to her for their  
very heroism.—Woman in American So-  
ciety.

so thought Blumle. For some moments  
the whole party remained speechless. At  
last, Blumle, getting tired of his con-  
spicuous position, and the "nothing-to-  
say" spirit of the party, broke the silence  
by asking the young lady if she had ever  
seen him before.

"Not that I remember of," was her  
reply.

"I only asked you to satisfy these  
young men," said Blumle.

"Then he ain't your city beau?" asked  
Higdy.

"No!" as short as though it had been  
but one letter.

"Then we were mistaken," said a voice  
in the yard, and two or three slid out at  
the gate.

"I am very sorry that I have been the  
indirect cause of this annoyance to you;  
but it is no fault of mine. This gentle-  
man," pointing to Higdy, "and his party  
seized me, and would not allow me to  
proceed to my hotel until I had proved to  
them that I had not been visiting you. I  
must now leave them with you to make  
their own explanations, and bid you good  
evening."

"Good evening," said the young lady  
in a very sweet voice.

Somehow Blumle couldn't sleep very  
sound that night; he was in a very  
strange place, and kept constantly think-  
ing of his strange adventure, and of the  
good looking, strange young lady; and  
the more he thought, the more he won-  
dered who she was, and when at last he  
determined to inquire about her in the  
morning, he fell asleep and dreamed of  
her.

Blumle was an early riser—bachelors  
generally are—and the next morning be-  
fore the village was astir, he had walked  
out and passed the house of Squire Gay;  
but he did not see Mary, so he returned  
to the hotel and inquired of the landlord  
concerning her. The landlord must have  
praised the girl, for the bachelor decided  
to remain another day and be introduced  
to her, then to remain a third, and finally  
he concluded he might as well stop the  
week out, and so he wrote to his part-  
ners, informing them that he should re-  
main there a few days to himself.

The professed woman-hater walked up  
the same lane each evening, and walked  
into the house too. He was not disturbed  
again by Billy Higdy, for the Squire had  
threatened that if he came within gun  
shot of the house again, to put a dose of  
cold lead into him. So the wise but jeal-  
ous Higdy kept out of the way.

Getting a living by literature is a very  
difficult business for anybody. Probably  
there are not ten persons in America, out-  
side of a salaried position, who get their liv-  
ing by literature. These are all, and neces-  
sarily, men and women of culture, pe-  
culiar gifts, experience, wide knowledge  
of men and things, and unwearying in-  
dustry. Unless a young man or woman go  
into a salaried position, involving con-  
stant drudgery, there is no such thing for  
them as getting a living by literature.

A young man just out of college, or a  
young woman just out of school—may  
those of mature life who find themselves  
suddenly thrown upon their own resources,  
and obliged to cast about for the means  
of living—can no more get their  
living by literature than they can fly. It  
takes a long apprenticeship—a process of  
culture involving much time and wide  
experience and patient practice—to be  
able to get a living by literature.

When the power to write well is ac-  
quired, and the mind is stored with  
knowledge and fertile in original resources,  
what then? The magazines of America  
cannot possibly publish more than  
one in twenty-five of the manuscripts  
written for them. They could not do so  
if every article were desirable. Few writ-  
ers can find a market for so many as a  
dozen articles in a year, and few would  
find it for the permanent advantage of  
their reputation to publish so many as a  
dozen. To get a living by outside writ-  
ing for periodicals is so nearly impossible  
to every man whose capacity for work is  
not great and whose wants are not small  
that it is practically useless to make any  
exception whatever.

Every man with literary gifts and am-  
bitions must work out his life in his own  
way, and he will do so; but those per-  
sons who turn to literature for a living  
because they find themselves shut out  
from other resources, and those who seek  
an introduction to literary life because  
they fancy writing, and do not think of  
anything else to do, would do well to  
learn that there is no such thing as suc-  
cess for them. Their hopes are vain,  
their labor will be vain, their disappoint-  
ment is sure. In saying this we would  
not be considered as discouraging the  
cultivation of literature among the young.  
No matter how much they write, pro-  
vided they do not rely upon writing for a  
livelihood. Even if they should achieve  
a moderate success, they would find  
themselves so slowly paid, and engaged  
in competition with such a host of ac-  
customed and accomplished writers, that  
their life and labor would be unremuner-  
ative and unsatisfactory.—Dr. F. G. Hol-  
land; Scribner's for August.

GOING TO THE RACES.—A farmer  
gave the following as his experience of  
going to the races: "Why, you see, sir,  
I put ten pounds in my pocket and my  
watch, and I went down between the  
races to get a peep at the Prince. I see him  
there, sure enough, and I know him by  
his portrait. So I takes off my hat, and  
gives three hearty cheers for the Prince  
of Wales—good, hearty ones; upon  
which a respectable looking man dressed  
very fine, patted me on the back and said,  
'Well done, squire, give us three cheers  
more,' and I gied up three cheers again;  
and what do you think, sir? The rascal  
who he was patting me on the back,  
walked off with my watch and chain and  
ten pounds in gold."

A REPLY TO MANY LETTERS.—How  
shall I manage to get an introduction to  
literary employment? "What shall I  
do in order to get a living by literature?"  
These inquiries, varied in form, and ac-  
companied by frank statements of per-  
sonal circumstances, and sometimes by  
earnest entreaties for sympathy and help  
or special favor, form the staple of a cer-  
tain proportion of the letters received by  
the editor of a magazine. They are all  
briefly answered, of course; but the time  
which they demand cannot always be at  
the editor's disposal. They can all be  
answered in print, and here.

It is very hard for a good writer to  
get an introduction to a magazine. Such  
an introduction rests entirely with him-  
self. A personal presentation to the editor,  
or a letter of introduction, counts for  
nothing. To write an article so good  
that an editor must take it is the best  
and quickest introduction possible. If a  
man cannot write such an article as this,  
no other introduction will be of the value  
of straw; if he can, he will need no  
other. To an editor, the discovery of a  
first-rate article is like the discovery of a  
diamond, and the man who writes it finds  
himself recognized at once.

"But we do not know what will suit  
you," tell us about the sort of articles you  
desire." This statement goes unpleas-  
antly far to prove that you could not  
write what would be suitable, even if the  
impossible task of informing you were  
undertaken. Good things are never  
written to order. If you cannot suit a  
magazine by writing a thing in your own  
way, you cannot suit it by conforming to  
some purpose or plan outside of yourself.

One of the most desirable things in a  
magazine is variety; and if there is any  
writing characteristically piquant in a  
writer's style, or ingenious in his mode of  
handling a subject, it wants just that.  
It cannot tell what it wants, any further  
than to say that it wants the best it can  
get of everything that is good.

On behalf of the whole editorial fraternity,  
we protest against an idea very  
prevalent among young writers, that the  
acceptance of articles for the press goes  
by favoritism, and that they are refused  
a hearing simply because they are un-  
known. Some have resorted to tricks to  
ascertain whether their manuscripts have  
ever been opened and



## Middlesex County Journal.

John H. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.  
SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1873.

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Pharmaceuticals—J. E. Abbott, Road Commissioners, Special Agents—Mumford, Stephen H. Carter, Warren Carter, Wagon Household Magazine, Warren Academy,	2	2	2

## ANARCHY OR LAW.

The cowardly attempt to assassinate the Chief of Police, while he was engaged in the peaceful occupation of assisting in the removal of property from a burning building, and the murderous attack upon the officers while engaged in carrying out a direct vote of the Town to enforce the liquor law, are two very significant incidents. There may always be found in a community like ours, turbulent spirits to whom resistance of law is a virtue. When left to their own devices they are bad enough, but when men whose position and whose calling should place them on the side of good order, become their accomplices, and by incendiary language endeavor to bring the officers into disrepute, and to encourage the brutal mob to acts of violence, the difficulty assumes an importance seldom seen in a country town. It is not often that ruffianism has an organ, for the difficulty in procuring it makes it almost impossible, as no journalist of any pretensions to decency will prostitute his press to such a purpose, but when one is secured, the Mob becomes a Power. Such is the condition of affairs in Woburn. Happily for us, the citizens at large array themselves against the Power, and the unanimous voice is that it has gone too far. Within a year Officer Simonds was beaten to insensibility. Special Officer Erwin similarly treated, a man who testified in his behalf cruelly beaten, Officer Osgood narrowly escaped with his life, and because the officers in sheer self-defense draw pistols on their blood-thirsty pursuers, the Mob resorts to arms, and threatens next time to use pistols instead of stones. Undoubtedly the officers will not be deterred by this from the execution of their duty. As one remarked, he "had as lief die of a bullet as of a stone." But we cannot afford to let our officers die, and we can prevent it by a healthy public sentiment. Let the Mob, and any who excite it, know that they will receive no comfort or aid outside their own ranks, and their power is gone. Courage is no part of their stock in trade. The charge of several hundred men on six policemen, giving them volleys of stones when their backs were turned, and the stabbing a man in the back at night in a crowd, are not exhibitions of valor. It becomes the duty of every good citizen to do his part to bring about a healthier state of affairs. At present no man is safe, for if assailed and he calls for help, the guardians of the peace are at once the targets for murderous assault. What can be done? Any attempt to excuse the Mob should be frowned upon. The officers and the magistrate should be encouraged and sustained. Law and order should be talked up, and public sentiment created in its favor. At the Town Meeting which occurs this (Friday) afternoon let the attempt to send to the Court the by-law passed in April in relation to standing on the sidewalk be voted down. And whenever and wherever any issue is made between good citizenship and disorder let us rally, and teach the enemies of peaceable existence that anarchy can find no place in Woburn.

**LUCKY.**—Last Monday one of our citizens found a penny, and a bystander remarked it would bring him good luck, and sure enough it did. Tuesday he was at the beach, and found a lady's ear-drop, finding the owner he restored the jewel, and his grateful possessor insisted on paying his bills for the day. Next day in the Lowell depot a crumpled envelope lay in his path, and he kicked it along before him nearly the entire length of the depot, but finally picked it up, and found that it contained tickets to the West, valued at \$60. Soon afterwards an emigrant and his daughter, in great distress at their loss were seen inquiring for their tickets. They gave the numbers, which corresponded exactly to those on the tickets found by our friend, and he made them happy by restoring them. The daughter would not be satisfied until he accepted a gold half sovereign as a memento, which he now wears on his watch chain. One of the railroad men lost his temper the other day, but our lucky friend found it for him. There's nothing like luck.

**NEW SCHOOL-HOUSES.**—The School Committee and Selectmen have made a report in print, on the subject of school-houses. They recommended an eight room grammar school-house on Main near Green street. Another on Powder-house Hill. And one each in East Woburn and on Cedar street. To pay for these it is proposed to make a twenty-year loan of \$40,000, the interest only to be annually provided for. The reasons given are very strong, and it will pay to preserve the whole pamphlet.

**TOWN MEETING.**—The meeting this (Friday) afternoon is an important one, and we hope will be a fine one. Arts 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6, refer to the school-house question, which has been so fully discussed by the committee. Art. 7 is a resumption of Mark Allen's quarrel with the police, which the town had better settle once for all. Art. 8 refers to the Walnut street widening and straightening. Art. 9 asks that hereafter no street shall be made less than 50 feet wide.

**TAXES.**—The assessors find the total valuation \$8,750,742. They have fixed the rate at \$15.70. They will assess \$123 highway tax on all the polls, which will make them pay \$3.25. There are 1501 houses, a gain of 65, and a population of 9,631, a gain of 266.

**TRIAL JUSTICE.**—The commission of P. L. Converse, Esq., as Trial Justice expired Wednesday at midnight. He was qualified on his new commission, Thursday noon, so that for twelve hours we were without a Trial Justice.

**PICNIC.**—The Episcopal Society went to the beach on Tuesday in the excursion barges.

**RIOTOUS PROCEEDINGS.**—Last Saturday evening, the policemen made a raid on Salmon's store and seized what liquors they found there. The store was pretty full of customers, and the gas was turned off on the entry of the officers, but they promptly lighted up again. As the officers passed out, however, the gas was again turned off, and some one shouted, "Give it to them." This was followed by a shower of eggs, tumblers, bottles and other movables, hitting the officers. One man named Bartly Carr, was standing in the doorway, and was seen by the light from across the street, to throw a bottle which struck Mr. Day the Chief of Police. Carr attempted to get back into the crowd, but was seized by Officers Osgood and Day and conveyed to the Police Room. On their way down, the crowd followed, throwing missiles at the officers, and a sort of running fight was kept up all the way. Near Union street, Osgood was hit on the head with a stone, and partially stunned, but he kept hold of his man, until reaching Dodge's drug store, when he staggered in and had his wound attended to, and was afterwards taken home in a carriage. When he was hit, one of the officers fired his revolver over the heads of the crowd, and subsequently two more shots were fired, which each time served to check the rioters, and the officers reached headquarters considerably bruised, but with the exception of Osgood they were not seriously hurt. Carr when arrested struck at the officers, and himself received a blow from a billy. Another ruffian ran up behind the officers who had Carr, and aimed a murderous blow at them with a bottle, but the billy of an officer behind him was too prompt, and he dropped out of the crowd. After remaining in the police room a short time, Carr was removed to the lockup, a crowd following throwing stones, but from too great a distance to do injury. Carr remained in the lockup over Sunday, and Monday morning was arraigned before Justice Converse, on two counts, one for an assault, and one for obstructing an officer in the discharge of his duty. Officers Osgood, Richardson, and Ramsdell testified positively as to seeing him throw something at Officer Day. Judge Converse deemed the offence too serious for him to assume jurisdiction, and accordingly held Carr in \$800 bonds for his appearance at the Superior Court. Edward Mulholland and Peter Murray were his sureties.

Mr. Osgood suffered considerably Saturday night and Sunday but was able to appear in court on Monday. The missile struck his head a little back of the right temple, and he narrowly escaped serious injury. The Judge in sentencing Carr, took occasion to refer to the frequency of these attacks upon officers, and remarked that there seemed to be a struggle going on between anarchy and law. An impression prevails to some extent that the officers can be resisted with impunity, and this he hoped would not continue. It sometimes occurs that the evidence is not sufficient for conviction, but whenever it was, he considered it his duty to impose the heaviest penalties. The officers must be protected, if we would live in peace. If they are not, then every man will be obliged to arm himself and become his own protector. Such a state of affairs would not be desirable, and it therefore behooves every friend of good order, and the rights of the people to discountenance forcible resistance of the law and its officers, and do all in their power to maintain peace and insure the security of the citizen.

Monday afternoon, Patrick Kelly was arrested for an assault on Officer Osgood and asked a continuance until Wednesday at 2 P. M. Michael and Patrick Ferrin became his sureties in the sum of \$800. Charles McCormack was examined for the same offence. It appeared in evidence that he endeavored to force the door while the officers were in Salmon's and when Osgood and Day came out with Carr, McCormack seized Osgood and attempted to pull him away. He also raised his arm to throw a stone at Osgood when he was seized by Officer Simonds. He was held to answer in \$800, Thomas J. Porter, Esq., being his bondsmen.

Kelley was examined on Wednesday, and was defended by H. H. Mather Esq. of Boston. Officer Day testified to Osgood being struck. Richardson said Osgood raised his arm and throw a stone at Osgood, and he charged him with it and told him to go home. Doyle saw Kelley running towards Osgood with his arm upraised, and something in his hand. Simonds saw Kelley pass him in the direction of the officers, and advised him to keep back. Osgood testified to seeing Kelley in the crowd a moment before he was struck. The defence introduced Kelley, Luke McGrath, Thomas Corbett and Thomas Kelley as witnesses, all of whom corroborated the government as to Kelley's presence, but denied that he threw anything. The Judge held that there was probable cause to believe that Kelley was present and obstructed the officers, and threw the stone that hit Osgood, and he ordered him to recognize in \$800 for his appearance at the Superior Court.

**GOOD WALKING.**—On Tuesday at ten minutes of ten, Al Libby and E. W. Andrews started to walk to Boston and back. They reached the city in one hour and fifty minutes, and immediately started back. Andrews gave up at Winter Hill Station and took the cars for home. Libby kept on and reached home at three minutes of ten. He stopped one minute in East Cambridge and six minutes in Medford, making his total walking time four hours.

**MUSIC.**—We have received from Green's Music Store, on Railroad street, three pieces of sheet music, all of which are very pleasing songs—"The Old Home ain't what it used to be," "Little Footsteps," and "I'm only waiting." We advise our singing friends to call round and examine Mr. Green's collection of music. Any piece not on hand will be promptly furnished.

**A Winchester letter** informs us that "over a hundred of our best men are going to hold a meeting to see if they can throw up Turkey Swamp." A pack of dirt is supposed to be an allowance, but if these men have swallowed a swamp, no wonder they want to throw up.

**A LIVE BEAT.**—William Hall alias Harry Stickney is a bright and shining ornament of the class above-mentioned. Our exchanges have given him the benefit of their columns a number of times in recording his sponging exploits in various places, and now we have an opportunity to add our testimony. This promising specimen (he is all promises) visited Woburn, Thursday, July 24th, and registered his name at the Central House as Harry Stickney of Stickney's New York Circus. He is a fellow of good address, indulges in good clothes, and for some time past has been living at the expense of others. While here he engaged board for a score or more of horses connected with the circus troupe. He described himself as a performer on the horizontal bar, a bare-back rider and other specialties. Friday forenoon, about 11 o'clock he procured a team of G. F. Jones and asking Charlie Parker to take a ride started for Medford where he alleged there was a trick dog he wanted to purchase. He left the team at various points on the road, to inquire (as he pretended) for the residence of the owner of this dog, but was unable to find him. He also found a good deal of trouble in getting a \$10 greenback changed which he said he had with him, arriving at last at Charlestown he drove to a store on Main street, and told Parker that he knew a fellow in there, and that they would go to dinner with him. Parker remained in the carriage, and Stickney entered the store. After waiting a half hour, Parker, who was somewhat disgusted with the monotony of sitting in the carriage, got out and went into the store, where he inquired for his companion. He was told that the man had asked for a Mr. Cummings who worked in a grocery somewhere near there, and that when he left, he went out by the Warren street door. Parker waited an hour and a half longer, but no Stickney returned, and he then drove the team back to Woburn. He went in at several places where Stickney had stopped on the way down, but found that his inquiries related to anything rather than a trick dog or the changing of a \$10 note. Officer A. E. Tidd in company with Mr. John H. Libby, who had met Stickney before, started to look him up on Saturday morning. After some investigation, traces of the fellow were discovered and the warrant for his arrest was left in the hands of a Charlestown officer, who secured him in the course of the afternoon. Officer Tidd brought him to Woburn, and after examination he was bound over for trial and for want of bail was committed.

**WAKEFIELD.**—When in college had a "theme" to prepare, and after much labor wrote it out, and set to work to commit it to memory. Roberts, his chum went to bed and left him struggling with it. As he lay quite still Wakefield thought him asleep, and so pursued his study audibly, and repeated it over and over until Roberts not only learned it but was lulled to slumber by the music of Wakefield's voice. Next morning he asked Wakefield if he had completed his task, and on being assured that he had, asked to hear it. Wakefield began to repeat, but had gone only a little way when his chum exclaimed "That won't do. That's old; I learned that piece to speak when I was a boy." Wakefield was indignant. "What do you mean. That's entirely original, and I only completed it last night." "Can't help it," said the incorrigible Roberts. "I learned it, and can repeat the whole thing." And so he did. To the great distress of Wakefield, who could not believe he'd ever heard it before; "and yet," he mused "I must have seen it somewhere, and it made such an impression on my mind that I thought it was original when I wrote it out."

**WATER WORKS.**—The engine house is slated, and a connection established between the boiler room and coal shed. The engines and pumps are set, and the work of fitting the light works goes rapidly forward. The boilers are in position and nearly set. Mr. Horne and his gang have paved the shore on the land made for the building site, and the water front will be made quite attractive. The filter gallery arch is not quite complete, the masons having to wait for the stone curbs for the manholes. Applications for water come in very freely, and the Commissioners are well pleased with the popularity of the work. The Pond is quite low, the bar north of the island showing in three places.

**SUNSTROKE.**—The extreme heat of a week past has been very prostrating to every one, and in one or two cases it has been attended with dangerous symptoms. Last Saturday a little daughter of Peter McMurray, aged 4 years, was allowed too long a play in the sun, and was overcome with the heat. With care however, the child came out all right on Sunday.

A man named Neilson, employed by Dr. Karl Nylander, as blacksmith was a victim of sunstroke upon Saturday last. Neilson had been twice prostrated before this, and was probably more susceptible to that account. He was removed to the Mass. Gen'l Hospital.

A laborer on the water works was also a sufferer from the same cause, Monday. For six or eight hours his recovery was doubtful.

**DIRTY BROOK.**—There was a hearing before the Board of Health Wednesday evening, on the nuisance created by the dirty brook which flows uncovered from Railroad street at Everett, to the Winchester line. Several plans were proposed, and it was finally determined to clean it out, and see if that would be of any benefit. We are apprehending the time when systematic under-draining will be resorted to, and any other plan will afford but temporary relief.

**NORTH WOBURN.**—The trial of three men who were held as the assassins of Officer Erwin came off Saturday night. There was no evidence to convict them. It seems strange that out of a mob of some thirty who nearly killed Mr. Erwin no one can be found to testify to the guilty parties. Police business in New Bridge must be very desirable.

**OVERBOARD.**—Last Sunday, a man named Kelley attempted to row from Richardson street landing around the Island, in Horn Pond "on time," in a canoe. About half way from the Island he managed to tip over, and would have drowned but for the prompt aid rendered from the shore.

**PLUMB.**—Buel & Flint now occupy 130 Main street, formerly used as Freeman's sewing machine store, for the sale of plumbing and gas fitting materials. T. V. Sullivan is with them, and those about putting in water works would do well to consult them.

**BOATS.**—There are 11 boats on Horn Pond this season. The owner of one of them pulled it from Beacon street to the lower ice houses, a distance of 3,150 feet or about three-fifths of a mile, in eight minutes.

**COME DOWN.**—The boys who were at the Tip Top House as waiters, after remaining a week, concluded not to wait for the season to close, but came down and came home. They had a tip top time, however.

**KICKED.**—Last Saturday a boy named Leonard Pierce, son of Charles Pierce, was kicked in the jaw by a horse. The injury is not serious.

**APPOINTMENT.**—Mr. W. L. Eaton of the Harvard class of '73, has been appointed Principal of the Unbridge High School.

**MAN CUT.**—Owen McElhenney applied for a warrant against S. R. French on Thursday for assaulting him with a knife. Mr. French is boss tanner at Moseley's tannery, and McElhenney says that on Wednesday he was at work in a pit, when French told him to come out and get his pay. He came out, and French attacked him, cutting his arm so that a surgeon was called to sew it up. Mr. French's version differs from the above. He says that McElhenney was intoxicated, and on being charged with it, declared his intention of leaving. He came out of the pit and demanded his pay. As he had on him only a pair of pants, Mr. French told him to put on his shirt, and then he would go to the counting-room with him. Mr. French was testing him, and had in his hand a small pocket-knife, McElhenney was very much excited, and jumped towards French, swinging his arms as if to strike him. French put up his hands to ward off a blow, and McElhenney hit the knife with his arm above the elbow. The wound was only a slight one. Mr. French appeared before Judge Converse Thursday evening, plead not guilty, and waiving an examination, gave bail in \$400 for his appearance before the Superior Court.

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**WALKING.**—We can endorse from personal experience, the following article on walking which we find in *HEARTY* and *HOME*. As a relief from the exhaustion which follows light agile chills, there is nothing for us like an hour's sharp walk, and a smart tuckering. Mr. Eggleston says:

There is no exercise so fine as walking. If one knows how to take it. When a disease in one part of the body becomes incurable, a physician will sometimes attack it by "evulsion"—that is, by attacking some other part, and thus diverting the sickness from its stronghold. A man who uses his head until the brain is weary needs to tire his legs. You complain that you can not walk. Because you do not observe the rules. Walk easily. Take time. Do not hurry yourself into exhaustion. Begin by walking as you can bear it. Every now and then I backslide, get nervous, think the sun hurts me, and take to riding in street cars. Three months ago a mile walked me. The circulation failed to the brain. Sleep was difficult. I determined to seek relief, as before, in walking. By walking at first two miles, and afterwards increasing the distance, I was soon able to trudge off ten miles in an afternoon without regard to heat. Sunstroke? It is not people who live right and exercise freely that suffer from the sun. Did you ever sit in a Turkish bath? The first three minutes you were ready to faint, to burst, to die, to blow up with the intolerable dry heat. But when once the perspiration had started, and all the little safety-valves were open, you were able to take with pleasure thirty or forty degrees more of heat than you had when an explosion seemed imminent. So when you are nervous about walking, or feel a great need of it, you have only to start off in a steady, easy gait. At the end of a mile walking is delightful. You wouldn't ride if you could.

**SLIGHT DISCREPANCIES.**—A story has been circulated that Officer Plummer struck Mrs. Salmon last Saturday. It may be so, but it is a little singular that so good an opportunity to make a case against the officers should be neglected. The "other side" of the story is, that Plummer had a dark lantern, and when the gas was turned off, he pulled the slide and flashed the light, when Mrs. Salmon struck the lantern to knock it out of his hand. After the gas was turned off, Osgood went to the meter and turned it on, and to prevent more darkness, secured the meter wrench. When the search was over he replaced the wrench, and the search warrant was shown to Mr. Hill, and the officers had reached the door before the gas was a second time turned off. It is reported that the officers got only three gills of liquor, but they claim nearly four quarts.

**APPOINTMENT.**—Under Chapter 175, Acts 1873, requiring towns to appoint a keeper of the lock-up, John W. Day, our efficient Chief of Police, has been selected and sworn to the performance of the duties of the position.

**Winchester.**

—Rev. E. C. Bissell will preach his concluding sermon in Winchester, tomorrow (Sunday) evening.

**HIGHWAYS.**—The condition of our highways does not seem to bid "Victory," who thinks that with our increased expenditures for the same, there has not been a corresponding increase of benefits derived therefrom. No longer our highways are not all that could be desired, but it is a difficult subject to handle. Every part of the town has some road always that needs improving, which even the large sum appropriated cannot meet in a proper manner. The growth of the town and its consequent expansion, necessitates new streets and the widening of old ones. Had our town and many others been originally laid out with wide thoroughfares, a great amount of expense and trouble might have been saved. These streets, their widening and extension, are proving a heavy burden, although the betterment law serves to throw the expense in a great measure upon those who are benefited thereby. We rather think that the grading and condition of our highways are as good as those of any town in the vicinity. Certain it is, that the roads are found so good that they are largely improved by the residents of our own and other towns to drive upon. This would not be if there were so many stumbling blocks in the way as is suggested. The statement that Life Insurance companies charge extra premiums upon the lives of those who drive over our roads, is simply absurd, and based only in the fanciful brain of "Victor," who has also so famously in his description of the ride around Horn Pond (as it is to be), and loses his identity in his rhapsodies. The extra premium, if charged, must be attributed to causes inherent in the applicant. We think there has been a disposition on the part of some of our citizens to crowd forward new and crude plans concerning our streets and highways, and perhaps some that have been accepted were rather premature. It will be found, however, that these improvements are needed in the natural progress of events, and will all eventually serve to advance the growth of the town in its material prosperity. The wealth of our town increases every year, so that notwithstanding the increase of expenditures, the taxes are not materially increased. There is undoubtedly a difference of opinion as to the best material and its method of application upon our highways; but the experience of our present highway surveyor is such as amply qualifies him for the post, and we feel assured that he does the very best with the means at his command.

**HOSPITALITY.**—The pastor of the Unitarian Church preached last Sunday from the text, "There is straw and provender enough, and room to lodge in." Upon this, the duty and importance of hospitality was strongly presented, and enforced, and many telling hits at the habits and customs of society, concerning and growing out of this rite, were made by the preacher. We are glad to learn that on account of the small number present, the sermon will be repeated at an early day, by general request.

**PIC-NICKING.**—The Unitarians went on a picnic to Nahant last Tuesday. The "Queen of Winchester," with her consort the "Belle of Stoneham," both brilliantly arrayed, safely conducted her subjects to Maolis Gardens, where she held her court. Around the throngs they danced to the music of the harp and violin, and indulged in other pastimes in consonance with the occasion.

The Baptists went on their picnic on Thursday.

**IN BRIEF.**—Another town meeting to consider the water question, on this Saturday evening at 7 o'clock.—Some of our good friends got lost in the woods recently in endeavoring to find out the water area of Turkey Swamp, and it was with great difficulty that they were brought again within the pale of civilization.—Those who passed by Dr. Brown's new house last Sunday, were surprised to see it occupied in the upper story by a strange looking person, who seemed to have taken forcible possession of it. Curiosity was naturally excited, but the question arises, Who was it?—The payment of the expense of the music stand upon the Common, which has been held in abeyance since its completion on account of the cost far exceeding the estimate, has been determined upon, and as soon as the stand is properly lighted with lamps, the band will have their blow outs.

**Communication.**  
MR. EDITOR.—To be candid, our town is a nice one to live in. We are small, but smart. If all creation was made from one rib, we ought to be a good part of creation, for when we were made (some think) it took all the ribs Woburn had. We have some big bugs and some small ones. The big ones think if we were snuffed out, it would make a good hole in the world; while others, with more philosophy, say the world would wag on, and the hole grow over. Since the water cloud has come up, we have grown amazingly, there is such an air of business,—so much figuring, that the life is infused all around us. Even the frogs and lizards of the water region, are moving in the matter, as the spades invade their hiding places.

Our people were quite shocked a few days ago by the report that three citizens had been drowned while bathing in Turkey Swamp. The report, however, was untrue.

The Water Committee seem to be doing a sensible thing in selecting Mr. Asa Fletcher to look after the work. Mr. F., being a man of judgment and common sense, will be the man for the place. No confidence, to any extent, is felt in the scheme, and just indignation appears all over town, that a handful of men should bind the town to such a large outlay with a result so uncertain. A few men have been so in the habit of manipulating the affairs of this town, that the best citizens will not attend town meeting, for whatever a committee see fit to do, whether reasonable or otherwise, is sure to be forced upon the public. The time of day and the season of the year when the meeting was called, was out of place. If the meeting had been held in the afternoon, it would have been killed outright. Many of those who voted the thing, now regret it. A more unwise and stupid piece of work was never commenced, and will be known in history as "Winchester's water folly." It will entail a debt and prove such a disaster as will tinge the ears of its authors for their natural lives. When the thing was first talked of, it was called a poor joke; no one believed sensible men would recommend it, especially when we had so good a chance to secure water from your town, all we want, and under the terms of the bill at a price that must be satisfactory. A very able gentleman in Essex County, had large experience in matters of this kind, and after looking over the territory a few days since, "Winchester with 3000 inhabitants, ought to collect well, before he enters upon this undertaking, that will cost at least \$200,000." How easy to supply the west side from Woburn, also down the Main street, (the east side do not want water) and so carry it all over town as fast as wanted—no machinery, no trouble, no uncertainty, a sure thing upon reasonable terms. No canvass has ever been taken of this town to see who will take water; parties dare not make this test; only a fraction will say yes. The \$1000 of land damages that the committee estimated have increased already by several thousand, and much litigation will follow. The whole concern is one of vexation and botheration, and the committee will find they have a dry elephant on their hands. Notwithstanding the heavy rains we have had lately, the water shed region, swamp and all are as dry as a bone. A deep ditch is being dug around the swamp to start water, but without success. Several pits have been dug, in some of these, a little water has appeared, but none that flows off. A large gang of men are at work hunting for springs, and find about water enough to quench their thirst.

Parties representing an insane institution, are looking on the east side of the pond, with a view to purchase two hundred acres of land. The "Prince" estate so called, now owned by that public spirit gentleman, J. B. Jenkins Esq., the estate of Joseph Stone and others have been looked over with considerable favor. The desired quantity can be obtained, all connected, high and beautifully situated. We wish these gentlemen might be the lucky sellers, but the amount of territory it would withdraw from taxation would be a serious loss.

By your report of last week, our town is getting to be quite infamous in the violation of law. "Break them up," is the cry of all good citizens here.

## Attention.

**STATE OF WATER.**—The entire fall of water in the Reservoir is about 34 inches. Since the last rain it has fallen 3 inches.

Word has been received from Rev. Mr. Cady and party announcing their arrival in England.

Thanks to E. Taft, Esq., for St. John, N. B. papers. Mr. T. has just returned from a very pleasant trip to the provinces.

**WATER TAKERS.**—For the benefit of unbelievers at home and abroad we can state that the income from our water passenger depot, only. There are too many kinds of business carried on at this depot at present, and really this depot is in an unsafe location. Often is the Main street completely blocked by trains unloading extra freight, for some considerable time. This center depot is a dangerous place in more important instance. Let there be something done at once. Are not this corporation able to give to their passengers the better accommodations? Wake up gentlemen, to office of the Arlington Center, give us a little better show, and accommodation, for we do not like to find fault, but we are bound to advocate the rights of the good citizens of Arlington.

**PLEASANT GATHERING.**—The residence of Widow Rebecca Whittemore was the scene of a pleasant gathering, Thursday. Mrs. W. is 88 years old, and retains her faculties remarkably. She reads with a glasses, walks in a sprightly manner, and is thoroughly conversant with the events of the day.

Ho! for the clam bake! was the cry this week. Several of our citizens went to Rocky Point, Tuesday, and several others who write A. & H. (not antique and horrible) after their name, visited the same place Wednesday, and participated in the military festivities. Rocky Point is cool and delightful and the clams are delicious, while the ride down the Narragansett is wondrously beautiful.

**FAIR.**—The Ladies belonging to the Catholic church are busily engaged in getting up a Grand Fair to be held in the spacious vestry of their church during Thanksgiving week. The object of the fair is to liquidate the debt contracted by the purchase of the Caldwell estate (\$4,500), on which there still hangs a debt of \$2000, also incurred by the many improvements on the church and parochial house. A paper will be issued in connection with the fair.

**POLICE COURT.**—Before Judge Carter. "Take no thought for the morrow," was all very well in an abstract sense, but there are exceptions. William Morrow became forgetful of duty and women's rights the other day and assaulted his wife whom he had promised to love and cherish. This conduct did not meet with the entire approval of Mrs. M. and Willie was complained of for the offence, and sentenced to pay the costs of the suit, amounting to \$635 and also to furnish bonds for \$500 with one surety to keep the peace for six months, but not having received the dividends on his bank stock, he was committed to work out the same at the Hotel des Invalides, East Cambridge.

This was on the 25th of July and on the 28th John Frazar was fit to utter loud outcries in the street, all against the peace of the citizens then and there abiding, and for this no doubt beneficial, but the violent lung exercise John paid \$1075, and agreed to whisper hence forward.

A very able gentleman in Essex County, had large experience in matters of this kind, and after looking over the territory a few days since, "Winchester with 3000 inhabitants, ought to collect well, before he enters upon this undertaking, that will cost at least \$200,000." How easy to supply the west side from Woburn, also down the Main street, (the east side do not want water) and so carry it all over town as fast as wanted—no machinery, no trouble, no uncertainty, a sure thing upon reasonable terms. No canvass has ever been taken of this town to see who will take water; parties dare not make this test; only a fraction will say yes. The \$1000 of land damages that the committee estimated have increased already by several thousand, and much litigation will follow. The whole concern is one of vexation and botheration, and the committee will find they have a dry elephant on their hands. Notwithstanding the heavy rains we have had lately, the water shed region, swamp and all are as dry as a bone. A deep ditch is being dug around the swamp to start water, but without success. Several pits have been dug, in some of these, a little water has appeared, but none that flows off. A large gang of men are at work hunting for springs, and find about water enough to quench their thirst.

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## VIOTOR.

**S**



## New Publications.

SCIENCE OF HEALTH. By Dr. J. C. W. WALKER.

This number comes to our table with the regularity of clock-work. It is well filled with articles pertinent to the season. While the literary man is regaled with lively chat upon subjects of interest to himself, and conversational notes, confessions, and observations, by Sir E. L. Bulwer. Who does not know Bulwer? Well, the greatest novelist in this paper takes plain, sensible, valuable prose, and what he says is worth knowing, especially upon habit. Who would not rise to a noble manhood, and take an elevated rank as a benefactor of his race? Let any one with aspirations for good and usefulness read carefully this article, and rise from the personal strengthened with the belief that in good habits, physically and systematically carried out, will tell on our own future as well as the future of those around us. An interesting paper on the Household and Agricultural is one containing varied and amusing miscellany. This is called the "Green Corn" number. Lovers of this staple will learn by this number that there are nine ways to cook green corn, as well as only one way to eat it.

AT HIS GATES. By Mrs. Oliphant. New York: Scribner, Armstrong &amp; Co.

One of the kind of books we love to look upon, first for its tasty mechanical execution. Why can we not have more of this style of books? The type is fair, clear, and beautiful; the wood cuts clearly defined and sharply cut, and fully illustrate the interesting letter-press. So much for the mechanical execution of the work.

Mrs. Oliphant, as a writer, is well known to American readers all over our country. The style, as usual, is terse, pure, and forcible. She tells you her story as if she really and truly believed it. At the very commencement of the tale, the heroine and her daughter engross our whole heart, our sympathies accompanying her to the end. These two are well drawn characters, and though they are not entirely faultless, their faults may be said to lean to virtue's side. In strong contrast to these we notice those characters which may be called "decidedly bad." We readily part company with them, and when finally disposed of, we breathe more freely. Of this work we can say, we cheerfully recommend it to all its many readers as one of the most interesting, fresh and lifelike novels of the day. We think it the best Mrs. Oliphant has given to the public.

POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY. August, N. York: Appleton &amp; Co.

Where all is so very good, as is this first-class monthly, it is somewhat difficult to point out the best article of the whole. The opening paper is the Electric Telegraph, with the illustrations. This is a subject of such world-wide reputation that the mind never tires with the new and interesting revelations that every day brings to light. Wonderful invention! what grand improvements are yet to be made which shall add a tenfold interest to this, now one of the wonders of the scientific world.

Next we notice a graphic feature of the footprints upon the rocks made by those gigantic birds of the olden time. All scientific students know well Prof. Hitchcock, if not personally, by reputation. Going back to the very first slab turned up by the student of Williams' College while ploughing in his father's field, and following on step by step over all the more recent discoveries, what grand developments present themselves to all who love the wonderful and natural in the geologic world. These wonderful revelations of that time now cease to give the mind any serious impression, or cause any surprise, for now we are in the possession of facts that will establish two facts from the very plainest deduction. First, that these are the tracks of birds made years ago, and made when they are imprinted was a soft and moist consistency, susceptible of receiving the foot-print from the birds as they passed along the sandy shore. The whole of this interesting paper should be read, and if read, will be much appreciated by every one who takes this magazine of the times. The balance of this No. is well filled with papers of sterling merit. We regret that our limits confine us to this brief notice of a rich and truly valuable work.

STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS OF MEXICO AND CALIFORNIA. N. H. Kilburn and Brothers, Littleton.

We have received from Messrs. Kilburn & Bros., photographic publishers, a fine collection of stereoscopic views of Mexico, new views never before published, among which are, the Great Tree of Chapultepec, the Valley of Mexico, the ruins of Teotihuacan, the celebrated Pyramid of Cholula, Mexico; Aztec-Sacred Stone, Mexico; Monument over 750 U. S. soldiers who fell in the Valley of Mexico during the Mexican War; and many others.

—Horace Dold has issued a very useful Postal Guide for July. Every business man would find it convenient. Send ten cents to H. Dold, 121 Washington St., Boston for it.

WAKEFIELD VALUATION.—The following are the assessors returns for this town: Valuation real estate, \$8,146,325; valuation personal do., \$808,227; total, \$8,954,552. Number of polls 1872, 1873, 1874, 1875, 1876, 1877, 1878, 1879, 1880, 1881, 1882, 1883, 1884, 1885, 1886, 1887, 1888, 1889, 1890, 1891, 1892, 1893, 1894, 1895, 1896, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903, 1904, 1905, 1906, 1907, 1908, 1909, 1910, 1911, 1912, 1913, 1914, 1915, 1916, 1917, 1918, 1919, 1920, 1921, 1922, 1923, 1924, 1925, 1926, 1927, 1928, 1929, 1930, 1931, 1932, 1933, 1934, 1935, 1936, 1937, 1938, 1939, 1940, 1941, 1942, 1943, 1944, 1945, 1946, 1947, 1948, 1949, 1950, 1951, 1952, 1953, 1954, 1955, 1956, 1957, 1958, 1959, 1960, 1961, 1962, 1963, 1964, 1965, 1966, 1967, 1968, 1969, 1970, 1971, 1972, 1973, 1974, 1975, 1976, 1977, 1978, 1979, 1980, 1981, 1982, 1983, 1984, 1985, 1986, 1987, 1988, 1989, 1990, 1991, 1992, 1993, 1994, 1995, 1996, 1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 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# The Middlesex County Journal.

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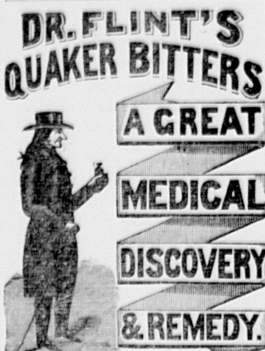
Vol XXII.

WOBURN, MASS. SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1873.

No 47.

THOMAS S. BANKS.  
FLORIST.

Winn Street, Woburn, Mass.  
Has constantly on hand, at his Greenhouse, a fine  
supply of greenhouse plants,  
Decorative and Cut Flowers furnished at short  
notice.



Extracted from the following complaints:—  
**Dyspepsia.** Heart Burn, Liver Complaint, and Loss of Appetite cured by taking a few bottles of Quaker Bitters.

**Essential.** Low Spirits, and Sinking Sensation cured at once.

**Eruptions.** Pimples, Blisters, and all eruptions of the blood, arising through the skin, or otherwise, cured readily by following the directions on the bottle.

**For Kidney, Bladder and Urinary derangements.** No matter how long they have existed, or how deep seated, one bottle will convince the most sceptical.

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**The aged.** find in the Quaker Bitters just the article they stand in need of in their declining years. It quickens the blood, and clears the mind, and paves the passage down the plane of life.

**No one** can remain long unwell (unless afflicted with an incurable disease) after taking a few bottles of Quaker Bitters.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicines.

PREPARED BY  
**Dr. H. S. Flint & Co.,**  
At their Great Medical Depot, 105 & 107 Broad Street, Providence, R. I.

For Sale by G. S. Dodge, Woburn; D. Dodge, Arlington; L. G. Babcock, Lexington.

**NORTH END SAVINGS BANK,**  
No. 80 UNION STREET,  
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This bank has never paid less than six per cent per annum, free of all charges, on all deposits made on or before the first day of the month.

All deposits made on or before the first day of the month are placed upon interest and share in the next dividend.

Dividends as such are declared at once, and added to the accounts of depositors and the same are paid in cash.

For the purpose of this bank, the following are the names of the directors and officers:

**Executive Committee.** 15  
Clinton Viles, President; L. J. Jencks, Treasurer; Harvey Carpenter, Daniel H. Whitte, William Robinson, George S. Derby.



No person can take these Bitters without feeling a refreshing and invigorating effect, and it is a fact that they are the only medicine that can be taken with safety by all ages and in all climates.

**Dyspepsia or Indigestion.** Headache, Pain in the Stomach, Bloating, Tightness of the Chest, Nervousness, Sour Eructations, the Stomach, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Bile Attacks, Disposition of the Heart, Indigestion of the Lungs, Pain in the Region of the Kidneys, and a hundred other painful symptoms, are the result of a disordered stomach. One bottle will give a better guarantee of its merits than a lengthy analysis.

**For Female Complaints.** In young or old, married or single, at the dawn of womanhood, or the turn of life, these Bitters display so decided an influence that improvement is soon perceptible.

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**Grateful Thousands** proclaim VINCA BITTERS the most wonderful medicine ever used for curing the sickening system.

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SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS & DEALERS.



TRADE MARK.  
Which has stood the test for more than 30 years, is a guarantee of the most reliable medicine for the cure of all diseases of the stomach and bowels, such as indigestion, dyspepsia, colic, biliousness, liver complaint, and all other ailments of the digestive system.

It is a fact that this medicine has cured more cases of indigestion and dyspepsia than any other medicine in the world.

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## Poetry.

### THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

What, sir! Would ye please to speak aye  
And sit ye down there by the day?  
She sleeps, sir, so light and so restless,  
She hears every step on the floor.

What ails her? God knows! She's been weakly  
For months, and the least drives her wild;  
The summer has wasted and worn her  
Till she's only the ghost of a child.

All I have? Yes, she is, and God help me  
I'll three little darlings tend.  
As party as I've ever seen, sir,  
But was by me dropped like, and died.

Why poverty, sir, and no doubt?  
They perished for food and fresh air, sir,  
Like flowers that wither in a drought.

It was dreadful to lose them? Ah, was it!  
It seemed like my heart-strings would break,  
But there's days when I'd wish I had never  
Known them, and the least drives me mad.

Their father? Well, sir, I can't forgive me!  
It's a foul tongue that lowers its own!  
But what did the strikes and the liquor,  
I'd better be straggling alone!

Do I want to keep this? The darling,  
The last and the dearest of all?  
Shure, you're never a father yourself, sir,  
Or you wouldn't be asking at all!

What is that? Milk and food for the baby!  
A doctor and medicine free!  
You're hunting out all weak children  
And poor, toiling mothers like me!

God bless you, an' then that have sent you  
Shure, sir, won't you look in the cradle  
At the college you've moved 'fore you go?  
O mother! 'mercy! have pity!

O darlin' why couldn't you wait?  
I don't doubt an' the help in the doorway!  
Too late! O baby! Too late!

## Selected.

### A Story for Parents.

Ten years ago it had been a neat cottage; but time had been busy making ravages which a careful hand had not repaired. For Stephen Randolph was always complaining of his poverty, and how he should like to do this and that if he only had the money, and himself alone. He had a large family, and it took all the money he could spare, he said, to keep his folks comfortable, without spending any for show or luxury.

This particular evening was one in early November, and Stephen Randolph and his wife sat over the fire—the kitchen stove—trying to keep warm. They had not built a fire yet in their sitting room or parlor, as in fact they seldom did all winter long. It was too expensive, Mr. Randolph said, and folks could be just as happy, if they only thought so, in the kitchen as in the parlor.

Back a little distance from Mr. and Mrs. Randolph, leaning over the kitchen table, busy over a book they had borrowed from a neighbor's child, sat a group of three—a boy and two girls. They were deeply interested, and did not stir their mother at first when she spoke, telling them it was time to go to bed.

"Joe!" she spoke a little more sharply, "why don't you start? You always get mighty interested when it's getting towards time to go to bed. I wished you'd get as much interested sometimes in me as in some old book."

"It isn't an old book," retorted the boy rebelliously. "It's a nice new one; something we never had."

"There, there!" spoke up the father, "shut up, you jade, and go 'long to bed, as your mother tells you. A pretty young man you are! Twelve years old and reproaching your father with his poverty!"

"O such a nice story," said the eldest of the girls. "Just let us finish it. It won't take long," with her hand still clasping it.

"No—wait till to-morrow," the mother fretfully replied. "Now be off with you!"

The children started moodily, and in the eye of the eldest there was an angry flash, as he went out of the room muttering to himself:

"I'll run off sometime. Can't never have any fun here."

"He's growing to be just like Dick," said the father, compressing his lips, as the door closed behind them. "Such luck as we do have raising children! Those that are old enough, are never at home nights, and those that are here always quarreling like cats and dogs."

"Stephen," and there was a momentary gleam of tenderness in the wife's eye as she spoke—"I wish you would look after Dick a little. I'm afraid of him. I thought I smelt his breath when he came home last night; and some of the neighbors told me to-day that they saw him go into a gambling house."

Stephen Randolph's eyes flashed. "Is that true?" he exclaimed. "I'll raw him home the next time I see him if he is eighteen years old!"

"Don't," said Mrs. Randolph. "Don't be too harsh. Remember poor—"

Mrs. Randolph stopped suddenly. She had nearly spoken a name that had not been breathed in that house for upwards of five years.

Not another word was spoken for some time; but both sat in silence, thinking over that sad bit of history that had been unearthed so suddenly. Both of them went back, in thought, to the days of their courtship, and then passed on to the wedding, and recollected what a joy thrilled their hearts when their first-born son, a soft-eyed girl came to bless their union. Then they remembered how lovely she grew; and then how promisingly her sisters were received; and then how she finally neglected her home, because she said they always lived in the kitchen and everybody was always snarling about her.

Then they thought of that cold morning in winter, when they drove her from the house, bearing in her arms a babe that could look to no father for an honest name, nor mother for a refuge from a scandal. From that day no one in the house

had mentioned her name, and no one in the neighborhood had seen her.

At last, with a sigh, Mrs. Randolph raised herself from her bent position, and sat stiffly upright, gazing at her husband. But he seemed lost in thought, and paid no heed to anything. However, their more immediate surroundings presently recurring to him, he raised one of the lids of the kitchen stove, and said:

"Well, Betsey, the fire is most out, and it's past eight o'clock. Guess we'd better go to bed and save coal. It's dry work sitting here alone, and I suppose we'd be alone if we raised a dozen children. There's John Merrill, they say, has all his grown-up children home every night, with a household of company three or four times a week."

"But they have something better than a kitchen to ask their company to," growled Dick in an undertone, who came in just then, in time to hear the last sentence.

"Why, Dick?" exclaimed his mother, a ray of love's sunshine shining from her heart over her features for a moment, as she thought Dick might not be so bad after all, and his love of home had drawn him there. "What's brought you home so early? There's a chair on the other side of the stove."

Dick looked irresolutely for a moment as though not knowing what to make of this sudden kindness; but in a moment his habitual gruffness returned.

"It's too devilish cold. Why don't you keep a good fire and make it cheerful?"

"There's more ingratitude for you," muttered Stephen, as the door closed behind his son. "If the house was all ablaze with fires, he'd go to bar rooms for his cheerfulness. I tell you what, Betsey, if he goes on in this way, much longer, some time he'll find his way closed against him forever. It's bad enough to bring up such children, without having them make themselves so unbearable."

Mrs. Randolph said nothing, and soon they heard steps on the stairs, as Dick again went out.

"I thought he was getting domesticated very suddenly," said Mr. Randolph, as he took up the lamp with a heavy sigh and a sad heart, and pursued his way to the bed room followed by his wife.

Not many days after, there was an alarm of fire, and ere the flames were discovered, the home of Stephen Randolph was rendered almost uninhabitable.

John Merrill, among others, was at the fire, and his was among the most effective hands in subduing the flames. After all was over, and Randolph was wondering how he should pass the night there, Merrill said to him:

"I say, neighbor Randolph, bring your wife and children over to my house till you get righted a bit. We have an extra bed or two, and can show you away somewhere, until you repair damages here."

Randolph hesitated a moment, and then accepted the offer; so Dick was left to look out for himself, and the others went to John Merrill's cottage, which had been built in much the same style and time as Stephen Randolph's, but about which were none of the untidy marks which marred the appearance of the other.

There was a glowing fire in the parlor grate, to which room the unfortunate neighbors had at once been taken, and part of the family had been gathered there, and part in the sitting room. Neat chaste pictures adorned the walls, noticeable among which, were one or two of Prang's beautiful chromes, which have done so much to make American homes attractive, and to give art a new birth and a genuine impetus in our practical Yankee land; and everything in the house bore the appearance of an effort to bring simple tastes, as near the ideal as possible.

The children were all there, and the limited means would allow. The children were cheerful and playful, without being noisy and boisterous, and soon coaxed their new companions into the sitting room to enjoy their playing with them.

After the lapse of some time, not hearing anything from the children, Mrs. Randolph went in search of them, not knowing but they might be in mischief. Stepping on the threshold, she gazed into the room with eyes of wonder. Her husband came along just then, and she exclaimed in a low tone to him:

"For gracious sake, look there, Stephen!"

He did look, and beheld their two girls playing with the Merrill children, with a profusion of toys, and Joe engaged in a game of checkers with Arthur Merrill.

"I should think as much!" said Stephen in a constrained voice. "I call that shameful extravagance. We've never been such fools as that."

"I should hope not," said Betsey, curling her lip. "Why, these toys and things must have cost fifteen or twenty dollars, just for children to destroy, when they don't appreciate—"

She stopped suddenly, as she caught the expression of her youngest child's face, all aglow with enthusiasm and happiness, as she caressed and fondled a rosy cheeked doll, which Lily Merrill had lent her to be "all her own as long as she should stay."

"But how well they behave!" said Mrs. Randolph. "I expected when they once got where they thought they would be ashamed to correct them, they would behave like savages."

Just then Mrs. Merrill's pleasant voice called them to supper. Soon all were gathered around the table in the warm and bright dining room; not only warm and bright from the fire and lamp, but from the cheerful talk and happy laughter which resounded on all sides; for Mr. Merrill did not take this hour for the

same purpose that the Randolphs did—to dolefully dwell on their mishaps and expenditures, and exact a rigid silence from their children—but make it a cheerful hour, that should bring home every member of the family, and make it longed for and remembered afterward.

A week had slipped by, and still the Randolphs had not gone home. But the last evening of their stay had arrived, and Stephen sat apart from the rest of the company, silently pondering the scene around him, and it must be confessed, secretly regretting that he was to return to their own house on the morrow. Presently he recollected having heard Mr. Merrill say a few moments before, something about going out to the States, and he rose abruptly, and went to hunt him up.

"I say, Merrill," he said, after having found him, "my thanks will be doubly due to you, if you will tell me how you manage to have everything so happy and cheerful about you, and keep your children at home."

Mr. Merrill gazed at him curiously a moment, and then replied:

"Why, my dear sir, it is no secret, but is as plain as the child's A, B, C, is to the teacher. The cheerfulness comes from a mind that endeavors to be contented with the things it can get, and the happiness follows naturally. Where both content and happiness are, the fruitfulness is avoided, and each one endeavors to make it pleasant as possible for the rest. It is impossible for any outside attraction to lure the family away."

"But how do you manage to always keep up such an even cheerfulness? Do you never have anything to annoy and vex you?"

"Trials!" repeated John Merrill, with a pitying look at the other's careworn face, "what mortal ever escaped them? But should we allow them to ride over us rough shod, and finally compass our destruction, or should we use them as aids in making us bear each succeeding one with resignation? Cares, my dear sir, should not be annoyances; they should be used as stepping stones to mount to higher life. And these little victories over ourselves not only do us good, but their influence on children is wonderful, in teaching them the lessons that they must learn and practice, ere happiness is theirs. And there are other things, too, necessary to insure complete happiness at home. If we would have our children good and obedient, and above all, attached to their home, we must show them by little gifts and attentions, that their love is dear, and by making home attractive, that their presence is precious. We must bring to our homes whatever will secure good and pleasant influences, and draw about them congenial and worthy companions. Money spent in making children happy, is never mispent."

"Dear wife," said Stephen that evening after retiring, and after relating his conversation with his neighbor, "we have made a great mistake; but, thank Heaven! it is not too late wholly to rectify the effects of our error. Let us invite our neighbors in this, and wait for the fruits. We shall never see one whom we have driven in the downward road, and still another may be too far gone; but it is not too late to save the others, and yet have a comparatively happy home wherein to spend the rest of our lives."

Mr. Randolph's prophecy was only partly true. He not only lived to see a happy harbor for three of his children, but Dick gradually left off his evil ways, and soon went not to the haunts of sin, and carousing to seek a delicious happiness, instead of the true one that bitterness had denied him.

And there was still another joy in store for this redeemed household. It has been said many times that evil examples die twice as fast as good ones; but it is false; it is a lie on the wise Ruler of the universe. At any rate, it was not long before news of the reformation of Stephen Randolph's home, came to the ears of one who at that desolate time was not known to be in existence; and, fostered by that knowledge, one day a woman came walking up the gravelled pathway, leading a little child by the hand.

There was a joyous meeting a moment later, and the mutual explanations were made.

"Father and mother," said the returned wanderer, after a few moments, "since I have seen you, I have again met the one who led me astray, and justice has been done here. I am a wife now and my child has a father; but if she had not—"

"You would still be our dear and beloved daughter," interrupted Mrs. Randolph, a dim gathering over her eyes, for none of us are perfect, and all have need of forgiveness."

The barber's shop just opposite the Journal office, has closed up. Only thirteen years of existence, growing up with the town's growth, and yet many of its early patrons have gone the way of all flesh. A barber's shop is one of the very few places, even in this land of universal freedom, where undiluted Democracy is put in practice. Here no position entitles to preference, but every one must take his turn. The Vice President of the United States was no exception to this indexible rule. Here each customer as he came in contributed his quota of current news, and hence the barber, if endowed with ordinary intelligence was one of the best-informed men of the community. But the old familiar shop was vacant, and the place that knew us well was no more.—*Newton Journal.*

A book agent in a neighboring city attempted to commit suicide the other day by shooting himself. Fortunately the ball struck his cheek and bounded off.—*Lawrence American.*

## PLAYING FORFEITS.

The first time I ever saw Elisha Ferris, I thought he was just the ugliest man I'd ever laid eyes on. Ann Jenkins, who was along with me when we met him, says she, "Lor, Hannah Elizabeth, I s'pose that's the young fellow Phoebe Snelling's engaged ter."

"Goodness! Ann," says I, "men must be scarce, if Phoebe Snelling's going ter marry that one. Why, he's as homely as a hedge fence. I wonder he ain't afraid of his own shadow."

"Well, if girls will marry, said Ann, "they must take such husbands as are going." And I s'pose Ann felt the obligation binding, for she married a widower with ten children that very same year.

"Lor," said I, "I wouldn't marry that man, if there wasn't another on the earth."

"Don't deny before you're asked," said she. And then we turned our heads ter make sure we wint ter the Snellings' and lo! and behold! he was just pulling the knocker at Deacon Thurlow's, and a looking after us. I felt cheap enough, to be caught staring after a strange young fellow, and he no beauty either.

"He's got a good figger of his own," said Ann, in whose eyes a young man alius had some redeeming traits.

"He looks like skim milk," said I; "I should think he might be the ghost of somebody else. I'm surprised at Phoebe Snelling with all her advantages." And just then we came upon Deacon Thurlow himself, a turning of the corner.

"Mercy, deacon, how you made me jump!" said Ann. "I hadn't no thought of meetin' any body."

"I suppose you was that immersed in gossip you didn't hear me a coming," he says.

"Oh, no!" said Ann, who never spared nobody. "We don't believe in immersion. No, we was only a speaking of Phoebe Snelling's young man, who just went into your house."

"Enter my house, Phoebe Snelling's young man. There's some mistake. I never see him. I guess you've took Elisha Ferris—him that's bought the Blount Farm—for Oother. Ha, ha! Maybe it was your young man, or Hannah Elizabeth's—leastways, it warn't Phoebe's."

"Heaven forbid!" cried I; "unless I should chance ter lose my eyesight first."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the deacon, "Elisha ain't got no beauty to spare, but he makes it up in faculty."

It wasn't long after this, when the deacon, what did he do but bring Mr. Ferris in ter talk with our Jack about the crops and stock.

"I knew you'd be pleased to see him agin," said the deacon, slyly ter me. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," the poet tells us; and he picked you out in meetin' among all the other girls, and asked who you was."

I hated him worse than ever after that; and when he got through a talkin' ter Jack, and come and set down on the settee where I was busy patching Jack's overall, I wished ter goodness one of us had the coat of invisibility I'd read about in the fairy books; and I wouldn't make no sort of conversation with him, but just said "yes" and "no." And when he asked if I took any interest in farming, I told him there wa'n't nothin' more hateful ter me; and—

"I s'pose you're familiar with my place," says he.

"Oh, yes," says I. "You must feel the wind from the four corners of the earth, the situation's so exposed. The Blounts was alius complainin' of indigestion, and a sneezing and a shiverin' over the fires."

And then he laughed good naturedly, said, "You seem ter forget that summer pays us a call once a year, and pays up for all old winter's tricks; and then he went on to tell how much pleasure he expected in watching the spring open, and the leaves unfolding, and the faint breath of bloom deepening day by day, till we had the blossom on the bough and the full blade in the ear.

"You order 'em bin a preacher," says I.

"I would be," said he, "if there was a chance of my convertin' you." And then the deacon said it was about time fer mother to be looking fer him home, and I never bid any body good bye with a better relish.

Whenever we come out to meeting, there was Ferris a standing in the porch starin' with all his eyes; and onst he asked ter walk home with me in broad day light; and I jest told him I was going to make a call by the way, though it wa'n't my habit to be callin' round Sabbath day; but you see, it's a good bit of ground from the meetin' house to the farm, and I hadn't no mind ter be wastin' my time and breath in his service that far.

He had a house warmin', too, a little later, and invited young and old, rich and poor, and me and Jack among 'em, and nothin' to do but I must go. Jack said there wa'n't no sense in my settin' myself up and puttin' on airs, because a feller wa'n't as pooty as a wax doll, when he was good as gold, and the best match fer miles around; and I might thank my stars that such a one looked at me. And so I went, and I wore the ugliest gown I had, and devoted myself to old lady Pettigrew, while the young folks was playing games, and flirtin', and pulling candy in the kitchen. And she carried me all the way through her courtship, and the children's mumps and whooping cough, and Mr. Pettigrew's blind stager, and just as she was in the thick of soap making, I see Elisha Ferris pushin' our way, and my heart begun to sink in-

ter the holers of my feet, fer I knew he was comin' ter take me out to supper, and I'd rather hev starved fast. And what do you think he did, but walk up to us, and offer his arm to—old lady Pettigrew! I was as mad as fire, and glad of it, if ever you heard of such a case. But I made it even with him when it was time ter go off. Says he, "Shall I see you home?"

"Thank you," said I; and he begun to crook his elbow. "But I hev company already," I added, after keepin' him in suspense awhile; and so I hid, only it was nobody but Jack and his girl, Becky Harris. Now Aunt Sophy had bin making a patchwork quilt, time out of mind—a real Job's trouble; and every time she'd get it out, she'd tell you who had led a good life this bit, and who had aprons off of that other; so it was amost like a story book, with more chapters than you could shake a stick at. Generation after generation was represented in that quilt, so to speak; here was a serid that belonged to her great-grandmother, when calico was as costly as delaine, and there was a scrap of her own baby frocks, and yonder, a piece of her uncle's wife's sister's. In fact, 'twas as good as a regular genealogical tree, root and branch and blossom. And I'd had no end of trouble with it myself, fer aunt's eyes was failin' of her, and if I'd threaded one needle, I had a thousand and one, and made enough knots an hour, to take me across the Atlantic Ocean in a week. No matter whether I was taking off the butter, or skimming the milk, or tryin' out lard, Aunt Sophy was at my elbow with needle and thread; ter tell the truth, she was that blind, she mistook a fly on the pantry wall for a nail one day, and set ter work ter hang the milk strainer onto it. The fly resisted. Well, the Job's trouble was ended at last, and I thought mine had too, as far as that quilt was concerned; but goodness! it had only jest begun, according ter some folks thinkin'.

Notin' ter do but Aunt Sophy must hev a quiltin', and ask the young men in to supper and frolic. I hadn't nothin' ter say agin that, fer I was as keen after the sport as the next one, only I didn't mean that Elisha Ferris should come inside our doors that night; I thought the sight of his ugly face, would just spoil the whole fun. However, the folks come in the afternoon, and used their



## Middlesex County Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor

SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1873.

The figures printed with the subscription name on this paper show to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

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**FILE.**—Last Wednesday morning at a few minutes past ten, an alarm of fire was rung, calling out the entire department. Perham House and the Steamer went up Salem street, the fire appearing in that direction, and then through Bow street to Railroad, where they were sent home by the Chief. The fire was set by Rufus Smith on some piles of brush on his land near Bow street, which seen from town, looking up behind the houses, in the neighborhood, gave the impression that they were on fire. Article 4, section 3, of the By-Laws, as found on page 142 of the last Town Report, says:

"Any person who shall kindle any bonfire or other fire on the highways or common lands, or on any other lands, without the leave of the Selectmen or Chief Engineer of the Fire Department, shall forfeit and pay a fine not exceeding ten dollars for every such offense."

At one time a young grove of trees on Bernard Fletcher's estate was in danger, but the only loss, was the loss of time to several hundred people, who were needlessly called out.

**WHY NOT?**—A country paper speaking of the Danbury News, says:

"We have on our exchange list papers that in our mind are much more original in matter, and far more readable than the News, that receive very little credit in their own town or abroad."

Now why don't this editor make extracts from these readable exchanges, and when he finds a good thing start it along through the press. It is the fashion to quote Danbury, but why not as well quote some of the other exchanges if they contain anything worth quoting. Many editors select their miscellany entirely from the outside of their exchanges, while nearly every paper will have inside some good thing every week. We propose to do the good things in our exchanges, and it may be the number of our humorous friends will be found much larger than at present supposed.

**SCHOOL COMMITTEE.**—As Rev. Mr. Townley took occasion to say in Town Meeting that he had tendered his resignation as a member of the School Committee, our reporter called on him to learn his status as the gentleman himself understands it. Mr. Townley said he had tendered his resignation, and it was in the hands of the Selectmen. He understood they had taken no action in regard to it and it would probably go by default. We learn further that this committee meets with favor, and as Mr. Townley is on the school building committee, and presided at the monthly meeting of the School Board last Tuesday, we presume we shall hear no more of his resignation. We are glad to learn that we are not to lose the services of so efficient an officer.

**WHITNEY.**—Mr. Charles Doherty, the accomplished driver of N. J. Simonds' team, is not only a thorough knower of the whip, but is obliging and neighborly. These qualities are appreciated by his associates, and to show their good feeling in some way, they ordered a long driving whip manufactured expressly for him, with an ivory handle, and eight silver ferrules, and a lash long enough to admonish the most refractory horse. On Thursday it was given to him, C. F. Stackpole expressing the feelings of the donors, and Charles responding in a characteristic manner. Mr. A. G. French, another driver for Simonds, was present, and enjoyed his comrade's surprise very much, but when one whip had been presented, another was ready for Mr. French, and both drivers, surprised and happy, went off snapping their whips in jolly style.

**WATER WORKS.**—Workmen commenced laying the service pipes on Thursday. Fowler street was the one chosen for a commencement. Notices were sent to all abutters on streets through which the pipes are laid, calling on them to apply at once if they want water this year. The superintendent is to call on them, and they are desired to be ready to inform him as to size and location of pipe. The Water Commissioners met the Water Board on Thursday, and a basis for a treaty was established. The Winchester party would not submit the matter to reference, and the Water party is to furnish them with terms in detail within a few days. Whatever terms are offered will not be considered binding until ratified by both Towns.

**DIXTER SMITH'S.**—His paper for August is a double number, and is running over with delicious fun. Good music is given, and a portrait of Mrs. Scott-Siddons, and if you would be happy, buy Dexter Smith's paper.

**WALKING.**—We understand that Mr. J. Horner walked eight times around the Lexington half mile track on Monday, in 37 minutes, 35 seconds. This is the quickest time we have heard of.

**W. M. P.**—The Woburn Mechanic Phalanx have elected officers as follows: Captain A. L. Richardson, 1st Lieut. A. T. Young, 2nd Lieut. Marcellus Littlefield.

**POLITICAL.**—John Lockberry of Woburn was appointed on the State Central Committee by the Ten Hour Convention at Lowell on Wednesday.

**SALE.**—Caldwell & Sawyer have sold their glue factory at Cummingsville to a New York firm.

**WEATHER.**—The weather reports now daily appear in the glass case at the Post Office.

**WALL.**—Mrs. Leathe is putting in a bank wall and stone steps between Dodge and Green on Railroad street.

**BUILDING.**—Workmen commenced on the foundations for Dever's building, on Thursday.

## TOWN MEETING.

About ninety persons constituted the meeting of last week Friday, when the clerk called it to order, and proceeded to read the warrant.

Under Art. 1, Mr. Horace Conn was chosen Moderator.

Art. 2. The joint report of the Selectmen and School Committee was the subject-matter of this article, and without waiting for the formality of presenting the report, Major Bancroft moved its adoption and acceptance.

Mr. Mark Allen liked some portions of the report, and disliked some. It was partly reported and partly argued. He moved that the first 17 lines be considered the report. They read as follows:—

To the citizens of Woburn, in Town Meeting assembled:

In conformity with a vote of the Town at a meeting held on the 15th of July, instant, the Board of School Committee, and the Board of Selectmen, in convention, after having considered carefully the question at issue, and a thorough examination of the localities referred to, unanimously recommend the construction of three school houses, to meet the immediate wants of three distinct sections of the town. The proposed location of these houses is as follows:—

One eight-room building on Main street, near Green street.

One four-room building, East Woburn on the lot now owned by the Town, with such an addition as may be necessary.

One two-room building, Cedar street, on the lot now owned by the Town, and in use for school purposes.

The usual mud was thrown at the High School house, and the Committee who built it.

Mr. N. Wyman endeavored to have the town worded more properly, but the Moderator persisted in clinging to Allen's wording.

Mr. E. W. Hudson, chairman of the Board of Selectmen, stated that it was not expected that the town would adopt every recommendation of the report, some of which bore reference to its future wants. Those requirements would be met in due time. The report only called for the building of three houses, viz: one eight-room building on Main street, near Green street; one four-room building East Woburn, on the lot now owned by the town, with such additions as may be necessary; and one two-room building on Cedar street, on the lot now owned by the town. These three houses are all that the report contemplates for present needs. The plan proposed by the committee, of a special loan on 20 years, was an advantage. The amount of the loan should be \$100,000, and the annual burden upon tax payers for one or two generations would be about \$2500.

Mr. John Johnson, while he agreed with the committee in the opinion that our school room facilities were inadequate to our present and future needs, yet he did not believe in locating the eight-room building on Main street, so near the Lawrence school, and the Warren street school was said to be too near, and this proposed location was nearer still. Grammar schools do not increase as fast as the primary and intermediate. A large portion of our scholars do not finish the course. The location was condemned on account of its being a dirty and muddy one. The report urged the location of a school house on Powder House Hill, at some time in the future, in addition to these, but if there is to be a school building on Powder House Hill, now was the time. He moved that the eight-room building be located on this latter spot, in place of Main street, near Green.

Mr. Hudson explained that the location was chosen so that surrounding schools might afford more room for primary scholars. With this eight-room building wholly devoted to Grammar schools, the Lawrence and Plympton street houses will be relieved. If it is a little too large when finished, it will soon be needed, as our population is increasing faster behind Railroad street, than in any other quarter of the town. It will take more than a year to build it, and by that time, he hoped the Central Grammar School House would either be torn down, burned up, or moved away. We need a primary school. By this we give five rooms for that department. Thus we afford greater accommodations near the point of real need, and Grammar school scholars although they will have some ways to walk, are better able to walk than small children are.

Rev. H. C. Townley said that the figures in the report were not taken from the Assessors books, but from the school rolls. There had been since 1865, an average annual increase of 109 scholars. Some provision must be made for these children. This location was unquestionably near the Lawrence school, and if it was the same grade it would be bad policy to locate it there, but it was not the same. It was a Grammar school wholly. It would gather within its walls the grammar classes from the other buildings, and allow the primary and intermediate to expand. A building properly constructed will last for fifty years, and in that time our population would have increased 30,000. Population as it increases, crowds outwardly, and if you build a large school house at the center, you build where you will not need it. The future will demand a number of large buildings, situated at points away from the center, and by commencing with this one, a system will be established. In regard to increase of grammar schools, it is not true that they do not increase. Six years ago we had four Grammar schools at the center and one at N. Woburn. Now besides these, we have two in the Lawrence and one in the Plympton street school house, and we shall organize another this fall. Our foreign born citizens do send their children to the Grammar schools, still higher. There are some in the High School and they are among the best scholars in this institution. We really need this house. We could fill four rooms if we had it finished now. There are two rooms in the house at the north part of the town which could be used for this purpose. The speaker endorsed the plan of raising money by a loan, and thus allow coming generations to pay a part of the debt contracted for their benefit.

Mark Allen thought the motion before the meeting was a confused one. At the last meeting we voted to refer the matter of the Warren street and East Woburn school lots to a joint committee. Our business is clearly with those two lots. Last spring we voted to build a house on the Cedar street lot; \$5000 was asked for and refused. Then \$3000, which was

granted. But the School Committee never took the first step in the matter and now they bring it in here. If the eight-room building is to answer for Warren street we have a right to act upon it, but we did not authorize the committee to print a pamphlet of 10 pages with their views as to the future wants of the town.

John L. Parker moved to add the following sentence, found on the 10th and 11th pages:—We recommend that a special loan, for this purpose, to the amount of forty thousand dollars, for a period of twenty years, at a rate of interest not exceeding seven per cent. per annum, be authorized, the interest on which to be provided for by a special appropriation each year.

The amendment was accepted. Maj. Bancroft explained the Cedar street question, showing that although the town did vote to build at a cost of \$3000, it omitted to state how the money was to be raised, and the School Committee declined to proceed without funds. The report was commended by the speaker for its clearly expressed views.

At this point a breeze was raised by Rev. Mr. Townley, who quietly informed the meeting that the report had not as yet been presented by the Committee and that all the talk was out of order. This was discussed at length by various gentlemen.

Mr. John Murphy spoke a word in favor of the rights of our foreign born citizens, who by honest industry and hard work, and by a law abiding spirit, had laid by somewhat of their earnings and had sent their children to our schools.

These parents and these children had rights which should be looked to and respected. In reference to the remark that this was a profligate town, he admitted it, and furthermore stated that if the town would furnish school rooms, they the people would furnish the scholars.

For some time parliamentary sparring was the order of the day, and after interminable calls to order, requests not to speak more than 100 times, and intricate motions with still more intricate amendments, Mr. Townley moved that all pending motions be laid on the table, which was carried, and then in behalf of the committee he offered the report and moved that it be received by its title, which was also adopted.

Maj. Bancroft's motion to accept and adopt was now taken from the table, and the amendments were renewed. Discussion promised to last until dark when someone moved the previous question, and the meeting voted to act at once upon the main question.

And here the fun began. The moderator seemed to have a perfectly original idea of the meaning of the "previous question, and ignored entirely the amendments. He put the motion and declared it lost, but the vote was counted and the procession in front of the chair revealed 75 yeas and 38 nays, and the report as printed was adopted entire.

Art. 3.—Hon. J. G. Pollard moved that the Selectmen be authorized to purchase land known as the Capt. Ayer estate on Main street, agreeably to Chap. 38B, Sect. 38B of the laws of the Commonwealth, and also to purchase or take land belonging to Peter McKenna of East Woburn for the enlargement of the East Woburn school house lot.

Maj. Bancroft adhered to his opinion expressed at a previous meeting. He was inclined to hesitate before taking land of private individuals. Their land was their all and it did not seem hardly right to take it by force, and he moved to strike out all that related to taking land in East Woburn.

S. D. Samson stated that the land they proposed to take was located in the rear of the school house and would not interfere with Mr. McKenna's house.

Col. Winn moved the Board be instructed to purchase not less than two acres so that the scholars might not be cramped in any way.

Hon. Mr. Pollard reminded the last speaker that the statute defined the amount of land which could be taken, and as it was only an half acre, the motion to take two acres would not be in order.

Mr. Whitney was a little surprised that the committee should come before the town with such a plan. The physical training of the children is sadly neglected. And now this committee proposed to take a small piece of land and build upon it a large building. It is poor policy to buy a little, tucked up lot and place on it a great magnificent structure. There should be plenty of room. There should be a gymnasium. The children should not be penned up.

Rev. Mr. Townley believed in having room enough, but the statute defined what they could do. He didn't wish to pen up the children. He wouldn't pen up Mr. Whitney's children or any body else's children. He was willing to leave this matter to the good sense of the committee.

Mr. Whitney jumped up at this, and was evidently excited. Said he: Good heavens, we have had enough of the "good sense" of the committee. We have only to look at this building called the High School extension for all the example or evidence we want of their ability. "As for my children, I know who their father is, and as to profligate people, it is conceded that the more profligate people are the lower they are in the scale of being. If the gentleman wishes to draw any inferences from this—at this point Rev. Mr. Townley called the speaker to order for personalities. Mr. Whitney exclaimed, "I am not to be put down by a Baptist or any other man." This remark was greeted with hisses and cries of "Shame!" A motion for the previous question cut off further remarks, and the motion of Mr. Pollard (amendments being again ignored under the call for the previous question) was adopted.

Art. 4.—Under various motions and amendments it was voted to authorize the Selectmen to sell at auction the school house lot of land on Warren street, and appropriate the proceeds of the same together with the insurance money to be received, towards the purchase of another lot of land, and for erecting a new school house.

Art. 5.—Maj. Bancroft moved the town authorize the sale of Cedar street and Central street school houses, and appropriate the same towards the erection of new school houses in their places.

Mr. J. L. Parker amended by adding that the Selectmen be instructed to build

two new school houses to take the places of these.

This was amended by Geo. Thompson that the work be done by contract. Mr. Parker accepted the amendment.

Mark Allen wanted to know what this article contained that referred to instructing officials to build school houses, and quoted former instances where he had been ruled out of order on this point.

The moderator, however, did not consider these sufficient objections, and discussion went on.

Mr. Whitney had seen the folly of large committees. Small ones were more economical, and make a better building. "Too many cooks spoil the broth."

The Selectmen are better for this purpose than the school committee. We have seen the effect of a large committee in the past. Responsibility is placed on one or another or nobody. Large committees are more apt to be foolishly prodigal in expending public money. He heartily agreed with Mr. Parker's amendment.

Affairs got mixed up again. Motions were slung around loose and discordant cries of "order," "question," etc. filled the air. In the confusion the previous question was ordered and overlooking the amendments the "previous" i. e. the first question or motion was put and lost.

Mr. Parker now renewed his motion instructing the Selectmen to build new school houses at East Woburn and Cedar street.

A point of order was raised that nothing concerning construction was included in the article.

The mover defended his motion on the ground that the clause "or do anything in relation thereto," was a saving clause, and it clearly came within the scope of the article. We had voted to build certain buildings, but no vote was instructed to carry out the work. The last vote seemed to have been decided under a misapprehension, and if his present motion prevailed, he should make another similar to that made by Major Bancroft.

Mr. John D. Todd suggested the taking up of Article 2, and on motion of Mr. Allen, it was taken up. Mr. Parker then made the following motion:—

That the Selectmen be instructed to build an (8) eight room school house on Main street near Green; a (2) two room school house on Cedar street, and a (4) four room school house at East Woburn, these to be erected by contract with the lowest responsible bidder.

Mr. Pollard protested against the motion, calling it an insult to the school committee that they were not on the building committee. He stated that he had resigned his position could properly enter upon their defense.

Mr. Parker said it was far from his intention to insult the Committee collectively or individually. He was opposed to a large building committee. With large committees there is no way of fixing responsibility, and neither the Committee nor the Town will be satisfied with the work. He believed the Selectmen were well qualified for the work, and if the School Committee or a teacher desired anything put in, undoubtedly their wishes would be met. He made his motion for the Selectmen, because in Art. 3 and 4 they were named, and he had no objection, and in taking up Art. 2, he had adopted the same phraseology. Major Bancroft moved to amend, by making the committee consist of the chairman of the Selectmen, chairman of the School Committee, and Hon. J. G. Pollard. Mr. Parker accepted the amendment. Other amendments were offered adding to the committee, but the mover refused to accept them. Another stormy scene ensued, in which Mr. Whitney, Major Bancroft and George Thompson lifted up their voices in vigorous denunciation of each other. The previous question was moved, the moderator made his usual middle, the amendments were ignored, except the one accepted by the mover, and the motion was carried.

Art. 5 was taken up, and the Selectmen authorized to sell the Cedar street and East Woburn school houses.

Under Art. 6 the treasurer was authorized to hire \$40,000 for 20 years, at not more than 7 per cent, to be used especially for the erection of new school houses.

Art. 7 was ushered in by a tumult of cries of "Mr. Moderator," but that gentleman gave the floor to Mark Allen. He commenced by reading extracts from the Journal, and seemed surprised at its close when a gentleman remarked "It's a good piece; I like every word of it," a sentiment which was heartily cheered. Nothing daunted, however, Allen was bound to speak his piece. He went into a detailed review of the situation, picturing vividly the scene when the staunch yeomanry, the bone and sinew of our people, came forward in their majesty, and voted for the by-law referred to in the article. Said he: All of those respectable people who did this, are characterized as "the mob element" of Woburn, and I am the leader.—No one disputing this position with the speaker he proceeded.—All that is asked is simply justice. We ask that the wishes of the people expressed in that vote may be respected. It is an insult to the great mass of foreign born citizens, those men whose industry has made the town what it is. Justice demands that you make good this act and show that these aspirations are false. After considerable more denunciation in the "street preacher" style, he moved that the Town Clerk be instructed to forward to the Superior Court, a copy of the vote on the By-Law referring to standing on sidewalks and inspectors of elections.

A motion to lay the subject on the table was carried, doubtless, and lost again, by 63 yeas to 31 nays.

Major Bancroft moved to adjourn, afterward withdrawn.

Allen moved previous question,—decidedly carried. Doubtless. Result 65 yeas, to 3 nays. The original motion was then carried.

Art. 8. Report of Road Commissioners was read, accepted and adopted. The first vote being doubtful, the house was polled, and the result was 63 yeas, 8 nays.

Art. 9. Laid on the table, the question of instructing Road Commissioners to lay out no street less than 50 feet wide.

Art. 10.—Maj. Bancroft moved the town authorize the sale of Cedar street and Central street school houses, and appropriate the same towards the erection of new school houses in their places.

Mr. J. L. Parker amended by adding that the Selectmen be instructed to build

"MOLLIE DARLING."—This is the name of the latest popular air. We heard it sung very nicely the other evening by a returning beach party. Green 145 for the sale at the Music Store for 30 cents a copy. We give below the words:—

Won't you tell me, Mollie darling  
That you love none but me?  
For I love you, Mollie darling.  
Was ever the world to me.  
Oh! tell me, darling, that you love me,  
Put your little hand in mine,  
Take my heart, sweet Mollie darling.  
Say that you will give me time.

Mollie, darling, sweetest, dearest,  
I look up, darling, tell me this:  
Do you love me, Mollie darling?  
Your answer be a kiss.

Stars are smiling, Mollie darling,  
Through the mystic veil of night;  
They seem laughing and jesting,  
While fair Lona hides her light.  
Oh! no one listens but the flowers,  
While they hang their heads in shame.  
They are smiling, Mollie darling,  
When they hear me call your name.

Call me, Mollie, sweetest,  
I must leave you, Mollie darling,  
Though the parting gives me pain;  
When the stars shine, Mollie darling,  
I will meet you here again.  
I will meet you here again.  
Happy may you ever be,  
When you're dreaming, Mollie darling,  
Don't forget to dream of me.

Mollie, darling, sweetest,  
Call me, Mollie, sweetest,  
Call me, Mollie, sweetest,  
Call me, Mollie, sweetest.

**POLICE COURT.**—Before Justice Harvey. July 28th, Wm Hall, alias Harry Slickney, obtaining goods by misrepresentation, ordered to recognize in \$500 to appear at Superior Court in October, committed in default. Bartly Carr, Charles McCormick and Patrick Kelley, assault, ordered to recognize with two sureties in \$800. July 29th, John McGuire, common drunkard, 3 mos. House of Correction. July 31st, Samuel R. French, assault, ordered to recognize in \$400. Aug 2nd, James O'Brien, drunk, \$5 and costs, assault, \$10 and costs. Patrick Kelley, assault, \$25 and costs, appealed; ordered to recognize in \$400. Aug 6th, John Riley, a minor, theft, case continued until Aug 12, recognized in \$200. Aug 7, Ann Salmon, Martin Shields and Michael Clancy, obstructing and hindering officers in the discharge of their duties, each ordered to recognize in \$500. Joseph Carpenter and Owen Kern, drunk, the former \$5 and costs, and the latter \$3 and costs.

**TILL THREE.**—Last Tuesday morning while no one was in the store but the cutter, Capt. Dolan, a boy named McMahon, slipped quietly behind the counter and attempted to open the money drawer. The striking of the burglar alarm attracted Capt. Dolan's attention, and looking up from his work he saw the boy run out. He immediately gave chase and soon caught him in the street, when the little rogue set up a howling that soon brought the whole square on the scene.

Capt. Dolan held to his prisoner, in spite of the boy's cries and considerable advice and information from the bystanders, and finally lodged him in the Police Headquarters. He was kept there until noon, and then released. The boy was only nine years old, and probably the lesson of that day will not soon be forgotten.

**MORE OF THEM.**—On Thursday Mrs. Thomas Salmon, Martin Shields and Michael Clancy, the last two being clerks of the former, were examined for obstructing the officers on the night of July 26th, when the raid on Salmon's place was made. Mrs. Salmon attempted to knock Plumer's lantern from his hand. It has been stated that Plumer struck her, but Mrs. S. declined to swear on the trial that he did so. Shields admitted that he turned off the gas at the meter by direction of Mrs. Salmon. Clancy turned off the gas in the bar room, after he had been let on by the officers. They were each held to answer in the Superior Court.

**YOUNG THIEVES.**—For some time past the bread wagons at Carter & Dearborn's have been pilfered while standing in the shed where they are loaded over night. Two of the drivers commenced to watch for the rogues, and last Monday night, they caught a boy in the act of stealing from the wagons, and the other boys escaped by running. The boy caught was taken before Judge Converse.

**STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.**—The house of Mr. Thomas Scott, editor of the Somerset Journal, was struck by lightning on Friday afternoon, the fluid glancing from a tree and passing through the front wall into the parlor, where the paper was torn considerably. Two clapboards were torn from the house. Fortunately the damage was very slight.

**"FEARNAUGHT."**—The celebrated trotting stallion "Fearnaught," owned by Col. Henry S. Russell, of the Home Farm, Milton, died Wednesday morning. He had been sick about a week, in consequence of taking cold which settled into a fever. Fearnaught was foaled in 1859, was sired by Young Morrill, and has a record of 2:33-1/4, made at Buffalo. Mr. Russell valued him at \$40,000.

**SELECTMEN.**—At the regular meeting Thursday evening last present. Petition of L. A. Gould et al for a lamp post to be located on Summer street, at the head of Wye's Court, received and referred to Supt. of streets.

Usual monthly bills approved.

**PIPING.**—Buel & Flint are putting in service pipes for people taking water, and those who want water this year had better give them an order to prepare their houses for the water-works men who will soon be along to connect them with the main pipes.

**CONCERTS.**—We learn that Mr. Morse, the organist at the Unitarian church is to give a series of concerts this fall which cannot fail to afford our citizens a great deal of pleasure. Particulars will be given at an early day.

**DOUBTED.**—The rumor that the Moderator of our last Town Meeting is preparing a manual of parliamentary practice for the government of such meetings lacks confirmation.

**ROBBED.**—The Boston Herald says:—William W. Walden of Woburn says some one robbed him of a silver watch worth \$10 upon the 28th ultimo.

**STRUCK.**—It was thought last Friday, that the lightning struck near the center of the town. So it did, but the damage was slight.

At 7:10 the meeting dissolved.

**WATERWORKS.**—When the Turkey Swamp water works are completed, the following mill will be put up over the entrance to the gate house:—It furnishes the wilderness into a standing water, and dry ground into water-springs.—Ps. 107:35.

**TOWN MEETING.**—At the town meeting last Saturday evening, Thos. P. Ayer was chosen Moderator, by a vote of 60 to 58 for John T. Wilson.

Under Article 3, it was voted that the Water Commissioners be instructed to make no further contracts for the introduction of water, under the act by which they were elected, until after the dissolution of this meeting.

Under Article 4, it was voted that the Water Commissioners be a committee to confer with the proper authorities in the town of Woburn, and ascertain the lowest terms upon which they will supply Winchester with water, and report at the time to which this meeting shall be adjourned.

Art. 5, 6, and 7, relative to the introduction of water from Woburn, were dismissed.

Art. 8, relative to giving any further instructions to the Water Commissioners was laid on the table.

Art. 9, relative to alteration of By-Laws, was laid upon the table, as was also Art. 10, relating to repairs of school houses.

About 9-1/2 o'clock the meeting was dissolved.

The above brief statement contains but a poor account of the doings of the meeting. In the first place there was quite a struggle for Moderator, the friends of the two candidates being about equally divided. Then a motion to pass over the other articles and take up Article 9, relative to the By-Laws, elicited quite a discussion, and was finally voted down, by a vote of 71 to 32. A vote instructing the Water Commissioners not to make any further contracts until after the dissolution of this meeting, was offered by J. T. Wilson, and after a brief explanation by him, was carried by a vote of 78 to 40.

Mr. Wilson then moved that a committee of five, consisting of S. W. Townsley, L. R. Symonds, J. R. Cobb, A. Fletcher and E. Sanderson should be a committee of conference with Woburn. Mr. J. H. Tyler moved an amendment to have the committee consist of the Water Commissioners and two of the gentlemen named in the original motion. Mr. S. Wilder moved to further amend by making the committee consist of the five gentlemen named and the Water Commissioners. After some discussion, Mr. Tyler accepted the amendment of Mr. Wilder. Mr. Wilson raised a point of order that the amendment could not be accepted without the consent of the meeting. The chair overruled this point. W. H. Bailey called for a division of the question. The chair ruled that the question could not be divided, as the amendment was before the house. The vote being taken on adding the Water Commissioners to the original motion of Mr. Wilson, it was carried by 87 to 81. The call for a division of the question was then renewed. On the appointment of a committee of conference, the vote was 87 to 82. The question as to who should constitute the committee, then arose, and it was voted to strike out the names of the five gentlemen named, leaving only the Water Commissioners as the committee. This was carried by a vote of 127 to 33.

Mr. Wilson then moved to lay Arts. 5, 6, 7, and 8 upon the table. Mr. Tyler moved to amend by dismissing the articles. The chair ruled that the amendment was not in order. The motion to lay on the table was carried. A motion to reconsider was then made and carried, and the three first of the articles were dismissed, and the last laid on the table. One half of the voters then went off supposing there was to be an adjourned meeting; but those who remained, voted down a motion to adjourn to next Friday evening, and dissolved the meeting, thus virtually annulling all the doings, excepting that the Water Commissioners are to confer with Woburn upon terms, but leaving no adjourned meeting for them to report to. The suspension of further contracts by them, expired with the dissolution of the meeting. The meeting commenced very well, but its subsequent proceedings upset everything and some of the time the meeting was quite uproarious and noisy, notwithstanding the efforts of the moderator to keep quiet. We have taken occasion in previous numbers of this paper to comment upon the proceedings of our town meeting, and to the disgust which many of our citizens entertained for them, leading them to absent themselves therefrom.







## THE YOUNG GONDOLIER.

One evening in the year 1520, a woman enveloped in a long, black mantle, was walking towards the bridge of the Rialto in Venice. Her steps were weak and uneven, and at intervals, she looked around with a hurried, and frightened glance.

She paused on the center of the bridge and looked down with a shudder on the clear, blue waters of the Adriatic, then closing her eyes, and murmuring faintly, "Antonio! my Antonio, adieu!" she prepared to throw herself over the parapet.

Just as she was falling, a man rushed forward, seizing her with a powerful grasp, and drawing her back said, "Gird thyself to thy life which Providence has given you. If you are unhappy, enter your church, kneel on its hallowed pavement, pour out your sorrow, and thank your Maker that you have been preserved from rushing, unheeded into his presence."

The girl impatiently tried to shake off the strong, kind hand that held her, and cried, "Let me go! I must die!"

In another moment she tottered and fell to the ground, where she lay without sense or motion. Her preserver raised her head, and in order to give her air, drew back the veil which concealed her features. They were very lovely; and the man gazed on her with wonder and admiration as she was gradually restored.

By degrees she told him who she was, and where she lived. Her history might be summed up in a few words: an avaricious father, a poor lover, a mutual but unhappy love.

Vainly did Maria plead with her father a rich innkeeper of Venice, the cause of her lover, Antonio Barbagio, the handsome gondolier, plying beneath the Bridge of Sighs. At length, this evening, her father, Gianettini, forgot himself so far as to strike his daughter with some violence; and she, with a far more culpable neglect of her duty, ran wildly from home, and as we have seen, was arrested just on the verge of committing suicide.

The person who had saved her led her gently to her home, and having given her up to her father, seated himself in an obscure corner of the hostelry. Gianettini received his child with rude reproaches, and, bidding her retire to her own apartment, and bade herself to her spinning, he cast a suspicious glance at the person who had brought her home, whose stout, manly figure and firm countenance, however, deterred the innkeeper from addressing him in a hostile manner.

As Maria turned to depart, a young gondolier appeared at the door, and fervently approaching her, said, "Dearest! dearest!"

Gianettini rushed forward shouting, "Out of this! Get out of my house, fellow!"

The young man did not stir.

"Have you finished?" he said in a good humored tone. "Wherefore these harsh words? Have you never loved, Signor Gianettini? Have you totally forgotten the feelings of your youth? Know you not that since I was ten years old, and Maria five, we have loved each other fondly. Will you not then allow us to follow our old age with grateful blessings; or must we water our path with our tears?"

"I don't want to have a parcel of beggars for my children," said Gianettini, roughly.

"Beggars!" replied the young man, "You surely forgot yourself!"

"Not I, indeed," returned the father. I refuse my consent; therefore, get you gone!"

"But hear me for one moment," pleaded the gondolier.

"The useless. I again repeat that such as you shall never wed my daughter. Your position is too mean."

"Certainly, you are rich," replied the young man; "but what hinders that I should not become so too? A stout arm a brave heart, an honest soul, will, with the help of heaven, do much."

"A fool's dream," said Antonio.

"Nay," said Antonio, "it is sober sense Prince Lorenzo de Medici was a merchant; Duke Giacomo Sforza a coward."

The man in the corner had harkened attentively to this dialogue. He rose, and touching Barbagio's shoulder, said, "Well spoken, gondolier, courage brings success, and struggling, conquest. Maria shall be thy wife."

"Never!" cried Gianettini.

"Master Jew," said the unknown, turning disdainfully towards him, "if this youth could lay down six hundred pistoles, would you object to the marriage?"

"Be that as it may, you must remember that he is now little better than a pauper."

"Phaw!" said the unknown, "babblers are more tiresome than thieves. Before to-morrow you shall handle that sum."

So saying, he drew from his pocket a piece of parchment and a crayon, and turning towards a table, began rapidly to sketch a man's hand. It was repeated open, impatient, with hollowed palm, as if expecting a shower of gold pieces. It had, so to speak, a sensual, avaricious expression; and one of the fingers was encircled with a massive ring.

"Tis my hand," cried Gianettini.

"And your history," said the artist. Giving the sketch to Antonio, its author desired him to carry it to Pietro Benovo, librarian at the Palace of St. Mark, and demand in exchange for six hundred pistoles.

"Six hundred pistoles!" cried the innkeeper, "I would not give a zecchin for it."

Without speaking, the artist turned haughtily away.

The gondolier took the parchment, and looked with astonishment at its guise. He then turned doubtfully towards Maria, but a glance from her soft, dark eyes reassured him, and he set out on his mission.

With folded arms and a moody brow the artist commenced pacing up and down the large room in the hostelry, casting at intervals a scrutinizing glance on the young girl, who, now penitent for her intended crime, was silently praying in a corner. As for Gianettini, he seemed unable to shake off the strange ascend-

ancy gained over him by his unknown visitor; his habitual effrontery failed him; and, for the first time in his life he dared not break silence.

An hour passed. Then, hasty, impatient steps were heard, and Antonio appeared, bearing in his hand a bag and a letter. The bag contained six hundred pistoles, and the letter was addressed to the artist and prayed him to honor the librarian with a visit.

"Take these coins and weigh them," said the unknown, as he threw the bag towards Gianettini.

Antonio Barbagio stood before his benefactor, pale and trembling with joy. "One favor more," he said, "Who are you?"

"What does it matter?"

"What does it matter, say you?" cried the gondolier, "much—much to me. Tell me your name, signor, that I may love and honor it to the last moment of my life."

"Men call me Michael Angelo."

"It is my turn now," he said, "to ask you a favor. It is to permit me to perpetrate on canvas, the lovely features of Maria."

The girl approached; she could not speak; but she clasped the painter's hand and raised it to her lips. A tear fell on it; and Michael Angelo, as he drew it back, turned away to conceal his own emotions.

Twenty years passed on, and found Antonio Barbagio, the once humble gondolier, the happy husband of Maria, and General of the Venetian Republic. Yet his brilliant position never rendered him unmindful of his early life, and his heart felt gratitude, as well as that of his wife, accompanied Michael Angelo Buonarroti to the end of his days.

As to the crayon sketch of the miser's hand, it was taken from Italy by a soldier in Napoleon's army, and placed in the Louvre. During the invasion of 1814, it was unfortunately lost, and so far as can be ascertained, has never since been recovered. The story of its production, however, still lingers amongst the traditions of Venice.

CHOIR QUARRELS.—Innumerable and amazingly paltry used to be the causes of church members' conflicts, which were acrimonious of all proportion to the importance of the matter in dispute; but, as we remember, no source of wrangling was so prolific as "the singing seats."

The proverbial Londoner, nevertheless, of persons endowed with vocal gifts were of themselves enough to make the gallery of men and women singers anything but a fore-court of heaven or a promoter of harmony and sweet accord in the congregation. But apart from these rivalries, "the choir" and the church music always were and still are the cause of no end of discussion, of heart-burning, backbiting, malicious prayers in meeting and black looks while going down the meeting house steps. Once, as history tells us, the dispute was whether the Psalm should be read by the parson to a stuck-up body of Amardas, and Marathas, and Ebens and Jonathans, who thought themselves better singers than the Ruth Marias, and Deacons's Tim's daughters, and Abiels, and Salems, and the rest of the congregation; or whether they should be "lined out" to the whole congregation.

The record tells of one of these when the advancing tide of false progress had left almost alone, but had not submerged or swept away, who, till the town constable interfered, used to entertain the services and make much disturbance by rising after "the choir" had sung and inviting "the Lord's people" to "join" with him in singing a hymn, which, now that "the world's people" had got down, he would deacon out to them.

There was also the fight as to whether unsung hymns might be allowed to supplement the inspired psalms of Scripture and the Hymns. Long afterwards came the fight as to whether the violin and the bass-viol (called by their enemies the fiddle and the bull fiddle) should be allowed in the singing seats as aids to the voices of the singers. Still later was the easier struggle as to whether the organ should be introduced; and, later still, arose the struggle, unfinished as yet, between the partisans of quarter or choir singing, and those of singing by the whole congregation—a struggle in which the latter should be safe to win, one would say, if the business is to get the congregation spiritually aroused and in key with the preacher and his theme, the best singer that ever sang (let alone the majority of persons who hire themselves out to sing hymns for so much a year) is as nothing in comparison with the voice of a whole congregation.

In getting the people to trust themselves to sing, and after that has been overcome, in getting them to sing in time and tune. The *Examiner* and *Chronicle* puts forward what looks to us like a very good suggestion, when it urges the use of the organ in "leading" the singers. The notes of that instrument, penetrating but soft, can be heard above the sound of the voices, and would so much more than take the place of preceptors and choirs in guiding the singers that congregation—singing, of which so many now despair, might probably become greatly successful; and, accompanied by the organ, the organ would be better still than when used alone.—*New York Nation*.

A SIMPLE REMINDER.—For the truth of the following story we can vouch:

Several years ago the late Joseph Breck, of Brighton, was riding in a horse car, when, noticing a little girl in the car, journeying with her mother, he presented her with a flower from a beautiful bouquet he held in his hand, accompanied with one of those sweet smiles which so often broke over his countenance. Some time afterwards he was again riding in a car, when he noticed a little girl looking intently at him. Turning to her he remarked, "You seem to know me, my little lady." "Oh, yes," said the child eagerly, "I remember you, for you once gave me a flower." "Ah," said Mr. Breck, a smile again illuminating his countenance as he turned toward his son-in-law, Mr. Strong, who sat by his side, "if a simple flower will thus keep our memory green in the mind of a little child, I desire to present many flowers." Such a philosophy makes the world better, and those who practice it have not lived in vain.—*New York Journal*.

The newly appointed liquor agent of the town of Marlboro' announces his appointment through the columns of the local papers, and states that "with the help of God he will endeavor to do the business square."

The magnanimous man

is charitable not only in act, but in sentiment. He will not judge his neighbors harshly. He will try to correct the faults of others, and will not spare the sting from his presence. He will not be consumed by pride or self-conceit. He will not think that his branch of the church, or his party, embraces all the talent, virtue or patriotism. He will have charity for the opinions of others, and not ascribe bad motives to those who differ with him.

The extravagance of the present day surpasses that of any former period. History teaches that the ancient republics fell when the people became luxurious. Our people, especially in the large cities, indulge in the most expensive style of living, wasting time and money in frivolous amusements, which, conduce to idleness, vice and dissipation. This mode of life leaves little time to think of the future, or to do good to others. The example of such a life is a positive snare to those who cannot afford it. More people are ruined by imitating others than in any other way. My neighbor has it that so superficially, and why cannot I have it? After much anxiety over the cost, the article is obtained, and it brings with it many other wants, for all things must correspond. "When you buy one thing you must have ten more, that all may be of a piece; but it is far easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow." Extravagant habits formed in early life are difficult to correct. It is therefore important for youth to exercise great watchfulness, and habits of industry formed in the current of folly which marks the age.

Extravagance leads to debt. Beware of debt. The debtor is the most miserable of men. He is so harassed as to be unfitted for business. He loses his independence, and becomes a slave to his creditors. He often invents excuses, and loses his self respect. It is a familiar saying that "Lying rides on debt's back."

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Mendelssohn was, when a youth, clerk to a very commonplace, in fact, stupid employer. One day an acquaintance commiserated the clerk on his position, saying, "What a pity it is that you are not master, and he clerk!" "Oh, my friend," returned Mendelssohn, "do not say that. If he were my clerk, what on earth could I do with him?"

It has just been discovered that the reason why Adam didn't run to politics, and didn't join a club, and never got tight, was because he had no mother-in-law.

## ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

To those traveling in a strange land, the experience of one who is familiar with the country and can give information of the routes is important. Some practical rules of conduct for the guidance of youth in their journey through life, by one who has travelled far on that journey, and, by force of circumstances, has been enabled to see much of human character in various phases, may be useful.

Industry is essential to success. Without this, little can be accomplished in any department of business. Unless habits of industry are formed in youth, they never will exist. It is a common mistake to suppose that after a student has left the halls of instruction, he will have time to master this or that branch of study. When the cares and business of active life press upon the man, his time will be engrossed by new duties. A thorough knowledge of every subject presented, should be acquired in youth, and to accomplish this, every moment of time must be employed.

Work will do more for a young man than genius. How often do we find the work of quick perceptions, relying upon his talents, waste precious time in useless recreation or pleasure, until he is outstripped in the race by his companions, who, to maintain a respectable standing, have been compelled to toil early and late. The habit of application formed in youth will cling to the man. The majority of distinguished men in all ages, have been raised to eminence through intense application, and habits of industry formed in youth. Not only is much knowledge thus acquired, but the mind is so strengthened by early exercise that in manhood it is equal to almost any work.

The prospect of great wealth is generally a positive injury to the young. In view of the fact that so many are ruined by habits of indolence and dissipation which prospective wealth induces, parents should not be too ready to encourage their children to pursue the path which leads to riches in great danger. Education, health, honesty of purpose, and industrious habits are passports to success.

Industry will be aided by method. The bustling man is not indolent—and yet his activity frequently fails to accomplish a desired result for want of a plan. Without method, hours will be lost daily in determining what to do next. These wasted hours go to make up life. The old maxim is: "Method is the hinge of business."

To method must be added punctuality. Never make a promise without full reflection, and be sure it will be in your power to perform what you promise. Observe the precept, "Be slow to promise, but swift of performance." Nothing sooner detracts from a man's standing than failure to fulfill engagements. He cannot retain a business position unless he be a man of his word. The trouble produced by want of punctuality in pecuniary matters cannot be estimated. It is often brought upon men of small means because patrons neglect to discharge obligations at the time appointed. The ruin of one man often involves the ruin of others—and all from the want of punctuality of those of undoubted ability.

We have no more right to rob one of his time than of his money—and this we do unless we are punctual to observe appointments. A committee is to meet, and one who has the papers is an hour late. He is not only a loser, but he robs each of his fellows of an hour of precious time that cannot be recalled. Lord Nelson said that he owed his success to being ready for every appointment five minutes beforehand. In the midst of the most active military campaign, Washington was never known to forget or disregard an engagement, however unimportant.

The most striking example of industry, method and punctuality combined, was Benjamin Franklin. His biography should be in the hands of every youth in the land. When a mere boy without money to defray the expenses of travel, he went hundreds of miles on foot in search of employment. By dint of industry and perseverance, labor he rose to an eminence which few attain. His writings have been published in many languages. His maxims should be printed in large letters, and placed in every public hall and marketplace to be engrained on the memory of every youth: "It would be thought a hard government that should tax its people one-tenth part of their time to be employed in its service, but idleness taxes many of us much more." "Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears, while the key used is always bright."

"Dost thou love life, then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of." "He that rises late must run all day, and shall overtake his business at night." "He that hath a trade hath an estate, and he that hath a calling hath an office of profit and honor, but the trade must be worked at, and the calling well followed, or neither the estate nor the office will enable us to pay our taxes."

"Diligence is the mother of good luck." "Methods I hear some of you say, must a man afford him no leisure? I will tell thee, my friend, employ thy time well, if thou meanest to have leisure. Leisure is the time for doing something useful."

Perhaps the most important element of character is decision. Without this, no man can succeed in any great enterprise. Without decision he will vacillate in himself, will constantly change his plans, will have no fixed opinions, and be carried about by every wind of doctrine. Destitute of this, men are whimsical and unreliable, and float like drift wood on the surface of society, wherever the tide of public opinion chances to carry them.

The men who have made their mark in the world have invariably possessed great decision of character. In political life this is peculiarly the case. No man is fit to be a leader who does not possess fixedness of purpose. There are in every community, a few to whom in sudden emergencies the people look for counsel and aid. These men in quiet times are often overshadowed by the brawler and demagogue, and pursue the even tenor of their way in comparative retirement, but when some great peril threatens, or some great work is to be done, and obstacles rise mountain high, these men of resolute purpose come forth as directing spirits, and are recognized and accepted as leaders.

A man cannot be successful without self reliance and tenacity of purpose. The young should restrain a disposition to doubt and waver, for the habit will grow. Reflect before acting, but when the mind has settled upon the right path, pursue it, and take no step backward. There is much wisdom in the quaint expression ascribed to Davy Crockett, "Be sure you are right, then go ahead."

Cultivate magnanimity of spirit. The mind should be elevated above jealousy, envy or revenge. The magnanimous man

is charitable not only in act, but in sentiment. He will not judge his neighbors harshly. He will try to correct the faults of others, and will not spare the sting from his presence. He will not be consumed by pride or self-conceit. He will not think that his branch of the church, or his party, embraces all the talent, virtue or patriotism. He will have charity for the opinions of others, and not ascribe bad motives to those who differ with him.

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Map Dooling?—A large Newfoundland dog belonging to one of our manufacturers who is a great favorite with the help, having the range of the whole factory, was proceeding one day this week leisurely through the bottomers' room, and came in contact with a cement can, and conveyed to his person a larger quantity than was necessary for him to have. Benzine being the only article that would take it off, one of the operatives proceeded with this stuff in hand, and performed the operation satisfactorily, and the poor dog went on his way, making the next call in the stiching room, where some twenty-five or thirty girls are employed. By this time the benzine commenced to take hold at the rate of two hundred lbs power, and the old dog went for the spot affected with his best bark and life. About this time some one "sung out," "mad dog!" That was enough; the girls had been waiting for this; now commenced the stampede—"all like sheep"—down stairs will go, and how? With a jump and many screams, they are safely landed, or rather floored, on head and shoulders at the foot, the dog adding interest to the flight by keeping close to them in the downward race, and succeeds in heading them off as they are making for the first door; they at once turn as hasty a retreat as their aching limbs and bodies will allow, and the old dog, who by this time is all right, quietly and meekly walks down stairs, wholly unconscious that he is the cause of so much trouble; while the girls (who are by this time assured that the dog is not mad, only being a little too much benzine) are hunting up newspapers, repairing damages, and settling themselves generally to rights.—*Wakfield Citizen*.

The question was recently asked in one of the papers, why do people who are lost invariably travel in a circle? There seems to be no doubt of the fact. It is uniformly said by such persons that "we were round to the place where we started." When a boy, we recollect of amusing ourselves with our playmates trying to cross a large field covered with snow in a straight line, with our eyes closed. No one could do it, but each party, as far as it went, was circular, and without exception turned towards the left. We understand that persons lost travel in the same way. It can easily be accounted for on the supposition that the right leg is the longest. The person walking without an objective point to be reached, goes wherever his legs may carry him. If one leg is a little longer than the other, it will, of course, take a little longer step than the other. One side of the body will thus of necessity be a little in advance of the other. At the next step the same process is continued, the body turns a little more, and the path described, if continuous, is of necessity a circle. But if the right leg be not the longer of the two, we can account for the circular path on the hypothesis that we do things with a greater facility with a right hand, a right arm, a right foot, or a right leg, than we do with the corresponding members of the left side. Hence, when walking with entire freedom from all constraint, we may unconsciously take a little longer step with the more ready dexterous foot, and leg, and thus produce the result we have attempted to explain.—*Stoneham Sentinel*.

Mendelssohn was, when a youth, clerk to a very commonplace, in fact, stupid employer. One day an acquaintance commiserated the clerk on his position, saying, "What a pity it is that you are not master, and he clerk!" "Oh, my friend," returned Mendelssohn, "do not say that. If he were my clerk, what on earth could I do with him?"

It has just been discovered that the reason why Adam didn't run to politics, and didn't join a club, and never got tight, was because he had no mother-in-law.

## JAMES BUEL &amp; CO.,

MACHINISTS,  
Manufacturers of and Dealers in

Steam Engines,  
Boilers, Shafting, Pulleys, Mill Gears

And all kinds of Machine Work.  
129 Main street, Woburn.

Steam and Gas Piping done at short notice, and in the most satisfactory manner. Also kept constantly on hand a large assortment of plain and galvanized Iron Pipe, Brass and Iron Fittings, Bolts, Nuts and Set Screws of all kinds, Copper and Brass Wire, Rubber Springs, Globe and Patent Rubber Steam Valves, Rubber Soap, Water Gas, Gage and Bibb Cocks, Rubber Soap, Metallic and Hemp Packing, Rubber Hose and Fittings, Belting and Lacing, Cotton and Woolen Waste, Emery Cloth, Machine Oils and Soap, and all kinds of Machinery and Engine Supplies.

Agents for the celebrated Coving Saws, Saws, embracing more than 150 different styles, and also for the Blake Patent Steam Pump, the best in use. English Files, of all sizes, constantly on hand.

Particulars sent on application to the Manufacturers and Carrying Shops, and to the Manufacturers of Leather Machinery.

JAMES BUEL, JOHN R. FLINT,  
Woburn, Mass. 28th, 1870.

Oil Carpets.  
The best assortment of Oil Carpets we ever had on hand for sale at the old stand,

OPPOSITE THE COMMON.  
W. WOODBERRY.

J. E. Littlefield & Sons  
DEALERS IN

LUMBER,  
Coal and Wood,

SHINGLES,  
Clapboards,

Laths, Pickets,  
Conductors,

Caps and Irons,  
Mouldings

TANNERS' and CURRIERS'  
Yard & Hanging Sticks,

Doors, Windows and Blinds,  
on hand and supplied to order at short notice.

RED and WHITE CEDAR POSTS  
all lengths.

LEHIGH LACKAWANNA  
AND

Franklin Coal,  
Hard and Soft

WOOD.  
All of which will be sold at the LOWEST CASH price, at

96 Main Street.

F. J. Culbert,  
PLUMBER,

No. 6 Union Street, (Near Corner Main Street,  
Woburn, Mass.

The best quality of PLUMBING MATERIALS and DRAIN PIPE kept always on hand.

DR. C. T. LANC'S  
Dental Rooms,

135 MAIN ST., WOBURN,  
Opposite First Congregational Church.

POULTRY AND EGGS.  
B. F. COLEGATE,

preparing to supply Eggs for Setting, of all the common or fancy breeds of Hens. Also, for sale, turks of Buff and Partridge Cochins, Dark and Light Brauns, Dominiques, Plymouth Rocks, &c.

HENRY AT CUMMINGSVILLE  
Woburn, Mass.

JOHN A. BOUTELLE,  
GENEALOGIST

BANK BLOCK,  
173 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.  
Genealogies traced and compiled, Family Registers re-arranged, Letters edited out, Marriage Certificates written, &c.

Office hours, Monday and Thursday afternoons. An Evening School will be opened THURSDAY, Nov. 14, 1873, at 7 o'clock, P.M., and continue on Monday and Tuesday evenings, for instruction in Bookkeeping and Penmanship. Terms for 12 lessons, in advance, \$2 for Penmanship, \$5 for Bookkeeping.

JOHN C. BUCK,  
TEACHER OF

PIANO-FORTE & REED ORGAN  
Vestry of First Cong'l Church,  
Woburn.

Refers to the following testimonials:  
Woburn, August 9, 1873.  
I take pleasure in recommending Mr. John C. Buck, organist of the First Congregational Church, to any former pupils, as a teacher well qualified to give instruction upon the Piano-Forte and Reed Organ.

WILLIAM H. CLARKE.

SPRING STYLES!  
We are now ready to show the Spring styles of Hats, make to measure, block, repair or make over OLD HATS to the present style at short notice.

J. W. HAMMOND,  
181 Main Street.

## BOSTON AND LOWELL R.R.

ON and AFTER MONDAY, July 15th, 1873, trains will leave BOSTON for—  
Lowell, 7:45, 9 A.M., 12 M., 2:30, 4:30, 6 P.M.  
North Andover, 7:45, 9 A.M., 12 M., 2:30, 4:30, 6 P.M.  
Lowell, 7:45, 9 A.M., 12 M., 2:30, 4:30, 6 P.M.  
North Andover, 7:45, 9 A.M., 12 M., 2:30, 4:30, 6 P.M.  
Lowell, 7:45,























## Middlesex County Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor

SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1873.

This paper is published for the subscribers name on this paper show to what time the subscription is for. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

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## THE HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING.

The High School Building is nearly ready for occupancy and we are authorized to say that it will be ready for inspection on Thursday, Friday and Saturday of next week. It is hoped that the people will avail themselves of this opportunity and be able to judge for themselves whether or not they have got their money's worth. The entrance to the new part is had by a flight of three granite steps and through heavy doors, opening outward, to the porch. From this porch two doors open outward, giving passage into the vestibule, and up five steps to the corridor which leads through to the old house. Three doors open on each side of the corridor, the first on the right opening into a clothes room 5 by 15, which is connected with a school room 47x34 out of which two doors open into the corridor. Back of the school room is the teacher's room, 10x25. In this is a marble sink, and in the entry a soap stone sink, which, and all over the building is carried the Horn Pond water pipes. On the left the rooms are the same. Entering the old part and ascending the stairs, the second floor of the new part is gained, and a second corridor is entered, out of which open two school rooms, the size of those below. At its end, and in the front of the building, are three rooms. The central one will be used by the Committee and the Superintendent. The northern one for books and school material, of which a stock valued at \$800 is constantly on hand. The southern room will be used by the principal of the school. In the third story is the hall, which will seat 600. This is supplied with seats. Here the whole school will assemble morning and afternoon, and after the opening exercises, the four teachers will take the scholars to their several rooms. The old part will be used for special studies. In the basement is a very superior laboratory. The visitor on entering will observe at the right a glass case, technically called a "hood," in which chemical experiments which evolve poisonous gases will be performed. The tables are supplied with soapstone sinks, and covered with porcelain; gas and water pipes are also run on. Here experiments in chemistry and natural science will be performed. Another room in the rear is similarly fitted with the exception of the sinks, and will be used for scientific analysis. This department is the best equipped of any school laboratory in the vicinity. It is very evident that our Committee are determined that the Woburn High School shall take high rank as an advanced institution of learning, and all that can reasonably be asked for seems to have been provided. The citizens of Woburn will be proud of their High School.

## MUSTER.—Colonel Walter Everett's

general order No. 19, which has just been promulgated, provides that the companies of the Fifth regiment shall report through their commanders to the adjutant at the station in South Framingham at 10 o'clock, on the morning of Sept. 23, in heavy marching order; that each company shall provide its own transportation; that the field, staff, line and non-commissioned officers and musicians shall provide themselves with white pants; and that the company of a quartermaster sergeant and six men from each company shall report to Lieut. James C. Melvin on the ground on the morning of the 1st.

## WATER WORKS.—The work of closing

up the various departments is no slight matter. Omissions not noticed before are discovered and remedied, a hundred trifles which contribute to the success of the enterprise have to be looked after, and the work of the managers and employees, as it approaches completion, is abundant and perplexing. The Commissioners, however, still are sanguine that they will furnish water by the 1st of September.

## PICKING CHERRIES DOWN THE LAKE,

and "Happy Hours," are two new songs by the renowned Millard, both containing all the elements of popularity, and both really excellent. They can be had at any music store for the price of 40 cents each, or will be sent free of postage, on receipt of price, by the publishers, Lee & Walker, 922 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

## RETURNED.—The friends of Mr. John

Seymour, who was formerly connected with the mechanical department of the Journal, will be glad to learn that he has returned, and will be pleased to see them at the old place.

## NEW SIGN.—The Woburn Tea store

blossoms out with a new sign. They say Smith keeps a good article of tea. Now if all the Smiths would only make a point to step in and buy a pound of tea, it would—but we forbear, the subject is too vast.

## SEMI-QUAVER says there was a

rigid movement on the concrete walk in front of the Orthodox church last week. De-Bates as to his lunacy are progressing. See?

## CHANGE.—The Republican State

Convention is to be called for the 10th of September, as the hall at Worcester is engaged for the whole of the following week.

## CONCRETE.—The Catholic church

yard is being concreted by Mr. Bates. The space between the church and the street was done a year ago, and now it is extended along the side of the building.

## THANKS TO SEESLEY, our Town

Clerk, for a copy of the Receipts and Expenditures of Middlesex County for 1872.

## JURORS.—The Selectmen on Thursday

drew as jurors to the Superior Court at Lowell, Mark Downs and Ruel Carter.

## FIRE APPARATUS.—The new horse

carriage for the Fire Department arrived on Wednesday, and was received by the Perham Hose Company with due honors, they celebrating the event with a dance in their hall in the evening. The carriage was built at Manchester, and will carry 600 feet of hose. It is well constructed and tastefully painted. The reel has a crank on each side to be used in taking on hose, and a brake connects with the driver's seat so that he can stop the paying out at discretion. Capacity boxes under the seat and on the hind axle contain spanners and ropes. An axe and iron bar are rigged on the sides. Under the driver, and worked with a spring in the footboard, is a large gun. The sides of the driver's box, rear miniature lanterns, and the front has a fine specimen of figure drawing, surmounted with the words "Perham Hose." On the stern box is painted the word "Woburn." The lanterns are quite ornamental, and the figure "1" is grouted into the glass. Two hose pipes stand on cores behind the driver's seat. The carriage is arranged for one horse, and was put on duty last Thursday morning.

## THE OLD HAND horse carriage is to

be overhauled and thoroughly repaired, painted and put in good shape. This will take three or four weeks, and when done it will be placed in the new engine house on Green street, and a company raised to run with it.

The new hook and ladder truck is in the paint shop, and in about four weeks will come out the handsomest piece of fire apparatus in the Department. We shall give a full description of it when the various parts are all together.

## CONVENTION.—The basis of representation

at the approaching Republican State Convention is the same as heretofore, one delegate from each town or ward of a city and an additional delegate for each 200 votes, or majority fraction, cast for Gen. Grant in 1872. The new tabulated statement of the vote and delegates, just issued by the Secretary of the Committee, shows that a full convention will number 1,031, apportioned as follows:— Barnstable county, 27; Berkshire, 29; Bristol, 44; Dukes, 27; Essex, 24; Franklin, 49; Hampshire, 59; Hampden, 48; Middlesex, 203; Nantucket, 3; Norfolk, 70; Plymouth, 60; Suffolk, 110; Worcester, 102. The convention of last year, based on the vote of 1868, numbered 1127 delegates, 26 more than the slightly smaller vote of last autumn. By counties, the only gains are Franklin, 1; Hampshire, 2; Middlesex, 2; Worcester, 4. The losses are Barnstable, 3; Berkshire, 2; Bristol, 4; Essex, 12; Hampshire, 2; Norfolk, 1; Plymouth, 8; Suffolk, 5. The vote of Woburn for Grant was 72, entitling her to five delegates, which is the same as before.

## ACCIDENTS.—About 5 o'clock Friday

afternoon last, William Stewart, employed by A. J. Parker & Co., was severely injured about the face while at work at a circular saw. A portion of the work he was sawing caught upon the saw and was thrown with great violence at Mr. S., striking him in the face. The left cheek bone was fractured, as was also the nose. Severe flesh wounds were caused above and below the eye.

## Robert Potter on Tuesday cut a

gash 8 inches long in his leg and splintered the bone with a broad axe. He was hewing a tress in J. C. White's yard, and the slipping of his foot caused the accident.

## On Tuesday night a son of Andrew Mc-

Hugh fractured one of the bones of the arm while jumping over a post.

## THROWN OUT.—About eight o'clock

on Wednesday evening, two of our townsmen were driving to Winchester in an open buggy. The street light at the corner of Summer street, did not penetrate very far into the darkness under the shade trees, and they had not proceeded very far when a fast driver with a fast horse, came up on the wrong side of the road, and ran against their buggy, throwing out the occupants, injuring one of them quite seriously. The fast man stopped, and inquired what was to pay; but nothing was broken, and they went their ways. Moral—drive slowly when you cannot see far ahead, and keep to the right as the law directs.

## POLICE COURT.—Before Justice

Converse. Aug. 19, Albert H. Simonds of Wilmington, assault, \$15 and costs, and \$200 recognizance. Aug. 18, Samuel H. Greenleaf and John Kavanagh, drunk, \$3 and costs each. Thomas Gibbons of Winchester, malicious mischief, \$10 and costs. Aug. 19, Stephen Frye of Wilmington, common drunkard, 3 months in House of Correction. Aug. 18, William Dunn of Winchester, assault upon his wife, \$20 and costs, \$200 recognizance. Grace Doherty, single sale of intoxicating liquor, \$10 and costs, and \$1000 recognizance. Aug. 20, Rufus Smith, kindling a bon-fire against the By-Laws of the town, \$1 and costs.

## PURCHASE.—The Town has

purchased the Ayers Place, and also enough of the Jephthah Caldwell, estate on Warren street adjoining the Ayers place to square the school house lot which will then have a front on Main street and a depth of 250 feet. The school house will have a depth of one on each street, of 80 feet, and a depth of 64 feet, two stories and Mansard roof. The Warren street entrance will be at grade, and the ground on the Main street side will be terraced. The lot and building when completed will be an ornament to the town.

## NEW MUSIC.—We have received

Grass's Woburn Polka, dedicated to Dr. Lang, to which we referred last week. It is a pleasing polka, and no doubt will be popular. 35 cents buys it, and No. 6 Railroad street is the place to get it.

## BROWN.—Workmen commenced on

the Methodist church lot on Thursday. The carpenters commenced on Dever's building the same day.

## COLLISION.—An express train

collided with Connolly's awning Thursday evening and did slight damage.

## THE OPEN AIR meeting on the

common last Sabbath was addressed by Rev. W. Young, D. D. of Woburn, the officiating clergyman at the Baptist church, the subject being "The Prodigal Son." Wakefield Citizen.

## VANDAL! SPARE THE TREES.—Yes,

we mean it. Passing along a few days since by that well known and beautiful mountain, situated in Woburn, we were much astonished to witness the unmerciful "cropping" the southern side of old Horn Pond mountain was receiving at this time. It does seem to many that a place possessing so many elements of beauty as this, so many requisites upon the ground, which under the improvement of skillful hands might be made still more beautiful, should be spared, at least for a time, from the axe of the "trimmer." Some one may say "This mountain is owned by private individuals, and shall not a man do as he pleases with his own?" We would curtail no one in the peaceful pursuit of his own rights. We would, however, ask them to lay aside the axe for a little time, until a tour of inspection and observation round about the mountain could be had, and some means devised to preserve its beauty intact for a time. The reservoir for the water for the town of Woburn, being located upon its summit will naturally attract much travel; and while the useful and convenient are under consideration, why not have an eye to the future embellishment of old Horn Pond Mountain. Spare the trees at least for a little time. It is much easier cutting off the superfluous growth, than replacing trees unnecessarily removed. We hope to witness in the course of a few years at the farthest, a vast improvement in and upon this old way mark within the borders of Woburn. We shall again refer to this subject, when we shall, with permission, tell you "just how we would like to see it look."

## ONE WHO LOVES TREES

A lively correspondent, writing from the Twin Mountain House, under date of Aug. 19, says:—

At this house we find the summer home of Henry Ward Beecher and family, while there are hundreds of lesser note. To-night we are to be favored with the visit of the nation's selection, President U. S. Grant and suite. They are to leave the Crawford House (some 10 miles from here), go to Mt. Washington, and arrive at this house this evening. Extra carriages have been ordered to meet the party at the base of Mount Washington. The route ahead from here is not known, but I think Boston via Littleton and Plymouth. On examination I find but very few of our Presidents ever visited the White Mountains, but no doubt would have their salary been increased to the present standard. My advice to all is to "put yourself in his place."

## After nearly three weeks travelling

in this mountainous country through burnt valleys, on dusty roads and dry streams, we are this time and have been since last evening, receiving a splendid gentle rain, and from now until Oct. 1st is the time to visit the mountains. Don't cumber yourself with luggage, but bring plenty of "National Currency," and if you stay long enough, you will be "Light" homeward bound.

## SCRIBNER'S for September has a

proportion of light and summery, and solid and substantial fare. Bret Harte's new story, "An Episode of Fiddletown," is continued with his usual strength; there is a story about "Baum, the Cornet player;" an illustrated "Cruise among the Azores;" a profusely pictured and very suggestive article on the New York "Central Park;" a delightful illustrated paper on "The Birds of the Poets," by John Burroughs; a curious "Study" of Japanese Fans, by Noah Brooks; Whitelaw Reid's Commencement Address on "The Scholar in politics;" the second of Bienville's important papers on "Modern Skepticism;" a reply to the recent article on the "Liberty of Protestantism;" a portrait and biography of Edward Eggleston, author of the "Hoosier Schoolmaster;" and the usual quantity of poetry. Dr. Holland, the editor, gives us another installment of "Arthur Bonnicastle;" and the following "Topics of the Time;" The Outlook, The New York Board of Education, Ownership in Women, and the Liberty of Protestantism. The Old Cabinet talks about the People who get under other People's Umbrellas, etc. "Home and Society," "Culture and Progress," "Nature and Science," and Etchings are as usual diversified and interesting. SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY has increased ten thousand in circulation during the past year. The first number of Scribner's Child's Magazine, of which the name has not yet been announced, will appear in the fall.

## HARPER'S MAGAZINE for September

is remarkable for the variety of its contents. The description of General Sherman's tour in Europe and the East is resumed. There is a beautiful illustrated article on the Protestant Cemetery of Florence, where rest the remains of Mrs. Browning and Theodore Parker. Another illustrated article describes, in the most entertaining fashion, the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. There is a very interesting reminiscence of the late John Stuart Mill. The "Blind Preacher" contributes a narrative of his experience with oculists. The story of the twenty years' imprisonment of Leonardo Christina in the Blue Tower of Copenhagen is told. A pleasant account of grouse hunting in the Yorkshire moors is given, and a spirited review of the trotting turf in America. In addition to this rich store of various reading, there are five Editorial Departments with their inexhaustible resources of information and amusement.

## Buy it of Horton.

## PETERSON.—The September number

is fresh and sparkling, the queen of the lady-magazines. Rich in style, and rare in patterns, it deserves to be consulted by every lady.

## NURSERY.—The September number

is again happy with their favorite. This periodical is so admirably adapted to its purpose that it may safely be said there is no home where children are, that will not be happier if the Nursery is among its regular visitors.

## STOLEN.—One of the carpenters on

Dever's building had his coat stolen while at work on Thursday.

## It takes twenty-four hours to

make one day, but a good dose of physic will make one week.

## Winchester.

ARRIVED.—The Perham Hose carriage arrived in Winchester Wednesday afternoon, from Manchester on its way to Woburn.

## SEIZURE.—The police on Wednesday

under F. H. Johnson, seized three barrels of ale, and two demijohns of whiskey, from Crowley's team, saving him the trouble of unloading it at Foley's.

## GENEROUS.—Mr. James Mooney

lost his leg last year, is gaining a livelihood by selling the Parlor Kaleidoscope, Life in Danbury, Boston by Gas Light, and Father Burke's reply to Froude. To assist him in locomotion crutches are required, and the other day he ordered a new pair made at the Piano Shop. Much to his surprise on going for them, he found that the warm hearted piano makers had thought of him in his trouble and he received his crutches without money and without price. Mr. Mooney is having very good success, not only in Winchester but in Woburn, and we recommend him, and the ingenious kaleidoscope to all who enjoy the beautiful.

## ACCIDENT BY A LOCOMOTIVE

WHISTLE.—At three o'clock, Saturday afternoon, Mr. W. S. Fretch of "Change avenue, who resides in Winchester, was driving his horse and buggy through Greenwood, and had just crossed the railroad track, when the whistle from the locomotive attached to the Newburyport express train so frightened the horse that he became unmanageable, and making a jump cleared himself from the buggy and dashed off to the woods, where he was found after two or three hours' search. Mr. Fretch was brown withered to the ground and considerably though not seriously injured. He was picked up and taken to the residence of Mr. B. G. Dunbar, near the railroad, where he was recuperated, and his broken harness being patched up he drove home. Neither the horse nor buggy were injured.—Herald.

## TERRY SWAMP.—We have been

here to be sure and find water we went the day after the heavy rain. It was Tuesday, and it was hot. Piloted by a friend who said he had never been there, but who thought he knew all about it just as well as if he had, we struck out boldly for the home of the warbling turkey and the gentle frog. The street leading to it we found to bear the name of Fairmount, suggestive of Philadelphia's famous water works. It is fair to look at, but not far to mount. However, we got up at last, and passing a gate, and winding round through a valley and across a ridge found ourselves before a wooden structure which serves as office, tool house, wagon shed and barn. It is well built, shingled and clapboarded, and when painted and the grounds graded will be a beautiful addition to the charming landscape. Leaving our team we descended to the bottom. This was once known as the "John S. Meadow," and contains about 20 acres. It is flanked on either side by rugged ledges, and has the appearance of having been in the distant ages the bed of a considerable stream. The plow has been freely used throughout the length of this meadow, which we should judge was two hundred yards wide, and as a consequence a charming little rivulet glides towards the lowlands at the north extremity. Workmen were busy grubbing away the brush and trees. Wells have been sunk near the outlet where it is proposed to erect the dam. The plan is to build the dam 19 feet high, which will flow the meadow 17 1/2 feet deep. From this meadow, we go into another equally large we are old, although we did not see it. Our party being satisfied that the plan of making a storing reservoir, so far as the room and the water shed is concerned, is feasible. To the east is "Dike's Meadow," which can also be made available. Whether this reservoir can be made to hold water and whether the water so held will be just what one would like to take straight, without any milk in it, opens a field of inquiry we would not like to enter with wet feet. We suggest that the next Town Meeting be held at the new building referred to above, and the first man who indulges in personalities be taxed to pay for teams to drag the crowd up Fairmount street.

## MOORE'S TRENTON FALLS HOUSE,

August, 1873.

Mr. Editor:—Seated here in this comfortable house, over two hundred miles away from you, with the rain pouring in torrents outside, methinks I cannot better employ the time than by giving the readers of the Journal some account of my summer tour thus far. Leaving the goodly city of Boston on Tuesday of last week, we were safely conveyed over the Boston & Albany Railroad to Springfield, arriving about noon, where we found excellent quarters in that well known and popular hotel, the Massasoit House. After dinner we visited the United States Army, which is established on a park of 72 acres on Arsenal Hill, and were politely shown over the works by a son of Maj. Ingersoll, the Major having been for a long period the efficient Superintendent of this post. During the war of the rebellion, the works were run day and night for four years, and at one time over 3000 men were employed. Nearly 800,000 guns were made during that time, at an expense of \$12,000,000. The armory buildings surround a great quadrangle called Union Square, and now only about 200 are employed. The arsenal is a large building on the west of the quadrangle, in which there are now stored 95,000 stand of arms, rivaling in their symmetrical arrangement the similar collection in the Tower of London. We were interested in looking at the collection of old guns which had been in service during the last war, and bore upon them the marks of their severe usage. How many a tale of suffering and woe did these mute trophies of that war suggest! On some of them was the blood of some poor victim, and others indicated the unconscious result of their use. Owing to the improvements which have been introduced into the construction of the guns at this armory, to give them greater efficiency, the most of the new guns now stored in this armory will never be used, but will have to give place to more skillful and perfect weapons. A visit of Longfellow, our great poet, here suggested these lines:—

"This is the arsenal. From floor to ceiling,  
Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms;  
Not from the death angel touches these swift keys;  
Startles the villagers with strange alarms."

Ah! what a sound will rise—how wild and dreary—  
When the death angel touches these swift keys;  
What loud lament and dismal melody  
Will mingle with their awful symphonies!"

## From the towers of the arsenal is gained

a fine view of the city and its environs. Through the kindness of the same friend, we were treated to a ride over the city of Springfield and its suburbs. The city has grown quite fast, and with its wide streets, beautifully shaded by elm trees, and its tasteful and ornamental buildings and structures presents a fine appearance and make it one of the finest cities in the State to live in. We cannot say anything in praise of the railroad depot in this city, which is neither respectable nor appropriate to its large uses. Leaving Springfield on Wednesday morning, we continued over the Albany road to Albany.

## And here let us interpose what has been

said by others regarding this ride through the hills of Berkshire. "That section of the Western railroad which traverses the wild hills of Berkshire, is a work of immense labor, and a wonderful achievement of art. After leaving the wide meadows of the Connecticut, basking in their rich inheritance of alluvial soil and unimpeded sunshine, you wind through the narrow valleys of the Westfield river, with masses of mountains before you, and woodland heights crowding in upon you, so that at every puff of the engine, and the passage visibly contracts. We advise all who travel this way to take the last seat in the rear car if they can, and look back as they wind around among these hills. Arriving at Albany at 12:20, we took the cars at the N. Y. Central for Utica, where we arrived at 5 o'clock. We then had to take the Utica and Black River Railroad for this place, for unfortunately for us and many others, we had to wait two hours after the regular time before the train started. No information could be obtained in regard to this delay of the train, or its certainty of starting, and we dared not venture from the cars even for a walk. We became thoroughly disgusted with this road and its management before we arrived at our journey's end, which was about nine o'clock in the evening. A good supper however, somewhat relieved our disturbed spirits, and the next morning we were prepared to enjoy the beauties of this pleasant resort. It has been well said that "few of the many places of resort in our country, give more thorough satisfaction to the visitor than Trenton Falls. Not only are the falls magnificent, as a spectacle of natural beauty, but their vicinity includes localities equally charming. Indeed, were there no cataraet at all, the magnificent gorge through which the stream runs, and the rich beauty of its banks, would alone repay the visitor." Our limits will not allow us to speak in detail of what is to be seen here. Many fresh from Niagara, declare their preference for Trenton Falls; but the two are so utterly different that they cannot be fairly compared. At Trenton there is little of that impressive immensity that is the awful peculiarity of Niagara; but in every beauty and variety it is superior. We walked for some two miles through these fearful chasms, which nature had made among the rocks and saw the water dashing with its tremendous power over the rocks. A walk has been made close to the water's edge and we could therefore stand close to these falls and rapids, and see them in their various windings. The late N. P. Willis was a great admirer of this place, and has written a beautiful description of it. It is also a favorite resort for artists, many of whose sketches adorn the walls of the hotel. There are two hotels at the Falls, the finest being the one from which this epistle is dated. It is not a mere hotel, but even to the transient traveler is a beautiful home. The boarders are mostly transient ones, although one could occupy a week and even longer amid the beautiful surroundings. But we must not weary the patience of our readers, but leave for another time what we have further to say. Before I close, however, let me say that thus far the weather has been delightful, cool, and to-day we were glad to sit around a hot stove and enjoy its exhilarating warmth, while a severe nor'easter is raging without.

## EXCELSIOR.

## SARATOGA SPRINGS,

August, 1873.

## Dear Editor:—My last letter

to Trenton Falls, where we remained two days enjoying the beautiful scenery which it presents to the eye, and the comfortable quarters which its hostelry affords. The rainy weather somewhat interfered with our movements, but we were able between the drops to see the principal objects of interest. There has been a great amount of rain fallen in this vicinity this month, and the vegetation all through the parts of New York State that







## OTHER PEOPLE'S WORK.

There are three things, Sidney Smith said, which every fairly well educated gentleman thinks he could do without difficulty, namely—farm a small property, preach a good sermon and edit a newspaper, and we verily believe the wit was right.

As to the editing of a newspaper, doesn't every reader who has never tried it, know perfectly well that he could do it much better than it is done? A good many think so certainly, as every editor finds out by letter regularly every week. We said in describing Drontheim cathedral not long ago, that the new king and queen of Norway and Sweden would go up there shortly to receive the Norwegian crown, as they had already received that of Sweden in Stockholm. Straightway a man writing from Texas, over the signature of "Norwegian," urged us to read up a little on geography and history, assuring us that he would thereby learn that Christianity is the present capital of Norway (which we knew) and that the kings and queens of Sweden and Norway are never crowned as kings and queens of Norway at all; a fact which we did not know, and one concerning which we confess ourselves even yet incredulous, inasmuch as the new king and queen actually did very soon afterwards, go up to this Drontheim cathedral, and were there crowned with the crown of Norway, precisely as we had said they would be.

A person once connected with this paper, continued after leaving it to contribute articles to complete a series already begun, and we had several letters telling us that the imitation was decidedly a failure; and when the series was completed, these people wrote to tell us how glad they were, because the paper was too excellent as a whole to make this kind of imitation by one writer of another writer's style acceptable. Whereat we laughed. Mr. M. M. Ballou, late editor of the Boston Globe, used to tell it as an excellent joke, that people thought Ballou's Pictorial Drawing Room Companion a great falling off from his predecessor Gleason's ditto, ditto, although the change of names was the only change made, the editorial management remaining precisely the same and the corps of writers continuing unchanged.

All these things are very natural. Every man's work seems easier to every other man than his own does, simply because in doing his own he learns what its conditions and limitations and difficulties are, while of other people's tasks, he sees only the result and its real or fancied imperfections. "Scissors is the easiest thing in the world," said a grocer one day. "You have only to take a chisel and cut away all the marble you don't want." Most people know rather more than he did about the work of a sculptor; but the things we know nothing or next to nothing about, always seem easy to do, and often seem to us very badly done, when in fact the performance we criticize is an excellent one if we could only know the conditions under which the expert does his work. We were once going down the Ohio River when the water was very low, and the utmost skill of the pilot was necessary to keep the boat off the bars. The channel was very devious, as it always is in that river during low water, and the boat was winding about in all directions, a circumstance which appeared to annoy a particularly knowing passenger. Finally he turned to the captain and said: "Captain, what do you say that man up there for twisting this boat around in that ridiculous way?" "Two hundred dollars a month," replied the captain. "Well, I'll tell you what I can do. I'll tell the wise one, 'I can find you plenty of men where I came from, who will steer your boat right straight down the river for you, at fifty dollars a month, and be glad to get the job at that.' We who knew the conditions under which the pilot did his work, laughed, as we were entitled to do, but after all there was not one of us perhaps, who had not at one time or another, given vent to equally raw criticism upon matters concerning which we were imperfectly informed.—Hearth and Home.

A BRAKEMAN'S DREAM.—"Ed" is a brakeman employed on the Chicago, Alton and St. Louis Railroad. His wife was married only a few weeks ago. His wife has been wearing a piece of red flannel around her neck for the last ten days, and complaining of a very neck. This is how it came to pass.—"Ed" had just been doing extra duty, taking a sick friend's train in addition to his own, and so had not been in bed for forty-eight hours. As a matter of course, he was nearly worn out, and as soon as his supper had been eaten he went to bed to sleep, perchance to dream. He was soon locked in the arms of Morpheus, and dreaming. Again his foot was on his native platform, and he heard the warning toll of the whistle for brakes. The shadowy train bore him swiftly on; the telegraph posts flitted on quicker and quicker; the whole country fled by like a panorama mounted on sheet lightning rollers. In his dream he heard far off another roar, and swinging out by the railing he saw another train coming at lightning speed around the curve. Both trains were crowded with passengers, in another minute they would rush together, and from the ruins a cry of agony would shiver to the tingling stars from the lips of the maimed and dying. The engineer had seen his danger, at that moment in his dreams he heard the whistle calling for brakes sound loud and unearthly. With the strength of desperation he grappled the brake and turned it down. There was a yell of pain, and "Ed" woke to find himself sitting up in bed and holding his wife by the ears having nearly twisted off her head. That's how Ed's wife came to wear a piece of red flannel around her throat and complain of a very neck.—Missouri Democrat.

A man in Wilmington had had a lizard in his stomach for twelve years, and much to his relief, the reptile came up a few days ago and crawled out of his mouth. The man says the lizard was very much surprised at his account of the events which had happened since it went down. It had heard of nothing of the war, nor of the death of Napoleon, nor any of those things. It was annoyed at the man's dyspeptic condition, and came up to see the doctor about it.

## HINTS TO SUMMER VISITORS.

People from the city are already swarming into the country. Farm houses are overflowing with unaccommodated occupants. Quiet hamlets are surprised into bustling villages. Voices echo through the woods, Mountain, lake and river have no longer any solitude. Villages put on a holiday look with the summer visitors loitering through the streets. This holiday life is charming to the visitors is often a hard work day to the households where they are quartered. Many a toiling woman loses all the beauty and joy of summer in the labor and care necessary to provide for her enlarged family. The cool, dewy morning brings no refreshing inspirations to her who, rising at early dawn, is still at noontide heat busy and anxious over the accumulated labors and complicated duties of the day. The brilliant sunset, the moonlight hour, the beautiful scene, the forest flowers, and rippling brooks; what heart or time has she to enjoy them? Overworked, oppressed by the heat, her strength, capacity and temper tried beyond endurance, carrying a mortified consciousness of her own irritability, unattractiveness and general depravity, and haunted by glimpses of the ideal beauty into which her life might blossom, through these days of midsummer glory, if not so inexorably bound to the prosaic necessities of "much serving," is it strange if she loses the power of glorifying house work and making drudgery divine? Is it a wonder if the heated, tired woman, cooking the hot rood and washing the dishes for the midday meal, lacks something of eager hospitality to the heedless, hungry guest? She managed to drag through August, at last the "dog days" end, the company depart, and what has the summer brought her?

For the benefit of those overworked hostesses let me give a few hints to the "company."

Do not invite yourself, even to a near relative's house, unless there is a mutual understanding—a balancing of obligation. Probably your dearest friends may prefer to invite their own company, and choose the time to suit themselves. Your summer visit of two or three weeks may not be convenient to them.

You have no more right to quarter yourself on your aunt or second cousin without special invitation, than on any other person. You may wish to go into the country, and cannot afford to hire your board, but if you are going to get it out of your relations call it begging, not visiting. The days have gone by when in the sparseness of neighborhood and limited means and routes of travel, people exchanged visits and maintained acquaintanceship in that way. Now-a-days, when every body goes everywhere every private house must be a hotel if the old ways of hospitality are kept up.

Study to make as little trouble as possible when you are an invited guest. An additional member of a family always increases the work, and one should exercise kindness and tact that there be no unnecessary trouble made. Be not over fastidious in multiplying spoon, forks and plates at your meals when it is your friend who must wash the dishes. Drop your dainty ways and niceties of habit and taste where there are servants, or only those already overburdened, to minister to you. One can be neat, comfortable and refined with few appliances of toilet, table furniture or attendance. The best bred people can be simple and content in primitive households making no reminder that they are used to different things. When indulging in the usages of good breeding, makes others uncomfortable or adds to their burdens, the highest courtesy will forego fastidiousness and personal comfort. It may be shocking to eat with a knife, but there are people well worth loving who do it. Perhaps your friend would enjoy a fresh napkin, vase filled with flowers, white cambric dresses, etc., as much as you do, if she could indulge her tastes.

Always remember that you are the recipient of another's hospitality, and in the freedom and make-yourself-at-home of the welcome, be mindful of *meum* and *teum*. The home and all it contains is theirs, not yours. Things which you use carelessly may be valuable to them. While you are enjoying a lazy content on the shady porch or under the fruit-laden tree, your host may be sweating and toiling in the heat and his wife "driven to death" with the house work. The beautiful table which you enjoy did not come of itself, though the fresh vegetables were brought from the garden, not from the market. The cream and eggs on which you feast might have put money into some one's pocket.

Do not attempt to reconstruct the household habits and arrangements. Doubtless light and air are delightful luxuries, but if the good woman shuts her blinds and doors, do not flaunt them open. Perhaps she prefers coolness to glare and shade to flies. Mosses and stones and bark are treasures to you, but do not clutter your friend's rooms with them, nor track mud or gravel over the floors while her shoulders are still aching with the sweeping and dusting. Newspapers and books and sewing and straw hats scattered about may make the house look pleasant and social, to you, but if some one is careful to "pick up and put away," do not indulge in attractive disorder. If you propose to help, let your work be a real help not a hindrance. When you flutter about the kitchen, or put your hand heedlessly to the domestic machinery, you may prove a vexation or a bother. Do not keep around in the way all the time. Give the family opportunities to be alone. Never intrude on individual privacy. Let the knowledge of family affairs be that of friendly, personal interest, never that of curiosity. Be blind and deaf to whatever it is kind not to know. Express your appreciation of whatever is done for your comfort, and make your friends feel that their hospitality is a favor and a pleasure to you.

Finally do not assume that you know more of the world than these country people. The neighbors on one side may have spent the previous year in Europe. On the other side perhaps the Member of Congress lives. The young lady in the straw hat, who leans over the garden fence to talk with the girls, may be a correspondent of several city newspapers. The "boys" raking hay may have just returned from a surveying or a scientific tour among the Sierras.

These are very little things, but little

things of this kind make the difference between the desirable and undesirable guest. People who are entertaining in the parlor are often uncomfortable visitors. "Put yourself in her place," if you would learn how to make your hosts enjoy you.—Boston Herald.

SWIMMING UNDER WATER.—To those who are fond of deep diving, or taking a "header," as it is more popularly known among swimmers, the following remarks will be found useful. They are intended to apply specially to swimming under water:

No one need be deterred from attempting to swim under water by any apprehension of the difficulties attending it. They are more imaginary than real. Two important points, must be well considered in learning to swim under water—viz: the proper management of the eyes and lungs. The eyes should never be closed under water. The bather must accustom himself to use his eyes as freely under the water as above it.

The breath is of great, and greater importance than the sight. Do not try to stay under water too long at first. Acquire the ability to hold your breath gradually. A very simple expedient will enable you to make rapid progress in this particular. Take a full breath, and then expel every particle of air from the lungs. By repeating this several times, the impure air which lodges in the small lung-cells is expelled, and the blood so fully regenerated that fresh breath is not needed. The breath may thus be held under water for a minute and a half or two minutes. Having carefully noted these instructions in regard to breathing, with a little practice, the beginner can remain under water a very short time, will be able to retain his breath for a period that will astonish him, as well as enable him to vanquish any one who is not acquainted with the peculiar organization of the lungs.

After you have acquired a certain degree of proficiency in swimming under water, you should accustom yourself to swimming with your garments on, commencing with your trousers and stockings, then with your vest and then with your coat, until you are able to swim with your ordinary equipment of wardrobe. The object of this exercise is sufficiently obvious. Next to the protection against drowning, which a knowledge of swimming affords, is the power which it imparts for saving the lives of others who may be exposed to that danger. The least foreseen occasions for a display of this humane provision may happen, and hence the importance of preparing yourself.—Turf, Field and Farm.

The Daily Graphic says: "Never was a higher tribute paid to the marriage state than was given by the married men who were passengers on the wrecked Atlantic. The record of their fate is very touching. With few exceptions they all refused to desert their wives and little ones. Wives begged their husbands to seek safety by flight from the sinking quarter deck, but they never stirred. Hand clasped in hand, husband wife and child went down together. In the supreme moment of life, wife and husband forgot all past bickerings, and lost fear of death in the companionship of each other. They reeked not of the opinions of the world, while the waves swept over them and the horror of sudden destruction was imminent, but were simply true to their instincts. One such fact outweighs volumes of argument in favor of free love and easy divorce."

NOTHING TO BE SAID.—Some little time since, one of our prominent citizens had the misfortune to have a limb badly fractured, and another of our first class men, hearing of his friend's mishap, approached him to offer him aid and sympathy, when the one with the broken leg, with an acidity of look and speech unmistakable, exclaimed, "There is nothing to be said when a man's leg is broke; it's broke and that's the end of it." The sympathizing friend, left with reflections on misplaced confidence, ingratitude and kindred topics, and has never been known to offer his sympathy to any one in trouble since.—Stoneham Sentinel.

AN INTERESTING CASE.—A case is concluded in Indiana in a manner to indicate that when a railroad company sells a ticket, it is with the understanding that the passenger will be furnished a seat. A passenger in Indiana lately refused to give the conductor his ticket until he was supplied with a seat. The train being crowded the conductor could not comply with his request and put the passenger off the car, throwing his baggage after him. The latter entered suit against the company and was awarded \$2000 damages by the jury which tried the case.

HENRY'S VILE INTRUDERS.—The Lawrence Eagle tells of a Prospect Hill resident, who, annoyed by a flock of fowls in his cherished grass, drove them into his neighbor's dooryard, and then carefully climbed the fence to prevent their return. The arrival of the neighbor at this time was greeted by a volley of energetic language from said resident, in which the merits of the matter were fully set forth. The neighbor listened patiently, endorsed the whole, and at its close suggested to the astonished resident that the obnoxious cuckers were his own; which was a fact.

A Wisconsin man is reported to have invented a railroad switch which will adjust itself to a coming train and never be out of place. The Milwaukee Wisconsin says that it had stood the practical test and works perfectly. This seems almost incredible, but if it is so it will greatly obviate the danger of frightful accidents. If some one would invent something that would punish gross carelessness with instant death it would be equally valuable.

A smooth sea never made a skillful mariner, neither does uninterrupted prosperity and success qualify for usefulness and happiness. The storms of adversity, like those of the ocean, rouse the faculties, and excite the invention, produce fortitude and skill of the voyager.

Josh Billings says: "I have often been told that the best way is to take a bull by the horns; but I think, in many instances, I should prefer the tail hold."

A "housewren car" is now on the Pacific railway for the purpose of bridal parties. It has a comely as well as a homely appearance: is full of sweets, is full of smiles.

## IMPORTANT!

The question is often asked, Where can I get a good-fitting suit of clothes without going to Boston? The reply is,

Go to "Grant."

He is a thorough Artist in that line, and understands his Bis', and he employs

## THE BEST WORKMEN,

who understand the Art and Mysteries of the trade; who alone are competent to make garments

As they should be made.

So if you want to get suited in any department of a

First-Class Tailoring Establishment,

Call on

**A. GRANT,**

169 MAIN STREET, WOBURN, MASS.

If you want your Drugs PURE and GENUINE, and your Roots and Herbs Fresh and of full Strength,

PATRONIZE:

**FOSDICK & BUSS,**

APOTHECARIES,

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A fine assortment of Fancy Goods always on hand.

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New books added as soon as published.

For Hardware or Tools

CALL AT BUEL'S BLOCK 131 MAIN ST.

**L. THOMPSON, Jr.**

**Chas. A. Smith,**

**DRY GOODS,**

177 MAIN STREET, WOBURN, MASS.

**B. F. WYER**

keeps constantly on hand a full and fresh stock

**Beef, Pork & Mutton**

ALL KINDS OF

**SEASONABLE VEGETABLES.**

**Fruit and Game,**

Canned Fruit, Preserves, and Relishes.

and everything usually found in a

**Meat and Vegetable Market.**

Grateful for past favors he hopes to merit their continuance, and to receive a fair share of patronage.

**LOOK! LOOK!! LOOK!!!**

into the

**NEW DRY GOODS STORE**

and see what a nice

**BLACK ALPACCA**

you can get for a little money

also other

**DRESS GOODS,**

AND

**PRINTS**

**McClure, Ross & Co.,**

(Allen's Block.)

123 Main Street Woburn.

**G.W. POLLOCK**

is prepared

to do all sorts of upholstery work such as putting down Carpets, putting up Curtains, Draperies, &c., &c. Also, Hair, Husk and Excelsior Mattresses, made to order of the best material and by the best of workmen. Having served an apprenticeship at our trade, we understand it thoroughly in all its branches, and can warrant satisfaction at the lowest prices.

Town Hall, Woburn, May 1, 1873.

**WOOLEN CARPETS**

As low as they can be bought anywhere, at

WM. WOODBERRY'S,

Opposite Common, Woburn.

## JAMES BUEL &amp; CO.

**MACHINISTS,**

Manufacturers and Dealers in

**Steam Engines,**

**Boilers, Shafting, Pulleys, Mill Gears**

And all kinds of Machine Work.

129 Main street, Woburn.

Steam and Gas Piping done at short notice, and in the most satisfactory manner. Also kept constantly on hand a large assortment of Pump and Gasketed Iron Pipe, Brass and Iron Fittings, Bolts, Nut and Set Screws of all kinds, Copper and Brass Wire, Rubber Springs, Globe and Patent Rubber Seal Valves, Check Valves, Water, Gas, and Oil Cocks, Rubber Hose, Stone, Metal, Hemp Packing, Rubber Hose and Fittings, Belting and Lacing, Cotton and Woolen Waste, Emery Cloth, Machine Oil and Soap, and all kinds of Machinists' and Engineers' Supplies.

We are agents for the celebrated Coving Suction Pump, embracing more than 150 different styles, and also for the Blake Patent Steam Pump, the best in use. English Pumps, of all sizes, constantly on hand.

Particular attention paid to the fitting up of Factories and Carrying Ships, and to the manufacture of Leather Machinery.

JAMES BUEL & CO. JOHN R. FLINT, Woburn, May 28th, 1873.

## Oil Carpets.

The best assortment of Oil Carpets we ever had on hand for sale at the old stand,

OPPOSITE THE COMMON.

**W. WOODBERRY.**

**J. E. Littlefield & Sons**

DEALERS IN

**LUMBER,**

Coal and Wood,

Shingles, Clapboards, Laths & Pickets,

Conductors,

Caps and Irons,

Mouldings

for inside and outside finish.

**TANNERS' and CURRIERS'**

**Yard & Hanging Sticks,**

**Doors, Windows and Blinds,**

on hand and supplied to order at short notice.

**RED and WHITE CEDAR POSTS**

all lengths.

**LEHIGH LACKAWANNA**

AND

**Franklin Coal,**

**Hard and Soft**

**WOOD.**

All of which will be sold at the LOWEST CASH price, at

**96 Main Street.**

**F. J. Culbert,**

**PLUMBER,**

No. 6 Union Street, (Near corner

Woburn, Mass.

The best quality of PLUMBING

MATERIALS and DRAIN PIPE kept

always on hand.

**DR. C. T. LANC'S**

**Dental Rooms,**

135 MAIN ST., WOBURN,

Opposite First Congregational Church.

**POULTRY AND EGGS.**

**B. F. COLEGATE,**

prepared to supply Eggs for Setting, of all the common or fancy breeds of Hens.

Also, for sale, troup of Buff and Partridge Cochins, Dark and Light Brahmas, Dominiques, Plymouth Rocks, &c.

**HENRY AT CUMMINGSVILLE**

Woburn, Mass.

**JOHN A. BOUTELLE,**

**GENEALOGIST**

BANK BLOCK,

173 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

Genealogical and Family History. Family Registers, Genealogies, Diplomas filled out, Marriage Certificates written, &c.

Office hours, Monday and Tuesday afternoons. An Evening School will be opened THURSDAY, Nov. 14, 1873, at 7 o'clock P.M., and continue on Monday and Tuesday evenings, for instruction in Bookkeeping and Penmanship. Terms for 12 lessons, in advance, \$2 for Penmanship, \$3 for Bookkeeping.

**Cure for Female Weakness.**

WITHOUT SUPPORTERS. The best vegetable medicine yet known, as Italian recipe, will eradicate all humors, which is one cause of great suffering, make new blood and strengthen the whole system. Three bottles will cure the most inveterate and obstinate cases. Inquire for circular and testimonials. Sold by Dr. J. C. McElroy, 100 N. Main St., Boston.

**MRS. LINDA BELCHER,** Randolph, Mass. (Wife of Dr. J. C. McElroy, 100 N. Main St., Boston.)

**SPRING STYLES!**

We are now ready to show the Spring styles of Hats, make to measure, block, repair or make over OLD HATS to the present style at short notice.

**J. W. HAMMOND,**

181 Main Street.

## BOSTON AND LOWELL R. R.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, July 22nd, 1873, trains will leave BOSTON as follows:

Lowell, 7:30 A.M.; 10 A.M.; 12 M.; 2:30 A.M.; 5 P.M.; 7:30 P.M.; 10:30 P.M. Woburn, 7:00 A.M.; 10:00 A.M.; 12:00 P.M.; 2:00 P.M.; 5:00 P.M.; 7:00 P.M.; 10:00 P.M.

Lowell, 7:30 A.M.; 10 A.M.; 12 M.; 2:30 A.M.; 5 P.M.; 7:30 P.M.; 10:30 P.M. Woburn, 7:00 A.M.; 10:00 A.M.; 12:00 P.M.; 2:00 P.M.; 5:00 P.M.; 7:00 P.M.; 10:00 P.M.

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Lowell, 7:30 A.M.; 10 A.M.; 12 M.; 2:30 A.M.; 5 P.M.;



# The Middlesex Journal.

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WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1873.

No 50.

THOMAS S. HANKS,  
FLORIST,  
Winn Street, Woburn, Mass.

**DR. FLINT'S  
QUAKER BITTERS**  
A GREAT  
MEDICAL  
DISCOVERY  
& REMEDY.

Extracts of Roots and Herbs which almost in  
variety cure the following complaints:

**Worms.** Expelled from the system, without the  
least difficulty, a few bottles are sufficient for the  
most obstinate cases.

**Scrophulous.** Pimples, Blotches, and all impu-  
rities of the blood, arising from the skin or  
elsewhere, cured rapidly by following the direc-  
tions on the bottle.

**For Kidney, Bladder and Urinary diseases.** No  
medicine is so sure to cure as this. It will relieve  
the most obstinate cases.

**For Rheumatism.** Expelled from the system, without the  
least difficulty, a few bottles are sufficient for the  
most obstinate cases.

**For Dropsy.** Expelled from the system, without the  
least difficulty, a few bottles are sufficient for the  
most obstinate cases.

**For Liver and Gallbladder diseases.** No  
medicine is so sure to cure as this. It will relieve  
the most obstinate cases.

**For Stomach and Bowel diseases.** No  
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the most obstinate cases.

**For Skin Diseases.** Expelled from the system, without the  
least difficulty, a few bottles are sufficient for the  
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**For Female Complaints.** No  
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**For General Debility.** No  
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**For Nervous Disorders.** No  
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**For Headache.** No  
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**For Indigestion.** No  
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**For Constipation.** No  
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**For Hemorrhoids.** No  
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**For Piles.** No  
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**For Catarrh of the Bladder.** No  
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**For Stricture.** No  
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## Poetry.

### TO-MORROW.

To-day can sing of yesterday,  
Sings tender, tinged with sorrow;  
But to-morrow comes the way—  
All beautiful to-morrow.

Her face is full of prophecy,  
Her lips are still witholden,  
And gazing in her radiant eyes,  
Song words to silence golden.

Hope rapt beside her pathway stands,  
Asks nothing but the vision,  
And turns at night with empty hands,  
Still dreaming of fruition.

Alas, beauty soon as present, gone—  
Her lips are still witholden,  
And gazing in her radiant eyes,  
Song words to silence golden.

Why is it that from now on days  
New faith they still can borrow?  
Oh, is it that among the days  
Comes Heaven's first good-morrow?

She will come in with no alarms,  
And with the same low portal;  
And clasp us in her mortal arms,  
And we shall be immortal.

## Selected.

### OUT OF THE STREETS.

Although she was young and pretty,  
And very rich and fashionable, Mrs. Renwick had a good, kind heart, and strove to fill her station in life with modesty and fidelity.

When she married Mr. Renwick, the wealthy widower, twelve years ago, there were plenty of ill-natured remarks by plenty of ill-natured people; and when Amy Renwick presently ran away from her father's house and married a man of whom all her friends disapproved, there was no lack of censorious tongues to say that Mrs. Renwick was at the bottom of it, and was doubtless glad enough to be rid of a handsome, grown-up step-daughter. That Mr. Renwick was too much taken up with the new wife to remember the old wife's daughter, all the world declared; for he had banished her from his heart forever, and would not hear her name mentioned by his most intimate friends. But none knew, or indeed would have believed, how Mrs. Renwick grieved over her step-daughter's flight, and unjustly blamed herself as having been the possible cause.

She sought in vain to soften the stern father's heart towards his disobedient daughter; and when she saw that even her entreaties and tears failed to move him, she gave up, knowing well that all other means were hopeless.

From time to time she heard of her step-daughter, and from her own ample allowance, she was always ready to give generously, but the girl was stubborn and proud like her father, and it was difficult at times to assist her in such a way as she was willing to accept. Then Mr. Renwick took his wife abroad with him, and in the period of their absence it was impossible for Mrs. Renwick to keep trace of Amy, whose silly pride prevented her from responding to her step-mother's kindness in the same spirit in which it was offered.

Mrs. Renwick, returning with her husband to New York after an absence of two years in Europe, learned that Amy and her worthless husband were both dead, having fallen the victims to a prevailing epidemic the second winter after their runaway marriage.

Mrs. Renwick broke the news to her husband, but she could scarcely tell how it affected him, for he heard her with coldness and silence.

Amy Walters had left one child—a girl—little more than an infant; and Mrs. Renwick, who would gladly have adopted it and reared it as her own, could gain no trace of it. Mrs. Renwick had no children, and the desire to discover and adopt the dead Amy's child was becoming a mania with her. Mr. Renwick began to feel alarmed about his fair wife; for she was as good as she was lovely, and his passion for her was quite justified by her merits. He begged her to tell him what it was that troubled her; and at length she feared to tell him all, yet Mrs. Renwick ventured to confess a part of her grief.

"You know, my dear husband," she said, a little tremulously, and blushing very much, "how I love children, and since Heaven has not given us any, I have been thinking that perhaps it is because there are so many in the world who have no homes and no mothers. If every rich and childless woman were to adopt one of the poor little waifs with which our streets are filled, how much misery and crime might be prevented, and how much happiness might be conferred upon those who never knew it before."

This was quite a long speech for Mrs. Renwick, and it was made with considerable haste, too, and somewhat as if she expected to be interrupted before reaching the end. But she need not have feared. Mr. Renwick heard her in silence; and would have kept silence much longer if she had continued speaking. And when his eyes met hers his look softened, and he smiled gently on her, for she really looked like a woman who ought to have children to care for—so fair, so sweet, so pitiful, loving, sympathetic face, no child could look upon it except with love and confidence.

"And so you want to adopt a child, my pet? Bless your tender little heart! Adopt a dozen if you like—have a special private founding hospital of your own—only don't worry me about them, beyond drawing on me for as much money as you please. To that extent I give you my carte blanche."

People called Mr. Renwick a stern, hard man—as indeed he was; but his wife heard such comments regarding him with unfeigned surprise, for never—except in the matter of his daughter's mar-

riage—had she known him to be anything but kind and gentle. The permission which he so lavishly accorded her, gave her genuine delight, and clinging her arms about his neck, she thanked him again and again. And the worldly man of business, who away from her never thought of anything else but dollars, felt himself sufficiently repaid by her embrace.

It was now five years since Amy Walters died, and Mrs. Renwick judged that the child she was in quest of must be about six years old. She was not quite conscious of it, but she always sought for children of that age, and always for girls, having quite made up her mind to adopt some child, although she feared that her search for Amy's child would never be successful. Many were the little wanderers whom she clothed and fed and for whom she provided comfortable homes.

A rich woman with money enough and the will to do it, can open many doors to the homeless and friendless, and Mrs. Renwick's means and will were equally good. More than once she had almost decided on the adoption of some little girl; but her heart cried out for the one she was in search of, and bade her wait a little longer. So she found protectors for the little ones she was interested in, and waited, hoping against hope for the one Fate seemed to ordain for her. She persuaded herself that she was destined to find the child of Henry Walters; and morning and evening she prayed it might be so. In this way two years passed, and Mrs. Renwick's sweet face and generous hand were well known in the haunts of misery, squalor and disease with which the city was filled.

Christmas time approached. This was of all the year the busiest season with Mrs. Renwick; for at that time she found more cold and shivering little children abroad than at any other time, and scores of the poor creatures had come to regard her as the good fairy, which even the most wretched of children have heard about.

It was the day before Christmas, and Mrs. Renwick was hurrying along Broadway, having dismissed her carriage, in order that she might be obliged to walk for exercise; like all rich women, driving everywhere, if only for a block, had become so much a habit, that she indulged in it unconsciously. For the first time in months, she had forgotten for the moment, her little waifs, and the especial desire of her heart. She was preparing a Christmas surprise for her husband, and was quite absorbed in the subject.

"Please give me a penny!" It was such a pathetic little voice and so soft and sweet, scarcely above a whisper, and Mrs. Renwick didn't hear it. The child put out a little hand and caught her dress, and then finding it such a rich and handsome dress, held it tightly and pulled it as the wearer hurried past. Mrs. Renwick stopped and looked down at the little mite beside her, not in anger, but so gently that the child said again shyly, and losing her hold of the dress, but looking up with confident expression:

"Please give me a penny?" That glance thrilled Mrs. Renwick to the core of her heart, for it came from a pair of great, soft brown eyes, such as she had sought for in vain for almost seven years. She felt that her search was ended, and she answered the child's request before asking her name.

"What do you want of a penny?" she said. "I don't know. Old Bess said I must ask every lady I saw to give me a penny. Ah, there's another. Please give me a penny?"

A slowly dressed woman turned and frowned on the child; and Mrs. Renwick with a smile, said:

"You mustn't ask any more people for pennies. I will give you all the pennies you need."

"O, will you? How nice! I'm so glad; because, ma'am, I didn't like asking, but old Bess said she'd beat me if I didn't; and I never was beat—Jack never let any one touch me."

Mrs. Renwick silently thanked heaven that the child had not been accustomed to ill usage, for it was to be seen at a glance that she was not one of the miserable abused little ones she had feared to find her. She asked only a couple of questions more.

"How many pennies have you for old Bess?" The child unclosed the fingers of a slender, delicate but dirty little hand, and showed a small collection of pennies—about half a dozen.

"What is your name, little one?" "Amy Walters."

Mrs. Renwick felt that the child had echoed the name her own lips would have spoken; but it was such a joyous assurance that she had found the little stray one at last, that she caught her in her arms, and covered the dirty little face with kisses, much to the scandal of the elegant passers by.

Mrs. Renwick soon realized that she was attracting an unpleasant degree of attention, and signalling the nearest carriage, she lifted little Amy into it, then, from the child's rather unintelligible description, started in search of the place she called home.

It was not easily found, but the carriage driver, spurred to his best efforts by the promise of a liberal reward, was at last successful. It was a long drive, however, and before it came to an end, Mrs. Renwick had learned all that the child knew of her own history. She had been brought up since she could remember in the house of the woman whom she called old Bess, but had been the special charge of Jack, the old woman's grandson.

Jack had received little Amy from her mother, who died in old Bess's house, her father having died in the hospital a week before.

Amy knew nothing of her mother except that she bore her name; and indeed, that was all Jack knew—dear old Jack, good old Jack—who had always been so kind; and he called her his little girl, and took such care of her. But he was gone to sea, and old Bess said she "must make enough money somehow to pay for her keep."

Mrs. Renwick's thankfulness to heaven, that she had found the little one in time to save her from want and sorrow was deep and fervent.

Old Bess, when at last found, in a miserable room of a rickety tenement house, turned out to be rheumatic and bedridden, but with a decided tendency to drink. Jack's mother, who lived in another part of the house, "looked after her," and "kept an eye on little Amy." Mrs. Renwick found them quite willing to part with the child, for a "consideration," which she afforded to such a liberal extent, that both women voluntarily gave her all the information regarding Amy's parents which they possessed. It was meagre enough, but served as further proof that the little girl was Mrs. Renwick's grand-daughter. A letter without any address was also given to Mrs. Renwick by Jack's mother. It contained Amy Renwick's certificate of marriage, and also the date of little Amy's birth and baptism. An unfinished letter in Mrs. Walters' handwriting was enclosed, but owing to the letter having no address upon it, the people who had cared for the orphan, were unable to use it.

Mrs. Renwick was a joyful woman when she took her little treasure home with her; and Amy turned out to be a beautiful child, under the renovating process of bathing and new, fresh and pretty clothes. Her extreme resemblance to the dead mother, troubled Mrs. Renwick somewhat, for she feared it would betray her parentage and cause trouble with Mr. Renwick. She had no fear of finally overcoming his objections, but she hesitated the child to be established in the house first.

Her name was a serious object of debate in the lady's mind; but happily, she found from her baptismal record that she had a second name—Rose—and the child took a great liking to the new name, it was so pretty, dropping her old name in favor of it entirely.

Mr. Renwick took so little notice of children, that Christmas passed, and many weeks passed before he once looked at little Rose closely enough to have known her again in the street if he had met her there; and his wife saw with great delight, that although he had gone so far as to compliment her on her choice, he really had not noticed the child's looks at all.

Christmas time came again, and Mr. Renwick acknowledged Rose's existence so far as to give her a magnificent Christmas tree laden with handsome presents. The little girl's delighted gratitude was so vociferous as to attract more than his ordinary attention, and a look of sudden remembrance and recognition flashed from his eyes, but he said nothing, and Mrs. Renwick was careful to avoid all remark that might lead to any questions concerning Rose.

Several years passed, and Rose had grown into a tall and beautiful girl—so like her mother, that Mrs. Renwick marvelled if it could be possible her husband did not see the resemblance. She began to wish that he would question her, for her guiltless nature was so averse to deceit of any kind, that she often felt like a hypocrite, notwithstanding the purity of her motives.

Christmas time once more! A glorious clear night it was that ushered in the Christmas day. The keen, frosty air had blown brilliant roses into Mrs. Renwick's cheeks, and her husband complimented her beauty and the youthfulness of her appearance, as she came after dinner and sat down beside him, telling him of the many pleasures she had prepared for her various proteges, to gladden their young hearts on the morrow.

"And Rose?" asked Mr. Renwick, holding his wife's hand and gently caressing it.

"Rose is not forgotten, dear husband, be sure."

Presently, he turned and took her in his arms.

"My own sweet wife," he said, "you have conquered me in spite of myself. But not even you, ever dreamed of the heart-break Amy's marriage was to me. I hoped so much from her—I built all my future life on her till I met you; and my first thoughts of you, were prompted by the hope of your companionship for my daughter. Well, we will try once more. Under your guidance, Rose cannot fail to grow up into the woman I vainly hoped my Amy might have been. My own best of wives, ten thousand thanks for the Christmas gift you have given me this year."

Mr. Editor—Have you not often thought how apt we are to forget the intelligence, virtue and excellence of those who have gone before us? How many there are now who think the past an age of ignorance and vice, Lord Bacon a fool, Lord Chesterfield an ill-mannered man, Sir Isaac Newton a visionary, Kepler, and the theory of his laws of the solar system, but little speculation, Benjamin Franklin an old fogey, trying to catch lightning with a kite string, Robert Fulton's steam invention a little more novel than the movements of a hand cart, Prof. Morse a shade wiser than the rest of mankind, but his discoveries of less value than some nostrum to paint the face and robe native of grey hairs, the cotton gin only half as useful as Holland gin, to read novels and play croquet the greatest good for the greatest number, the wonders of the ocean, the wonderful, fine watering places, the butterfly of fashion more beautiful than the revelations of science. With one or two important exceptions, the greatest discoveries in natural science, astronomy and fine arts have been unfolded in the past. Sculpture is less beautiful and imposing now than in the age of Greece. Paintings of to-day have no attractions like those of the old masters, even if the specimens be exhumed after exclusion of 2000 years in the crumbling ruins of buried cities. The genius of to-day can only retouch the pristine beauty that the mould of age has dimmed, and in vain study the wonderful combinations and marvelous colors, both mysterious and unadorned.

The Pyramids of Egypt, the monuments of Greece, and the shafts of Rome, show the power of mechanism and the skill of countless numbers. The temple of Solomon, in wealth and magnificence finds no rival in the world of to-day. The gates and walls of fallen cities, equal in magnitude the turrets and grades that now mark our distant States. So of music, more enchanting 3000 years ago, than the Psalmist lifted the soul to Heaven. And the music of Memnon greeted the rising sun with sweetest sounds; the songs of our churches with notes that those who have gone to rest.

Demosthenes and Cicero shall live when Webster and Clay are unremembered; Pitt, Burke, Fox and Sheridan have a brighter record than any British statesman of this age. Our own Washington, Adams and Hancock, models of patriotism and integrity, far in advance of their successors; the poetry of great Homer forever read, and the "morning star" Chaucer, whose rhymes lighted England when the rest of Europe was dark. Milton, Cowper, Pope and a score more, whose gifted verses are yet unexcelled Shakespeare, turned to dust, has left his immortal plays, memorials of a nature so comprehensive, clothed in language so expressive, that admiration will forever proclaim his name. In history, Herodotus, the father of profane, Josephus of sacred, Rollins of ancient, and Tytler of universal, Hallams, Middlemarch, Gibbons, Rome, Smollett and Goldsmith have well written of the rise and fall of nations upon the pathway of time. A few more stars have been discovered in this generation, and the laws of planetary revolutions better defined; but no great advances have been made in the knowledge of the heavens. The mystery of the earth in its early creation, is now better understood than in the past. Geology has established its great age and shown it not inconsistent with bible doctrine of man's existence. The world has undergone many changes, each wider in space of time than the 6000 years so long believed to be its age. Science has conclusively established that the materials of the earth have passed through great and fearful changes before man's existence, of fluids and solids, of heat and cold, of darkness and light; that it was "void and without form," in the millions of years ago, and that the goodness and wisdom of God has by successive changes fitted it for the abode of man. No fact in mathematics is better established than the great age of the earth and its remarkable transformation, while no good evidence has been furnished of man's existence but a few thousand years as an intelligent and responsible being. If the Darwin theory be admitted that man has risen from the lowest order of animal creation, to his present condition, the age of man as a fish, reptile or animal, is immense, for Geology certainly has proved that all these have been found in the bowels of the earth, beneath, and before changes have taken place, which could not have taken place in tens of thousands of years. This Darwin theory has recently been met with the stubborn fact, that though man and animals have life, breath and circulation in common, there is no sympathy or connection in the power of language between the two. It has not, and cannot be proved, as the animal advanced towards the man, that it at any stage possessed the feeblest trace of human language, or a higher order of intellect than its earliest order of species; until this is established, the obnoxious theory must fall.

One of the most remarkable men of this or any other age is Prof. Agassiz. In the science of zoology he is a wonder;

so intuitive and thorough is his knowledge, that carry him the shell of an egg, the bone of an animal, or the scale of a fish, he will tell the exact species to which each belonged, if the species is now in existence on the globe, if extinct, the exact period in its history it had an existence, and as much of its past history and organization as it was of his own creation.

VIOTOR.

IMPROVEMENT OF THE TROTTERING TURF. Pool-selling, which is simply a fascinating form of gambling, is an injury to the turf, and the sooner the associations set their faces against it the better it will be for them. It is demoralizing, leads to many a struggle, and tempts one to stoop to fraud. The pool-selling and the associations turn men into the evil of making pool-selling prominent on the course, and they are working for its overthrow. The revolution is sure to come, and after the revolution thousands will pass through the gates of our trotting parks who now stand aloof. The progressive turf managers also recognize the importance of cultivating the social feature of sport. Where pure-bred woman goes, order and gentility reign. Amasa Sprague made the first attempt to develop the social side of the trotting turf. At Providence he built trout Narragansett Park, and then the rustic of silks and satins were heard in the elegant retiring rooms and in the aisles of the imposing grand stand. Prospect Park on Long Island within sound of the ever restless waves of the sea, came next, its proprietors and managers being many of the foremost men of Brooklyn. The club house is a model of beauty and elegance. The social feature is gradually being made prominent at all our trotting parks. Trotting is anything but a beggarly sport. The purses hung up for competition during the season of 1873 will amount to many hundreds of thousands of dollars. The Buffalo Park Association alone gives \$70,000 for a single meeting; Utica, New York, \$40,000; Springfield, Massachusetts, \$40,000; and Chicago, \$40,000. The wealth invested in trotting horses and trotting parks is immense. A horse of first class speed is gradually being made prominent at all our trotting parks. Trotting is anything but a beggarly sport. The purses hung up for competition during the season of 1873 will amount to many hundreds of thousands of dollars. The Buffalo Park Association alone gives \$70,000 for a single meeting; Utica, New York, \$40,000; Springfield, Massachusetts, \$40,000; and Chicago, \$40,000. The wealth invested in trotting horses and trotting parks is immense. A horse of first class speed is gradually being made prominent at all our trotting parks. Trotting is anything but a beggarly sport. The purses hung up for competition during the season of 1873 will amount to many hundreds of thousands of dollars. The Buffalo Park Association alone gives \$70,000 for a single meeting; Utica, New York, \$40,000; Springfield, Massachusetts, \$40,000; and Chicago, \$40,000. The wealth invested in trotting horses and trotting parks is immense. A horse of first class speed is gradually being made prominent at all our trotting parks. Trotting is anything but a beggarly sport. The purses hung up for competition during the season of 1873 will amount to many hundreds of thousands of dollars. The Buffalo Park Association alone gives \$70,000 for a single meeting; Utica, New York, \$40,000; Springfield, Massachusetts, \$40,000; and Chicago, \$40,000. The wealth invested in trotting horses and trotting parks is immense. A horse of first class speed is gradually being made prominent at all our trotting parks. Trotting is anything but a beggarly sport. The purses hung up for competition during the season of 1873 will amount to many hundreds of thousands of dollars. The Buffalo Park Association alone gives \$70,000 for a single meeting; Utica, New York, \$40,000; Springfield, Massachusetts, \$40,000; and Chicago, \$40,000. The wealth invested in trotting horses and trotting parks is immense. A horse of first class speed is gradually being made prominent at all our trotting parks. Trotting is anything but a beggarly sport. The purses hung up for competition during the season of 1873 will amount to many hundreds of thousands of dollars. The Buffalo Park Association alone gives \$70,000 for a single meeting; Utica, New York, \$40,000; Springfield, Massachusetts, \$40,000; and Chicago, \$40,000. The wealth invested in trotting horses and trotting parks is immense. A horse of first class speed is gradually being made prominent at all our trotting parks. Trotting is anything but a beggarly sport. The purses hung up for competition during the season of 1873 will amount to many hundreds of thousands of dollars. The Buffalo Park Association alone gives \$70,000 for a single meeting; Utica, New York, \$40,000; Springfield, Massachusetts, \$40,000; and Chicago, \$40,000. The wealth invested in trotting horses and trotting parks is immense. A horse of first class speed is gradually being made prominent at all our trotting parks. Trotting is anything but a beggarly sport. The purses hung up for competition







washing, and on going to the wash room found to her surprise, that the large copper boiler which was filled with water the night before was gone. The thief had taken out the water and filled the tubs; a good thief that. Mr. Madden lives on Lake street.

Tuesday night the thieves visited the premises of Albert Winn on Summer street, and breaking into his wash house, took down the brick work around a large copper boiler, which cost about \$80, and made off with it without disturbing any one that night locality.

Mr. Marcus Morton's house on Pleasant street was visited and broken into on Tuesday night; but the thieves had no compassion on Marcus and did not take anything, probably becoming frightened at something.

The four have to report to be located near the ice-houses on a new street. It is a house belonging to Addison Brooks. It was entered Tuesday and stripped of gas fixtures, lead pipe, etc., etc.

Post Office. The following has been received by F. S. Fowle, P. M.: P. O. DEPT. MONEY ORDER OFFICE, Washington D. C., Aug. 25, 1873.

Sir—Your request that Arlington, Mass. be made a money order office will be granted when the annual list of such offices for 1874 is issued. This will be on or about July 1st, 1874.

Very respectfully,  
D. HAYNES, Acting Supt.

DECEASED.

SUDDEN.—Mr. William McKee, who has been employed at Bedford, died suddenly Aug. 22nd, at the house of Mrs. Jonathan Lane, where he boarded. He retired at eight o'clock in the evening apparently in good health, and in an hour he was found dead. Some time he had been subject to heart disease and it is supposed his death was caused by this.

Mr. McKee was aged 54 years.

The plank which was put into the drain to keep the banks in place has been washed out and is now floating on the water, suggesting the idea of lumberjacks. A view of the premises between Hancock and Bedford streets, leads us to think that the ditch dug by the R. R. Co. would have drained the meadows sufficiently. However, we will wait and see. We hope to be convinced that the present movement is a good one, for it will cost enough to render it very dear to every one.

REMARK.—We remember that in a speech made by one of our citizens previous to the erection of the Town House, the future of the town was drawn in fine colors. We forgot how large we were to be, but we remember that when the Town House was built and the R. R. was extended, our individual and collective fortunes were made. The R. R. was to be the through freight line from Lake Ontario to Boston. We little thought this would ever be true, but the revelations of the past week show signs of partial fulfillment. We have the Town House, and the R. R. is extended. How about the fortunes?

DEPORT.—Workmen commenced in earnest upon the depot Monday morning of this week. Brick walls are being built under the wooden walls and the dividing partition. An addition of 75 feet will be built upon the lower end of the depot and this with about 20 or 25 feet of the present front half will be used for freight purposes. The rear half will be used only for passenger track and platform. The balance of the front half will be occupied by two waiting-rooms, Superintendent's office and ticket office. Doors from each waiting-room will open upon the platform, which will extend from the partition to the track. The whole structure is to be well improved and painted. With these improvements our depot will be a more cheerful appearance, and patrons will be better accommodated.

SCHOOL MATTERS.—The public schools begin their sessions on Monday next. The extension of the Hancock school House, to which we referred in a recent issue is now completed, and the little piece of the primary school which gathered there on Monday morning will find a large and cheerful room in place of the contracted and dismal apartment to which they have been accustomed. The new room is heated by a furnace, is well ventilated, and with its new furniture, hard wood floor, black boards, extending around the walls, etc. it certainly is very attractive.

The committee seem to be making especial effort to improve the primary schools, and we desire to remind parents of their suggestions in the School Regulations that the term beginning in September is the starting point in the course of instruction. New classes are formed at this time and at no other during the year. On Monday next a new alphabet class will be formed and parents who expect to send their little ones at any time during the year for their education, should be prepared to do so. The other of the advanced classes should not fail to have them begin then.

The course of instruction for the primary schools seems to be excellent. Every scholar is taught to read music and sing by note; drawing is introduced to every day; even the youngest pupil is taught to print and write letters, words and sentences as fast as they are learned; and the exercises throughout the day are so varied so as to exercise the mind over fifteen minutes—that is rather a pleasure than a task for the little ones to be in the school room.

CHOLERA AND PAIN KILLER.—The efficacy of Perry Davis's world renowned pain killer in all diseases of the bowels, even in that terrible scourge, the Asiatic cholera, has been amply tested by the most convincing authority. Missionaries in China and India have written home in commendation of this remedy in terms that should carry conviction to the most skeptical, while its popularity in communities nearer home, is ample proof that the virtues claimed for it are real and tangible. Among the so-called family medicines, it stands unrivalled in the good opinion it has evoked from patrons of all conditions and degrees.—Boston Courier.

**Wanted!**  
Died. Name and age inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.  
In Woburn, Aug. 25, Mildred G., daughter of J. G. and Emma S. Chapman, of Cambridgeport, aged 3 years, 1 month, 27 days.  
In East Lexington, Aug. 24, Little W. Pratt, aged 29 years, 1 month, 10 days.  
In Winchester, Aug. 26, William W., son of Cyrrus W. and L. E. Blood, aged 11 months.  
In Woburn, Aug. 27, Samuel H. Thiel, aged 2 years, 1 month, 10 days.  
In North Woburn, Saturday afternoon, at 7 o'clock, John H. Thiel, aged 1 year, 1 month, 10 days.  
In East Lexington, Aug. 21, Alice B. Jones, aged 1 year, 1 month, 10 days.  
In East Lexington, Aug. 25, John Harrington, aged 1 year, 1 month, 10 days.  
In East Lexington, Aug. 25, John Stearns, aged 1 year, 1 month, 10 days.  
In East Lexington, Aug. 24, Anna Merriam, aged 1 year, 1 month, 10 days.  
In Bedford, Aug. 23, Wm. McKee, aged 54 years, 1 month, 10 days.

**Special Notices.**  
**SCHOLARS' NOTICE.**  
All scholars and teachers belonging to the Woburn street schools, are requested to assemble at the Union street school-house, on Monday, Sept. 1st, at 10 o'clock, for the purpose of electing a committee to prepare a list of names for the year 1874.  
E. H. DAVIS,  
Supt. of Schools.

**NOTICE.**  
The annual meeting of the Woburn Lyceum Hall Association will be held at the directors room of the First National Bank, in Woburn, on Tuesday, the 24th day of September, next, at 7 o'clock, P. M. to choose officers for said Association for the ensuing year, and to transact all other business as may legally come before said meeting.  
HORACE COLLOMBE, Clerk.  
Woburn, August 26th, 1873.

**TEA**  
Was introduced into Europe by the Dutch East India Co., about the year 1500. Tea, Coffee and Chocolate are first mentioned in English Law-Books in 1660.

**DON'T BUY**  
Your TEAS put up in cans, but go to

**SMITH'S**  
and get the BEST, and see what you are buying.

**COFFEE**  
put up in CANS loses its strength and aroma. We grind it fresh and have it roasted twice a week. We sell CHEAPER than parties who take BOSTON agencies, as we pay no commission of 25 per cent. agents for agents for agents. We buy only of importers, and we can and will sell at lower prices than can be found elsewhere.

Make no mistake, but go to  
**H. F. SMITH'S**  
Woburn Tea Store,  
190 Main St., Woburn.

**FOR SALE.**  
The lot of land, corner of Main and Everett Sts., containing about 6,000 feet. Also, a lot of doors, blinds, desks and drawers. Inquire of  
JOSEPH KELLEY.

**F. J. Culbert,**  
**PLUMBER,**  
No. 200 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

**THE BEST QUALITY OF PLUMBING MATERIALS AND DRAIN PIPE** kept always on hand.

**The Best Music Books** for High and Grammar Schools.  
**THE HOUR OF SINGING.**  
BY L. O. EMERSON AND W. S. TILDEN.

This High School Singing Book is admirably fitted for use in all schools, containing a good elementary course and a large quantity of the best vocal music, well arranged in two, three and four parts. It is bound in the most durable and practical manner.

**CHEERFUL VOICES.**  
BY L. O. EMERSON.  
The new, sprightly, and very musical Common School Song Book, is by a gentleman who "hits the mark every time," and never fails in satisfying the musical taste of the people. Of his previous work, "The Hour of Singing," has been sold 300,000 copies.

Any book published by Dutton & Co. will be sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of retail price.  
OLIVER DUTTON & CO., 109 N. Y.

**BUY THE**  
**BOSTON**  
**DAILY**  
**GLOBE,**

THE BEST PAPER IN BOSTON OR NEW ENGLAND.  
**Pensioner's Notice.**  
Pensioners are reminded that a surgical examination is required by government, previous to the next payment. The subscriber will be found at his office, on Church street, Winchester, on and after September 1st, for the purpose of examining applicants.  
A. CHAPIN,  
Examining Surgeon.

**JOHN C. BUCK,**  
TEACHER OF  
**PIANO-FORTE & REED ORGAN**  
AT GREEN'S MUSIC STORE,  
NO. 6 RAILROAD STREET,  
WOBBURN.

**MRS. LAMB,**  
Would announce to the LADIES of Woburn that she is prepared to do  
**DRESS AND CLOAK MAKING.**  
In the most fashionable style at her residence, No. 12 Salem street. Satisfaction guaranteed.  
MRS. LAMB.

**STEPHEN H. CUTTER,**  
**Bill Poster & Distributor.**  
Office, 150 Main Street,  
WOBBURN, MASS.

Orders received by mail, or left at the Journal Office, will be promptly attended to.

**FOR SALE!**  
In North Woburn,  
This Estate of the late Cyrus Thompson, consisting of a valuable house and about three acres of land, situated on Main and Elm streets. The house contains twelve rooms, and is well adapted for two tenements. If not sold by Sept. 1st, it will be sold by the Court. For further information inquire of JONATHAN THOMPSON, 144 Main street, Woburn.

**WANTED!**  
A situation as seamstress or dressmaker, by a young woman of respectability.  
Apply at the house of GEO. H. BALDWIN, ELM Street, No. Woburn.

## Woburn By-Laws.

**COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.**  
MIDDLESEX, ss.  
At the Superior Court begun and holden at Cambridge, within and for the County of Middlesex, on the 27th day of August, 1873, the following By-Laws of the Town of Woburn, in said County, are presented to the Court for approval, to wit:

**ARTICLE I.**  
SECTION 1.—That the Annual Town Meeting for the choice of Town officers and other purposes, shall be held on the first Monday in April in each year.

**ARTICLE II.**  
SECTION 1.—That the Town Treasurer shall be chosen at a town meeting, to be held on the first Monday in April in each year, and shall hold office for one year, and until his successor is chosen.

**ARTICLE III.**  
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## G. R. GAGE & CO.

**130 Main Street, Woburn.**  
**PLUMBERS.**  
Gas and Water Pipe Fitters,  
Rubber Hoses, Pipes and Sprinklers,  
Asphaltum, Galvanized  
Iron, Portland Cement,  
Soil, Iron and Lead  
Pipes, Copper  
Boilers, Bath  
Tubs, Faucets,  
etc., etc.

**Merchant Tailors.**  
Suits, Coats, Vests, Pants,  
etc., etc.

**171 Main Street,**  
**WOBBURN.**

**WARREN ACADEMY.**  
**WOBBURN, MASS.**  
This Institution has been organized on a new plan, and will be opened on the 1st of September, 1873.

**SCIENTIFIC SCHOOL.**  
SEPTEMBER 8, 1873.  
UNDER THE DIRECTION OF  
L. S. BURBANK, A. M., PRINCIPAL.

**THE ISABEL C. TENNEY.**  
Former teacher in Framingham and Salem Normal Schools, Teacher of Language and Literature.

**MR. FRANK E. MOORE.**  
Instructor in Mechanical Drawing at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

This School is intended to give a thorough practical course of instruction in the English, Latin and Modern Languages, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Natural Science, and also in the various branches of the Mechanical Arts.

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SECTION 1.—That the Town Treasurer shall be chosen at a town meeting, to be held on the first Monday in April in each year, and shall hold office for one year, and until his successor is chosen.

## BUEL & FLINT,

**130 Main Street, Woburn.**  
**PLUMBERS.**  
Gas and Water Pipe Fitters,  
Rubber Hoses, Pipes and Sprinklers,  
Asphaltum, Galvanized  
Iron, Portland Cement,  
Soil, Iron and Lead  
Pipes, Copper  
Boilers, Bath  
Tubs, Faucets,  
etc., etc.

**Merchant Tailors.**  
Suits, Coats, Vests, Pants,  
etc., etc.

**171 Main Street,**  
**WOBBURN.**

**WARREN ACADEMY.**  
**WOBBURN, MASS.**  
This Institution has been organized on a new plan, and will be opened on the 1st of September, 1873.

**SCIENTIFIC SCHOOL.**  
SEPTEMBER 8, 1873.  
UNDER THE DIRECTION OF  
L. S. BURBANK, A. M., PRINCIPAL.

**THE ISABEL C. TENNEY.**  
Former teacher in Framingham and Salem Normal Schools, Teacher of Language and Literature.

**MR. FRANK E. MOORE.**  
Instructor in Mechanical Drawing at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

This School is intended to give a thorough practical course of instruction in the English, Latin and Modern Languages, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Natural Science, and also in the various branches of the Mechanical Arts.

**ARTICLE I.**  
SECTION 1.—That the Town Treasurer shall be chosen at a town meeting, to be held on the first Monday in April in each year, and shall hold office for one year, and until his successor is chosen.

**ARTICLE II.**  
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**ARTICLE VIII.**  
SECTION 1.—That the Town Treasurer shall be chosen at a town meeting,



The Russian government a space of ten years in which either to emigrate or adopt wholly the Russian spirit and ways. After that time if they remain they must be content to lose themselves in the general level of Russian subjects, and the enjoyment of no isolation or special privileges of any kind. Notwithstanding the announcement of the government that any of this sect are at liberty to emigrate at any time within the prescribed ten years, the body which arrived Saturday had considerable difficulty in getting permission to leave the country. Only after repeated applications to provincial governors, to the governor-general, and finally to the minister at St. Petersburg, were they allowed to go. They start at noon for Kansas, where lands have been secured for them. Their first thought was towards Canada, as the English government promised them immunity from military service, but the greater fertility of American western lands and the attractions of republican government determined their choice. The members of the company are sturdy, well-to-do folk, with considerable money obtained by their earnings and the sale of their Crimean property. They are good husbandmen, and will form a valuable element of western thrift.

**What Shall We Do With Our Boys?**  
It is as impossible to "make" a chemist, or an engineer, or a naturalist of a boy if he has no taste or aptness for those studies, as to make a poet out of a digger Indian. It is no unusual circumstance for parents who have boys just entering upon manhood, to come to us desiring counsel in regard to placing them in a chemical laboratory, that they may "learn the trade," as to their eyes the business seems remunerative. They have no special genius, no training in preparatory studies, no decided leaning towards chemical manipulation or research, but the desire is to have them "made" into chemists. There is a mistaken idea, common with parents, that their children are as well adapted to one employment as another, and that they only need opportunities to learn regarding this pursuit or that, to become proficient and rise to eminence. More than half the sad failures so commonly observed, are due to being forced into the wrong road in early life. Young men are forced into pulpits when they should be following the plough, forced into courts of law when they should be driving the planks in a carpenter's shop; forced into sick rooms as physicians, when they should be guiding a locomotive, or heading an exploring party in the Rocky Mountains; forced into industrial pursuits when they should be in the counting room or shop.

It is a wise provision of providence that nearly every boy born in the world has some peculiar distinctive capability, some aptness for a particular calling or pursuit; and if he is driven into channels contrary to its instincts and tastes, he is in antagonism with nature, and the odds are against him. One of the earliest and most anxious inquiries of parents should be directed to the discovery of the leaning of their children, and if they find that their boy, whom they earnestly desire shall adorn the bar or the pulpit, is persistently engaged in making toy ships, and wading in every puddle of water to test their sailing qualities; if he reads books of voyages, and when in a seaport, steals away to the wharves to visit ships and talk with sailors, it is certain that he is born for the sea. Fit him out with a sailor's rig, put him in the best possible position for rising to the honorable post of shipmaster, and you have discharged your duty. If on the other hand, he is logical, discriminating, keen, fond of whittling, planning, sawing, constructing, and neglects his studies, turn him over to a good carpenter to learn the trade. If he begins early to spend his pennies for sulphur, nitre, oil of vitriol, aquaforte, etc., if he uses such persistent experiment or that you fear he will kill himself or set your buildings on fire; if his pockets are full of abominable drugs, and his clothing so charged with the odor of stale eggs, that you refuse to admit him to the table at meal times, why the chances are that he is a "born" chemist, and it will be safe to start him off on some technical school for instruction.

The question is, not what we will make of our boys, but what positions are they manifestly designed to fill; in what direction does nature point as respects avocations or pursuits in which they will be in harmony with their capabilities and instincts? It is no use for us to repine and find fault at the supposed vulgar tastes of our boys. We must remember that no industrial calling is vulgar; every kind of labor is honorable; and it is far better to be distinguished as a first class cooper or peddler, than to live the contemptible life of a fifth-rate clergyman or lawyer.

There are thousands of boys born into the world possessing scarcely a trace of ambition. Such do not care for distinction, or even for wealth. If they can produce the humblest fare by constant toil, the aspirations of their boyhood, and subsequently of their manhood are fully met.

They are negative characters, happy with nothing, and suffer no elation or depression whether in sunshine or under a cloud. These boys, who often afford much mortification to ambitious parents, fill a most important niche in the world; in fact, the world could not do without them. They constitute the great army of men who build our railroads, tunnel our mountains, load and unload our ships, cut down our forests, and manipulate the great hot iron masses which come from our blast furnaces. Scold and fret us we may, we cannot alter the temperament or productivity of such boys. Nature is stronger than we are, and well it is for us that it is so. If our boys are born to live in this subordinate or humble position, we can hardly help it; we may hold them in a false position by the power of wealth, or strong controlling influences, but when these fail they fall at once to their place, in obedience to a law as irresistible as that which Newton discovered in the fall of the apple.

What shall we do with our boys? study to learn what they are capable of doing for themselves; aid them, encourage them to do well whatever work is suited to their natures. Regard every calling as honorable, the labor of every man honorably performed, and thus insure happiness and prosperity to our offspring.

*-Boston Journal of Chemistry.*

**IMPORTANT!**  
The question is often asked: Where can I get a good-fitting suit of clothes without going to Boston? The reply is,  
**Go to "Grant."**  
He is a thorough Artist in the line, and understands his Business and he employs  
**THE BEST WORKMEN**  
who understand the Art and the Mysteries of the trade; who alone are competent to make garments  
As they should be made.  
So if you want to get suited in any department of a  
**First-Class Tailoring Establishment**  
Call on  
**A. GRANT,**  
169 MAIN STREET  
WOBURN, MASS.  
If you want your DRUGS PURE and GENUINE, and your Roots and Herbs Fresh and of full Strength,  
PATRONIZE  
**FOSDICK & BUSBY,**  
APOTHECARIES,  
170 Main Street  
WOBURN.  
A fine assortment of Fancy Goods always on hand.  
Woburn Circulating Library  
New books added as soon as published.  
GEORGE F. FOSDICK, CHAS. H. BUSBY  
For Hardware or Tools  
CALL AT BULL'S BLOCK ON MAIN ST.  
**L. THOMPSON, JR.**  
**Chas. A. Smith**  
**DRY GOODS,**  
177 MAIN STREET, WOBBURN, MASS.  
**CENTRAL MARKET**  
151 Main St., Woburn.  
**B. F. WYER**  
keeps constantly on hand a full and fresh stock of  
**Beef, Pork & Mutton**  
ALL KINDS OF  
**SEASONABLE VEGETABLES**  
**Fruit and Game,**  
Canned Fruit, Preserves, and  
Relishes.  
and everything usually found in a  
**Meat and Vegetable Market**  
Grateful for past favors he hopes to merit the continuance, and to receive a fair share of patronage.  
**LOOK! LOOK!! LOOK!!!**  
into the  
**NEW DRY GOODS STORE**  
and see what a nice  
**BLACK ALPACCA**  
you can get for a little money  
also other  
**DRESS GOODS**  
AND  
**PRINTS**  
**McClure, Ross & Co.,**  
(Allen's Block.)  
123 Main Street Woburn  
**G.W. POLLOCK**  
Is prepared  
to do all sorts of upholstery work  
such as putting down Carpets  
putting up Curtains, Draperies  
&c., &c. Also, Hair, Husk and  
Excelsior Mattresses, made to  
order of the best material and  
by the best of workmen. Having  
served an apprenticeship at our  
trade, we understand it thoroughly  
in all its branches, and can  
warrant satisfaction at the  
lowest prices.  
Town Hall, Woburn, May 1  
1873.  
**WOOLEN CARPETS**  
As low as they can be bought anywhere, at  
WM. WOODBERRY'S,  
Opposite Common, Woburn.  
19

**JAMES BUEL & CO.,**  
**MACHINISTS,**  
Manufacturers of and Dealers in  
**Steam Engines,**  
**Bioles Snafing, Pulleys Mill Gears**  
And all kinds of Machine Work.  
**129 Main street, Woburn.**

Steam and Gas Piping done at short notice, and in the most satisfactory manner.  
Also keep constantly on hand a large assortment of Plate and Galvanized Iron Pipe, Brass and Iron Fittings, Bolts, Nut and Set Screws of all kinds, Copper, and Brass Wire, Rubber Springs, Clots and Patent Rubber Seat Valves, Check Valves, Steam and High Pressure Water Engine, Cast-iron, Metallic and Hemp Packing, Rubber Hose and Fittings, Belting and Lacings, Cotton and Woolen Waste, Emery Cloth, Machine Oil and Soap, and all kinds of Machinists' and Engineers' Supplies.

We are agents for the celebrated Coving Saws and Pat's Pumps, embracing more than 150 different styles, and also for the Blake Patent Steam Pump, the best in use. English Files, of all sizes, constantly on hand.

Particular attention paid to the fitting up of Faneries and Carving Shops, and to the manufacture of Leather Machinery.  
**JAMES BUEL JOHN R. FLINT.**  
Woburn, Mass. 24th, 1876.

**Oil Carpets.**  
The best assortment of Oil Carpets we ever had on record for sale at the old stand,  
**OPPOSITE THE COMMON.**  
**W. WOODBERRY.**  
**J. E. Littlefield & Sons**  
DEALERS IN  
**LUMBER,**  
Coal and Wood,  
Eastern, Western and Canada lumber of all kinds.  
**SHINGLES,**  
**Lapboards,**  
**Laths, Pickets,**  
**Conductors,**  
**Caps and Irons,**  
**Mouldings**  
for inside and outside finish.  
**TANNERS' and CURRIERS'**  
Yard & Hanging Sticks,  
Doors, Windows and Blinds,  
on hand and supplied to order at short notice.  
**RED and WHITE CEDAR POSTS**  
all lengths.  
**LEHIGH, LACKAWANNA**  
AND  
**Franklin Coal,**  
**Hard and Soft**  
**WOOD.**  
All of which will be sold at the LOWEST CASH prices, at  
**96 Main Street.**  
**F. J. Culbert,**  
**PLUMBER,**  
No. 6 Union Street, (Near corner Main Street,  
WOBBURN, MASS.  
—  
The best quality of PLUMBING MATERIALS and DRAIN PIPE kept always on hand.  
**DR. C. T. LANC'S**  
**Dental Rooms,**  
135 MAIN ST., WOBBURN,  
Opposite First Congregational Church.  
**POULTRY AND EGGS.**  
**B. F. COLEGATE,**  
prepared to supply Eggs for Setting, of all the common or fancy breeds of Hens.  
Also, for sale, trios of Buff and Partridge Cochins, Dark and Light Bramahs, Dominique, Plymouth Rocks, &c.  
**HENERY AT CUMMINGSVILLE**  
Woburn Mass.  
**JOHN A. ROUTELLE,**  
**GENEALOGIST**  
BANK BLOCK,  
173 MAIN STREET, WOBBURN.  
Genealogical and compiled, Family Records engrained, Diplomas filled out, Marriage Certificates written, &c.  
Office hours, Monday and Tuesday afternoons.  
An Evening School will be opened THURSDAY, Nov. 11, 1876, at 7 o'clock, P.M., and continue on Monday and Thursday evenings, for instruction in Bookkeeping and Penmanship. Terms for 12 lessons, in advance, \$2; for Penmanship, \$3 for Book-keeping.  
**SPRING STYLES!**  
We are now ready to show the Spring styles of Hats, make to measure, block, repair or make over OLD HATS to the present style at short notice.  
**J. W. HAMMOND,**  
181 Main Street.  
**Cure for Female Weakness.**  
**WITHOUT SUPPORTERS.** The best vegetable medicine yet known, an Indian recipe, containing no oil, humors, which is one cause of great suffering, making new blood, and strengthening the whole system. Three bottles will convince the most skeptical, brands will testify. Write for circular and testimonials. Inquire for Mrs. Belcher's Food Caps. Sold by Dr. J. M. Briggs. Price \$1, or 6 bottles \$5.  
**MRS. LINUS BELCHER, Randolph Mass.**  
Wholesale Agents,  
Gen. C. Goodwin & Co., 26 Market St.; Boston  
Giles & Potter, 170 Washington St.

**BOSTON AND LOWELL RAILROAD.**  
ON and AFTER MONDAY, November 13th, 1875, trains will leave as follows:  
Lowell, 7½, 8, 10 A.M.; 12 M.; 2:30, 4, 5, 6, P.M.  
Lowell, 7:30, 8:30, 9:30, 10:30 A.M.; 2:30, 4, 5, 6, P.M.  
North Andover, 7:15, 8:15, 9:15, 10:15 A.M.; 2:15, 3:15, 4:15, 5:15, 6:15, P.M.  
Wilmington, 7:10, 8:10, 9:10, 10:10 A.M.; 2:10, 3:10, 4:10, 5:10, 6:10, P.M.  
S. Wilmington, 7:10, 8:10, 9:10, 10:10 A.M.; 2:10, 3:10, 4:10, 5:10, 6:10, P.M.  
Woburn, 7:15, 8:15, 9:15, 10:15 A.M.; 2:15, 3:15, 4:15, 5:15, 6:15, P.M.  
Winchester, 6:45, 7, 7:15, 8:15, 9:15, 10:15 A.M.; 2:15, 3:15, 4:15, 5:15, 6:15, P.M.  
West Medford, 6:45, 7, 7:15, 8:15, 9:15, 10:15 A.M.; 2:15, 3:15, 4:15, 5:15, 6:15, P.M.  
College Hill, 6:45, 7, 7:15, 8:15, 9:15, 10:15 A.M.; 2:15, 3:15, 4:15, 5:15, 6:15, P.M.  
Trains FOR BOSTON LEAVE  
Lowell, 7:30, 8:30 A.M.; 12:15, 1:15, 2:15, 3:15, 4:15, 5:15, 6:15, P.M.  
Lowell, 7:30, 8:30 A.M.; 12:15, 1:15, 2:15, 3:15, 4:15, 5:15, 6:15, P.M.  
North Andover, 7:15, 8:15, 9:15, 10:15 A.M.; 2:15, 3:15, 4:15, 5:15, 6:15, P.M.  
Wilmington, 7:10, 8:10, 9:10, 10:10 A.M.; 2:10, 3:10, 4:10, 5:10, 6:10, P.M.  
S. Wilmington, 7:10, 8:10, 9:10, 10:10 A.M.; 2:10, 3:10, 4:10, 5:10, 6:10, P.M.  
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West Medford, 6:45, 7, 7:15, 8:15, 9:15, 10:15 A.M.; 2:15, 3:15, 4:15, 5:15, 6:15, P.M.  
College Hill, 6:45, 7, 7:15, 8:15, 9:15, 10:15 A.M.; 2:15, 3:15, 4:15, 5:15, 6:15, P.M.  
East Woburn, 6:45, 7, 7:15, 8:15, 9:15, 10:15 A.M.; 2:15, 3:15, 4:15, 5:15, 6:15, P.M.  
Winchester, 6:45, 7, 7:15, 8:15, 9:15, 10:15 A.M.; 2:15, 3:15, 4:15, 5:15, 6:15, P.M.  
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East Woburn, 6:45, 7, 7:15, 8:15, 9:15, 10:15 A.M.; 2:15, 3:15, 4:15, 5:15, 6:15, P.M.  
Winchester, 6:45, 7, 7:15,

**RUFUS PICKERING,**  
**REAL ESTATE AGENT,**  
CONVEYANCER, AUCTIONEER,  
AND COLLECTOR  
No. 2 WADE BLOCK,  
WOBURN, MASS. 81

**CHAS. HOWARD,**  
**Gravel Roofer.**  
Orders left with G. W. HOWARD, or at the  
JOURNAL OFFICE, Woburn. Also, orders ad-  
dressed to No. 120 Main Street, Charlestown,  
will receive prompt attention. 82

All work warranted satisfactory.

**JOSEPH B. McDONALD,**  
DEALER IN  
**Hard & Soft Coal,**  
WOOD, LIME AND CEMENT.  
ALSO  
A Large Assortment  
OF ALL KINDS OF  
**STEAM COAL**  
CONSTANTLY ON HAND.  
**Wood Sawing**  
**By Steam.**

The subscriber has a Circular Saw in operation  
At his Wood and Coal Yard.  
No. 93 Main Street.  
With which he is prepared to  
**SAW WOOD,**  
For his customers, and deliver it to them ready to  
the stove, at a slight advance upon the price of the  
wood. Customers are invited to call and examine  
the new improvement. 38

J. B. McDONALD.  
93 Main St., Woburn.

**ÆTHA INS. CO., HARTFORD, CONN.**  
INCORPORATED 1819.  
CAPITAL, \$2,000,000. CHARTER PERPETUAL.  
Losses paid in 51 years, \$2,000,000.  
Losses paid, in 16 months, \$2,000,000.  
Capital subscribed by stock holders since  
Dec. 1st, 1871, \$2,500,000.  
Assets at market value March 1, 1873, \$5,280,267.46  
**TRUSTEES—M.T. D.W. CO.** of Andover,  
now paying 40 per cent dividend.  
CITIZENS' INS. CO. of Brighton  
CAMBRIDGE INS. CO. of Cambridgeport.  
HOLYOKE INS. CO. of Salem  
SPRINGFIELD FIRE & MARINE INS. CO. of  
Springfield, Mass. Incorporated 1849. Charter  
perpetual, no Marine risks taken.  
Assets, Jan. 1st, 1873, \$1,070,742.01.  
All of the above are reliable Companies and have  
a large surplus.  
R. T. H. PUTTER, Agent, 7 Wade Block, 172  
Main street, Woburn, Mass. Office hours, 9 to 2 A.  
M.—7 to 8 P. M.

**PIANOS** Sold on easy monthly  
instalments. Purchaser will find it their in-  
terest to call before buy-  
ing elsewhere. 284

**HALLET & CURTIS,**  
339 Washington st., Boston

**CENTRAL HOUSE**  
**Livery, Hack and Boarding**  
**STABLE**  
212 MAIN STREET, WOBBURN.  
G. F. JONES, Proprietor  
**STRAW MATTINGS.**  
A large line of Straw Mattings, just received, and  
of sale at the lowest prices, by 8

**WM. WOODBERRY**  
**SAMUEL RINN,**  
**Fashionable Bootmaker,**  
139 Main Street  
Opposite the First Congregational Church,  
WOBBURN.  
Repairing in all its branches promptly and  
cheaply done. 11

**WILLIAM WINN,**  
**Auctioneer,**  
Burlington, - - - Mass.  
Sales of Real and Personal Estate at the JOURNAL  
Office, Woburn, promptly attended to. 12

**Dr. M. H. ALLEN**  
**DENTIST**  
127 Main St., Woburn,) Allen's Block.  
Sulphuric Ether and Nitrous Oxide Gas adminis-  
tered when desired.  
N. B.—Particular attention paid to filling teeth  
by saving the natural tooth.  
Teeth inserted on Gold, Silver and Rubber Plates.  
Teeth extracted without pain by the use of Ether and  
Nitrous Gas.  
WORK WARRANTED. 31

**RAILROAD MARKET.**  
**E. O. Soles,**  
Would thank all those who assisted in removing his  
stock on the evening of March 5th, and announce  
that he is re-established on 52

**RAIL ROAD, Cor. MAIN ts.**  
ON WHAT IS KNOWN AS  
**ROUNDY'S CORNER.**  
WHERE HE OFFERS  
**Meat & Provisions**  
OF ALL KINDS AT REASONABLE PRICES.  
\$5 to \$20 per doz. Apples washed! All climates of washing pro-  
cess, or better one, packing of cold, fresh choice beefsteak  
and pork for home usage, wholesale, or retail, from our  
factory.

**L. H. ALLEN,**  
**FUNERAL AND FURNISHING**  
**UNDERTAKER**  
**COFFIN WAREHOUSE,**  
Railroad st., near corner of Main  
WOBBURN.  
CASKETS AND COFFINS of various Styles and  
prices. ROBES in great variety. Also, CATHE-  
DRIC HABITS, and every article necessary  
for the burial of the dead furnished at a  
short notice.  
The attention of the public of this city and the neigh-  
boring towns is called to the fact that this is the  
only Coffin Manufacturer in the vicinity, and goods  
are furnished here at less than Boston prices, and  
delivered free of charge within ten miles.  
He likewise offers the new invention for preserv-  
ing bodies by cold air alone, without direct ap-  
plication of ice. When preserved by the cold air  
process, a glass reveals at any moment the features  
of the deceased, and the corpse will keep much longer  
than in the old way. I have a sufficient number of  
these preservers for Woburn and the neighborly  
towns.  
House with one or two horses, and Carriage  
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Residence, East Street, near Green.

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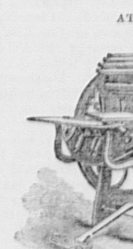
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No 51.

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**From time immemorial** has been the custom in Vienna, whenever the Emperor made a triumphal entry, for the architect of the cathedral to stand on the pinnacle of the highest tower and wave a banner high, while the procession passed; but Master Joss was still a young man, and such an exploit would have been quite as much out of his line as dancing on a tight rope.

It was therefore necessary for him to provide a substitute; and it never occurred to him that his intended son-in-law, who professed such devotion to his interests, and whose daily occupation obliged him to climb to dizzy heights, and stand on slender scaffolding, could possibly object to take his place.

What, then, was his chagrin and indignation when, on broaching the matter that afternoon to Master Otkar, he was met by a flat and not over courteous refusal: "The old man made a hasty reply; words ran high, and the parting volley, leveled at the retreating mason, we have already reported."

"Would you, dear Master Joss, would you indeed do so? Then, with the help of Providence, I'll wave the banner as long as you please from the top of St. Stephen's tower."

## Poetry.

### EARTH'S ANGELS.

I never saw an angel,  
Except the one in books;  
I've heard a million voices,  
Knows how an angel looks.  
We guess at something misty,  
With trailing wings of white,  
And garments strangely bright,  
And garments strangely bright.

But I believe earth's angels,  
Walk here in mortal guise,  
Though we discern but faintly  
Through heavy-lidded eyes,  
Or see them as they leave us here,  
Who walked beside us here,  
Because it lived so near.

I can remember angels  
Who seemed like common folks,  
Who wore old-fashioned bonnets,  
And faded winter coats;  
Who came when dire disaster  
Crowned their heads with pain,  
Or younger claimant crowded  
The dear maternal plan.

With errand arms wide open  
To take the weary in,  
With patient love to listen  
To childish want or sin,  
What better thing could angels  
For children sinners do,  
Than listen to their story,  
And bid them promise new?

I think of fresh air angels  
Upon whose faded hair  
There shone no crown of glory  
And yet the crown was there;  
When tender love, true-hearted,  
Forgave the wrongs it knew,  
And patient voice gave answer  
The days of trial through.

Ah, me! the childish angel  
Who seemed like common folk,  
Perchance I should not know him  
In mystic robes of white,  
He wears a schoolboy's jacket,  
And, and, and, and, and, and,  
And when we walked at twilight,  
His head against my knee.

There are dear mother-angels  
Whose robes of better glory  
Are daily being spun,  
With loving hands to guide us,  
With loving voice to cheer,  
Said I not well, earth angels  
Walk daily with us here?

## Selected.

### LOVE IN THE CLOUDS.

"And this is the fellow that wants to marry my daughter! A pretty fellow! I should be to give Annie to a coward like him!" So shouted Master Joss, the architect of the cathedral of Vienna, as he stood in the public room of the "Adam and Eve" inn, and looked after the angry, retreating figure of Master Otkar, the head mason.

As he spoke, an honest young gardener named Gabriel, entered; and for a moment the youth's handsome face flushed high, as he thought the architect's words were directed to him. For it was the old story. Gabriel and Annie had played together and loved each other before they knew the meaning of the word love; and when, a few months before, they had found it out, and Gabriel proposed to make Annie his wife, her father rejected him with scorn. The young gardener had little to offer besides an honest heart and a pair of industrious hands, while Master Otkar, the mason, had both houses and money. To him, then, solely against her will, was the pretty Annie promised; and poor Gabriel kept away from the architect's pleasant cottage, manfully endeavoring to root out his love, while exterminating the weeds in his garden. But, some how it happened that although the docks and thistles withered and died, that other perennial plant, clinging and twining like the wild convolvulus, grew and flourished, nurtured, perhaps, by an occasional distant glimpse of sweet Annie's pale cheek and drooping form.

So matters stood, when one day, as Gabriel was passing through a crowded street, a neighbor hailed him:

"Great news, my boy, glorious news! Our Leopold has been crowned Emperor at Frankfurt. Long live the house of Austria. He is to make his triumphal entry here in a day or two. Come with me to the 'Adam and Eve,' and we will drink his health and hear all about it."

In spite of his dejection, Gabriel would have been true son of Vienna, if he had refused this invitation; and waving his cap in sympathy with his comrade's enthusiasm, he hastened with him to the inn.

We have already seen how the sudden appearance and unexpected words of Master Joss met him on his entrance. In the height of his indignation the architect did not observe Gabriel, and continued in the same tone:

"I declare, I'll give this moment full and free permission to woo and win my daughter to any honest young fellow who would wave the banner in my stead—ay, and think her well rid of that cowardly mason."

From time immemorial has been the custom in Vienna, whenever the Emperor made a triumphal entry, for the architect of the cathedral to stand on the pinnacle of the highest tower and wave a banner high, while the procession passed; but Master Joss was still a young man, and such an exploit would have been quite as much out of his line as dancing on a tight rope.

It was therefore necessary for him to provide a substitute; and it never occurred to him that his intended son-in-law, who professed such devotion to his interests, and whose daily occupation obliged him to climb to dizzy heights, and stand on slender scaffolding, could possibly object to take his place.

What, then, was his chagrin and indignation when, on broaching the matter that afternoon to Master Otkar, he was met by a flat and not over courteous refusal: "The old man made a hasty reply; words ran high, and the parting volley, leveled at the retreating mason, we have already reported."

"Would you, dear Master Joss, would you indeed do so? Then, with the help of Providence, I'll wave the banner as long as you please from the top of St. Stephen's tower."

"I am longing to see Annie, father. I dare say she has grown a fine girl. How is my friend Gabriel, who used to be so fond of her when we were all children together?"

The architect sprang from his seat. "Gabriel! Holy Virgin! I had quite forgotten him."

A rapid explanation followed. Master Joss and his son hastened toward the cathedral, and met Albert on their way.

"Where is Gabriel?" cried the architect.

"I don't know; I have not seen him since he climbed through the trap door."

"But who helped him down?"

"You, Gabriel?" said the old man, looking at him as kindly as he was wont to do in former days. "My poor boy! you never could do it; you, a gardener, who never has had any practice in climbing."

"Ah, now you want to draw back from your word!" exclaimed Gabriel, reddening. "My head is steady enough; and if my heart is heavy, why it was you who made it so. Never mind, Master Joss. Only promise me on the word of an honest man that you will not interfere any more with Annie's free choice, and you may depend on seeing the banner of our Emperor, whom may Heaven long preserve, wave gloriously on the old pinnacle."

"I will, my brave lad! I do promise, in the presence of all these honest folks, that Annie shall be yours!" said the architect, grasping Gabriel's hand with one of his, while he wiped his eyes with the back of his.

"One thing I have to ask you," said the young man, "that you will keep this matter a secret from Annie. She'd never consent; she'd say I was tempting Providence; and who knows whether the thought of her displeasure might not make my head turn giddy, just when I want it to be most firm and collected."

"No fear of her knowing it for I have sent her on a visit to her aunt two or three miles in the country."

"And why did you send her from home, Master Joss?"

"Because the sight of her pale face and weeping eyes troubled me; because I was vexed with her; because to tell you the truth, I was vexed with myself. Gabriel, I was a hard-hearted old fool; I see it now. And I was very near destroying the happiness of my only remaining child; for my poor boy, Arnold, your old friend and school fellow, Gabriel, has been for years in foreign parts, and we don't know what has become of him. But, now, please God, Arnold, at least will be happy, and you shall marry her, my lad, as soon after the day of the procession as you and she please. There is my hand on it."

There was not a happier man that evening within the precincts of Vienna than Gabriel the gardener, although he well knew that he was attempting a most perilous enterprise, and one as likely as not to result in his death. He made all necessary arrangements in case of that event, especially in reference to the comfort of an only sister, who lived with him, and whom he was careful to keep in ignorance of his intended venture. This done he resigned himself to dream all night of tumbling from terrific heights, and all of his approaching happiness. Meanwhile Otkar swallowed his chagrin as best he might, and kept aloof from Master Joss; but he might have been seen holding frequent and secret communications with Lawrence, a man who assisted the architect in the care of the church.

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"Ha!," said he, "doesn't it look now as if that headstrong Turk of a crescent were nodding and wishing me an evil 'good night'! Be quiet, Mohammed."

A few courageous steps landed him once more amidst the petals of the gigantic sculptured rose, which offered the best, indeed, the only coin of vantage for his feet to rest upon.

He furled his banner tightly together, and shouted: "Halloo, Lawrence! Albert! here! throw me up the ladder and the hooks!"

No answer.  
More loudly and shrilly did Gabriel reiterate the call.

Not a word, not a stir below.  
"Holy Virgin, can they have forgotten me? Or have they fallen asleep?" cried the poor fellow aloud; and the sighing wind seemed to answer like a mocking demon.

"What shall I do? What will become of me?"  
Now enveloped in darkness, he dared not stir one half-breath to the right or to the left. A painful sensation of tightness across his chest, and his soul grew bitter within him.

"They have left me here of set purpose," he muttered, through his clenched teeth. "The torches below will shine on my crushed body."

Then after a moment:  
"No, no, the architect could not find it in his heart; men born of woman could not do it. They will come; they must come."

But the cold wind, blowing ominously around the tower, seemed to answer:  
"Here I alone am Emperor, and this is my domain."

While this was passing, two men stood conversing together at the corner of a dark street, aloof from the noisy, rejoicing crowd.

Haven't I managed it well?" asked one.  
"Yes; he'll never reach the ground alive, unless the architect—"

"Oh, no, the old man is too busy with his son, who came home unexpectedly an hour ago. He will never think of that fool Gabriel, until—"

"Until 'tis too late, how did you get rid of Albert?"

"By telling him that Master Joss had undertaken to go himself and fetch the gardener down. The trap door is fast, and no one within call. But I think, Master Otkar, you and I may as well keep out of the way till the fellow has dropped down, like a ripe apple from the stem."

And so the two villains took their way down a narrow street, and appeared no more that night.

Meantime, a dark shadow flitted sat on one of the leaves of the sculptured rose, and hissed in Gabriel's ear: "Renounce thy salvation, and I will bring thee down in safety."

"May God preserve me from such sin," cried the poor lad, shivering.

"Or only promise to give me your Annie, and I'll save you."

"Or just say you will make me a present of your first-born child, and I'll bear you away as softly as if you were floating on down."

"Avant, Satan! I will have nothing to do with a gentleman who wears horns and a tail!" cried Gabriel manfully.

The clock tolled again, and the gardener, aroused by the sound and vibration perceived that he had been asleep. Yes, he had actually slumbered standing on that dizzy point, suspended over that fearful abyss.

"Am I really here?" he asked himself, as he awoke; or is it all a frightful dream, that I have had while lying in my bed?"

A cold shudder passed through his frame, followed by a burning heat, and he grasped the pinnacle with a convulsive tightness. A voice seemed to whisper in his ear:

"Fool! this is death, that unknown anguish which no man shall escape—Anticipate the moment, and throw thyself down."

"Must I, then, die?" murmured Gabriel, while the cold sweat started from his brow. "Must I die while life is so pleasant?" O, Annie, Annie! pray for me; the world is so beautiful, and life is so sweet."

Then it seemed as if soft white wings floated above and around him, while a gentle voice whispered:

"Awake, awake! The night is far spent, the day is at hand. Look up, and be comforted."

Wrapped in the banner, whose weight helped to preserve his equilibrium, Gabriel still held on with his numbed arm, and with a sensation almost of joy, watched the first dawn lighting up the roof of the city.

Far below, in the architect's dwelling, the old man sat, fondly clasping the hand of a handsome, unburned youth, his long lost son Arnold, who had sat by his side the livelong night, recounting the adventures which had befallen him in foreign lands, without either father or son feeling the want of sleep.

At length Arnold said:  
"I am longing to see Annie, father. I dare say she has grown a fine girl. How is my friend Gabriel, who used to be so fond of her when we were all children together?"

The architect sprang from his seat. "Gabriel! Holy Virgin! I had quite forgotten him."

A rapid explanation followed. Master Joss and his son hastened toward the cathedral, and met Albert on their way.

"Where is Gabriel?" cried the architect.

"I don't know; I have not seen him since he climbed through the trap door."

"But who helped him down?"

"Why, you yourself, of course," replied Albert, with a look of astonishment. "Lawrence told me when we came down that you yourself had undertaken to do it."

"O, the villains, the double-dyed scoundrels! Now I understand it all," groaned the old man. "Quick! Arnold, Albert! Come for the love of God; look up, look up to the spire!"

Arnold rushed toward the square, and his keen eye, accustomed to look out at great distances at sea, discerned through the gray, uncertain morning twilight something fluttering on the spire.

"Tis he, it must be he, still living."

"O, God," cried Master Joss, "where are my keys? O that we may not be too late!"

The keys were found in the old man's pocket, and all three, rushing through the cathedral gate, darted up the stairs, the architect, in the dread excitement of the moment, moving as swiftly as his young companions.

Albert, knowing the trick of the trap-door, went through it first.

"Call out to him, lad," exclaimed Master Joss.

A breathless pause.  
"I hear nothing stirring," said Albert, "nor can I see anything from this. 'Tis a climb over the rose."

Bravely did he surmount the perilous projection; and after a few moments of intense anxiety, he reappeared at the trap door.

"There certainly is a figure standing on the rose, but 'tisn't Gabriel—'tis a ghost!"

"A ghost! you dreaming dunderhead," shouted Arnold. "Let me up." And he began to climb with the agility of a cat.

Presently he called out: "Come on, come on as far as you can. I have him, thank God! But quick; time is precious."

Speedily and deftly they gave him aid; and at length a half-unconscious figure, still wrapped in the banner, was brought down in safety.

They bore him into the "Adam and Eve," laid him in a warm bed, and poured by degrees a little wine down his throat. Under this treatment he soon recovered his consciousness, and began to thank his deliverers. Suddenly his eye fell on a mirror hanging on the wall opposite the bed, and he exclaimed:

"Wipe the hoar frost off my hair, and that yellow dust from off my cheeks!"

In truth, his curled locks were white, his rosy cheeks yellow and wrinkled, and his bright eyes dim and sunken; but neither dust nor hoar frost was there to wipe away—that one night of horror had added forty years to his age.

In the course of that day numbers who had heard of Gabriel's adventure, crowded to the inn, and sought to see him; but none were admitted save the three who sat continually by his bedside—his weeping young sister, the brave Arnold, and Master Joss, the most unweary of all; for his conscience could not say in a voice that would be heard: "You alone are the cause of all this." By way of a little self comfort the architect used to exclaim at intervals: "If I only had held of that Lawrence! If I once had had Otkar by the throat! But both worthies kept carefully out of sight; nor were they ever seen again in the fair city of Vienna."

"Ah! said Gabriel, toward evening; 'tis all over between me and Annie. She would shudder at the sight of an old, wrinkled, and gray-haired fellow like me."

No one answered. His sister hid her face on the pillow, while her bright locks mingled with his poor gray locks; and Arnold's handsome face grew very sad as he thought: "The poor fellow is right; there are few things that young girls dislike more than gray hairs and yellow wrinkles."

"I have one request to make of you all, dear friends," said Gabriel, painfully raising himself on his couch; "do not let Annie know a word of this. Write to her that I am dead, and she'll mind it less; I think; then I will go into the forest and let the wolves eat me if they will. I want to save her from pain."

"A fine way indeed to save Annie from pain!" cried a well known voice, while a light figure rushed toward the bed and clasped the poor sufferer in a close and long embrace. "My own true love! you were never more beautiful in my eyes than now. And pretend that you were dead. A likely story, while every child in Vienna is talking of nothing but your poor boy's adventure. And let yourself be eaten by wolves! No, no, Gabriel; you wouldn't treat your poor Annie so cruelly as that."

A regular hailstorm of kisses followed; and it is said—how truly I know not—that somehow in the general melee Arnold's lips came into wonderfully close contact with the rosy ones of Gabriel's little sister. Certainly he was heard the next day to whisper into his friend's ear:

"A fair exchange is no robbery my boy. I think if you take my sister, the least you can do is to give me yours."

It does not appear that any objection was made in any quarter. Love and hope proved wonderful physicians; for although Gabriel's hair to the end of his life remained as white as snow his cheeks and eyes, and the wedding day arrived, and resumed their former tint and brightness. A happy man was Master Joss on the day that he gave his blessing to the two young couple—the day when Gabriel's sore-tried love found its reward in the arms of his Annie.

A man called to see Mr. Greeley, at Memphis, and asked him if, in his opinion, guano was good to put on potatoes. The good man paused a moment, and then said, "It may do my son, for those whose appetites are vitiated by rum and tobacco, but I like guano the best."

## OUR GIRLS.

Every one must be convinced in judging from results, that there is an error in the training of our girls, for while great advantages are open to them, it is true that there are but few women, comparatively, who are really intellectual.







cess of execution for a few weeks. An order of notice has been served upon the said Commissioners, the Selectmen and inhabitants of Arlington—on petition of Nathan Robbins, W. Proctor, W. L. Clark, L. P. Bartlett, et al.—to appear before the Supreme Court Sept. 5th, to show cause why the injunction proposed should not be granted. The petitioners ask that the authorities may be restrained from proceeding with their work which is being done agreeable to the order of the said Commissioners. We went to press before we learned how the hearing resulted.

**NEW MAP.**—The new map of the Arlington Water Works, constructed by C. D. Elliott, engineer, is completed, and is on exhibition at the Town Clerk's office. It was compiled from maps of H. Walling with additions and corrections from plans in possession of the Town Clerk of Arlington. The map is from the office of W. R. Fish, Civil Engineer, Boston. It is a nice piece of work. The title is very handsome, and the lettering is gotten up in the best of style. The scale is 200 feet to the inch. The map shows the streets with the pipes (different sizes being designated by different colors), gates and hydrants. It will ornament the walls of the Water Commissioners' office when the changes are made in the Town Hall building.

**POLICE COURT.**—Before Judge Carter. Aug. 29th, Daniel Sullivan, William Ferguson, John Bradley, Thomas Mead, James and Willie Shay (the balance of the meal-stealers), settled same as first lot, same as the first. The parents dividing the costs.—Sept. 1st, Patrick Connors, drunk, \$2 and costs.—Sept. 2d, John Devlin, drunk, \$2 and costs, committed for non-payment. William Sullivan, disturbing the peace, \$1 and costs. James Toach and Thomas Galliver, disturbing the peace, \$5 and costs each. Sept. 3d, John Hyde, keeping disorderly house. The curious feature of this case was, that after sundry neighbors had repeatedly complained of the place as a nuisance, on account of the disorderly conduct of its frequenters, when brought to the witness stand, they had forgotten all their wrongs and the prisoner went free. Thin—very.

**TOWN MEETING.**—September 3d. Art. 1.—Hon. J. S. Potter was chosen moderator.

Art. 2.—Voted down a further appropriation of \$25,000 on the "Water Act."

Art. 3.—Voted to widen Mystic street, from Arlington Avenue to Winchester line, to a uniform width of 50 feet.

Art. 4 and 5.—Matter of grading Pleasant street, and of accepting a new street laid out through the "Kimball Estate," running from Mystic street to meadow land in the rear, and known as "Pearl Avenue," both indefinitely postponed.

Art. 6.—Voted to give Selectmen full power to remove stone crusher to Summer street or some other convenient place.

Art. 7.—The Treasurer, under direction of the Selectmen, was authorized to borrow money for the building of a new street from Vine street to Arlington Avenue.

**FATAL ACCIDENT.**—Wednesday afternoon, just as the four o'clock train from Woburn was leaving the Fair Ground Station, a man named Rowe, residing in Stoneham, stepped on board the train, and as the conductor took his ticket a moment afterward he fell from the train, and he was unable to get up. He was informed that the train could not be stopped, and that he would be able to take a train for Stoneham when the train reached Boston. The conductor then passed on, and almost immediately afterward the engine whistled for brake, and on the train being stopped it was found that the man had jumped from the train and fallen under the wheels which had passed over the lower part of his body, mangle the limbs in a terrible manner. When taken on board the train he was alive, but died on the way from the depot to the Massachusetts General Hospital.

**West Needham.**—NEW STREET.—A wide avenue to be called Boston Avenue is being constructed from High street to Winter Hill station. This will bring into use a large quantity of excellent building land.

**Burlington.**—FIRE.—Burlington is supposed to enjoy profound quiet, but once in a while the surface is disturbed, and last Friday witnessed an instance of this kind. About 11:30 A. M. fire was discovered in one corner of the L. connected with the house of Mr. J. Clark Haven. This building is a two and a half story dwelling house, and is located in Havenville. The family was absent at the time, but the neighbors, consisting of four men and a number of ladies, came forward and worked with a will. The result of their labors was the saving of the furniture, doors, and windows. The house which was burned down, was valued at \$2500 and insured for \$800. There was a lack of water, the supply lasting only 20 minutes. No cause is assigned for the fire.

**Bedford.**—DEAR EDITOR:—When last I wrote you, I was conscious of having had a rest on one of the good old fashioned beds of down, after which I am ready to meet the developments of the coming day, and enjoy a Sabbath at the mountains. I take an early start and locate myself in order that I may behold the first appearing of the sun over the lofty mountains. I wait in vain; for, lo! his golden beams have already glided the tops of the lofty heights at my back, and all nature is rejoicing in his early start. I must admit that I am a little turned round, for that luminary has performed his work so faithfully for ages that he cannot be in error, and it would be useless for me to dispute his right of way. The little church stands in the midst of the cluster of dwellings near at hand, but it is not the day for preaching here, as the services are held at the foot of the mountains, "The Union," and here alternately, and it is their turn to-day. We must study the attributes of God in his mighty works about us, or take a long tramp on foot to worship Him in His sanctuary. We decide on the former, and in company with a number of juvenile cousins, direct our steps to the heights of your noble mountain, seated in the shade of a giant spruce whose unobscured arms could protect a multitude besides our little company, we look through nature up to nature's God.

Here the brain cannot fail to be active with the music of the innumerable choir of feathered songsters, and the gentle ripple of the many little streams as they flow from their rocky source they wind their way to the river below; new ideas continually present themselves, and one feels to be almost translated. Our young guides propose to take us back by another course, that we may have a more easy descent, as well as rest at the residence of another of our kin. "Aunt Marcella's" store of luxuries find a ready market, while sweet music is wafted to us from the instrument, and sweet voices of those who do not plead "out of practice," but are willing to make use of the talents God has given them.

**PLYMOUTH, VT., August, 1873.** At the Republican Caucus held, on the evening of the 3d, the meeting was organized by the choice of O. J. Linn, chairman, and Dr. Henry Shaw, secretary. The following delegates were chosen:

State Convention, Dr. Henry Shaw, Jonas E. Monroe (both anti-Butler). County and Councilor, Thomas B. Hosmer, L. W. Webber. Senatorial, A. H. March, at B. Webber. The delegates were instructed not to vote for B. F. Butler.

**Wakefield.** DEATH.—Dr. Susan Osmond Richardson, a well known and much respected citizen, of Wakefield, died very suddenly Sunday evening. He had taken a short walk and called at the residence of Cyrus Wakefield, Esq., when he complained of feeling unwell. Medical aid was summoned, but he lingered until 11 o'clock, when he expired. Dr. Richardson had gained a high reputation in connection with his Sherry Wine Bitters, from which he accumulated a large fortune, and also for his numerous deeds of charity. The Richardson Light Guards, Co. A, Sixth Regiment, was named for him. He also was instrumental in furnishing the Soldiers' Memorial Hall, donating a large sum for the same.

**New Publications.** NADSO'S ILLUSTRATED GAZETTEER OF MASSACHUSETTS. By Rev. Elias Nason, M. A. B. B. Russell, Boston.

In press and will shortly be published a full and complete gazetteer of the State. From what we know of both publisher and author we can assure the reading public, that this will be the best gazetteer of the Old Bay State ever published. It will be fully illustrated on every topic deserving illustration, beginning with the topographical and statistical as well as historical account of Massachusetts; from its original settlement to the present time. Each county, city and town, mountain, lake and river will have its appropriate location in this work together with local curiosities, etc. The work will contain over 200 pages, octavo, and will be sold exclusively by subscription, price \$3.00, 375 and \$4.00—and will be ready for delivery in autumn.

**Wilmington.**

**STORM.**—A fearful tornado passed over the centre of Wilmington, last Monday evening, from southwest to northeast, taking in its course the Congregational church, and carrying away the steeple, belfry, and front of the church down to the roof. The entire row of horse sheds, at the north side of the church, were lifted from their foundations and carried backward some thirty or forty feet into the old burying ground, and were completely demolished. The storm passed through the groves and timberland in its course, covering an area of one fourth of a mile in width, devastating everything that came in its way. The lightning struck one of the large elms near the residence of Mrs. Timothy Carter, as also in other places.

**Married.**

In Woburn, Sept. 1st, by Rev. James H. Mason, Mr. Geo. Kimball, and Miss Mary E. Cole, all of Woburn.

In Woburn, Sept. 3d, by Rev. H. S. Kelsey, Mr. Henry L. Andrews and Miss Mary E. Cole, all of Woburn.

**Died.**

In Woburn, Sept. 4th, Lucy, wife of T. J. Pierce, aged 60 years, 6 months, 2 days. Funeral at the Congregational Church, Saturday afternoon, Sept. 7th, at 10 o'clock. Burial in the cemetery.

In Woburn, Sept. 4th, John, son of J. W. Kelley, aged 10 months, 7 days. Burial at 10 o'clock, Sunday, Sept. 8th, at 10 o'clock.

In Wilmington, Sept. 4th, Abigail Barnard, aged 61 years.

In Lexington, Aug. 26th, Eleanor C., only daughter of R. H. and Helen M. Hopper, aged 5 years, 10 months, 10 days. Burial at 10 o'clock, Sunday, Sept. 8th, at 10 o'clock.

In Arlington, Sept. 1st, Elias T. Swan, aged 84 years, 10 months, 2 days. Burial at 10 o'clock, Sunday, Sept. 8th, at 10 o'clock.

In Arlington, Sept. 1st, Mary Cashman, aged 84 years, 6 months.

**Religious Notices.**

Rev. Dr. Young has returned and on Sunday will preach at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Baptism at the close of the evening service.

**Special Notices.**

**SPECIAL NOTICE.**

The Annual Meeting of the Woburn Gas-light Company, will be held at their office, in Woburn, Tuesday, October 15th, 1873, at 10 o'clock P. M. for choice of officers, and the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the meeting.

AARON THOMPSON, Clerk.

**FOR SALE.**

A good Horse, sound and kind, age 10 years, weight about 1100 lbs. price \$175. Suitable for a Carryall Express wagon or Farm work.

Inquire of

W. H. HOWLAND, EAST STREET.

**AGENTS WANTED.**—Disseminator of Massachusetts, by Rev. ELIAS NASON, a complete and graphic history of the State, together with each County, City, Town, &c., alphabetically arranged, forming a complete historical Library in itself; to be published in one volume, and sold exclusively by subscription. A CANVASSEER wanted in every town for this work, being invaluable to every person in the Commonwealth, and a splendid book for Agents.—B. B. Russell, Publisher, 53 Cornhill, Boston.

**FOR SALE!**

A house with 4 rooms, unfinished, with 20,000 feet of land or 10,000 if no more is wanted.

Inquire of

C. H. BLAISDELL, on Chestnut Street, Woburn.

**MISS ALICE FLETCHER, OF WINCHESTER.**

WOULD LIKE

**A CLASS OF MUSIC, FOR THE PIANO-FORTE.**

**FOR SALE.**

Several Houses For Sale on Franklin Street, with or without land.

Apply to B. T. H. Porter.

**DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.**

The firm of H. Bulfinch & Son in this day dissolved by mutual consent.

HENRY BULFINCH, HENRY P. BULFINCH.

Woburn, Sept. 1st, 1873.

**NOTICE.**

Thankful for the liberal patronage of the past, the undersigned would respectfully inform his customers and friends that he can be found at the old stand 222 Main street, where he will be happy to serve them in the future in the post, with meats, vegetables, &c.

HENRY P. BULFINCH.

**"DOMESTIC" PAPER FASHIONS.**

Agents Wanted.

Domestic Sewing Machine Co., N. Y.

**THE GREATEST SACRIFICE**

ON

**Pure Human Hair**

Ever offered to the Public,

AT THE

**Fashionable Hair Emporium,**

**307 Washington Street**

On the Corner of TEMPLE PLACE,

AND AT

**No. 34 Winter Street**

Next to Messrs. Shepard, Norwell and Co's

**Our 2d annual Closing-out Sale.**

The largest stock of the best manufactured goods in the city, and all adapted to the present Fall Fashion.

**\$64,000 Worth of PURE HUMAN HAIR,**

CONSISTING OF

2474 Switches.

1850 do Gray and White mixed.

1992 Christine Bands.

144 do do Gray mixed.

1840 Coronet Bands.

336 do do Gray mixed.

336 Fronts, including Gray mixed.

38 Hair Wigs.

142 sets Black Curly, including Gray mixed.

369 Sets Side Curly.

814 Sets Cluster Curly.

954 Vandyke Frizzles Wigs.

**ALL IN EVERY VARIETY OF SHADES AND SIZES.**

We beg attention to the FACT that we keep Second-hand cheap Goods, but that we sell the best articles at the lowest prices, wherein we defy competition.

Ladies who have purchased of our stock previous to this sale can testify that we invariably give satisfaction to our customers.

The sale will commence on Thursday, Sept. 12th, and continue for a short time only.

**CAUTION:**

To prevent mistakes, we beg to repeat that our Stores are at

No. 307 Washington Street.

**The Corner Store of Temple Place,**

AND

**34 Winter Street,**

Next to Messrs. Shepard, Norwell & Co's.

**BOSTON.**

**THE VERY CHEAPEST**

Lines of first-class BOYS' CLOTHING of all grades and sizes, to be found today in Boston, are now to be seen at RICHARDS' OLD CORNER.

**24 and 25 Dock Square.**

Boys' Blue Sailor Suits, \$4

Boys' Nice Cheviot Suits, \$7

Boys' do. (9 to 14 yrs. old.) \$9

Boys' do. do. \$10 to \$15

Boys' Vacation Suits, \$6

Boys' School Suits, \$6 to \$10

Boys' Grecian Linen Suits, \$3.50

Boys' Youths', Children's suits, all sizes.

Also, Boys' New York White Vests

All at very lowest prices, uniformly.

**G. H. Richards,**

24 & 25 Dock Square,

**BOSTON.**

**HOUSE FOR SALE.**

A new house, never occupied, containing 11 rooms. For sale by

D. F. EAGLER.

**Republican Caucus.**

The Republicans of Woburn are requested to meet in Lyceum Hall, on Monday, Sept. 9th, at 7 o'clock P. M., to elect five delegates to the State Convention to be held at Worcester on the 17th of October. It is respectfully requested that the delegates be voted for by ballot and that the check be made by the following names:

Also to choose delegates to the County, Convention and Senatorial Conventions to be held at Woburn, on the 17th of October.

Also to appoint a Town Committee, and transact any other business that may properly come before the caucus.

E. E. THOMPSON, Republican

JACOB BROWN, Republican

JOHN L. PARKER, Committee.

Woburn, Sept. 3d, 1873.

**F. J. Culbert,**

**PLUMBER,**

No. 200 Main St., (C. M. STREET).

**WOBURN, MASS.**

**TEA**

Was introduced into Europe by the Dutch East India Co., about the year 1500.

Tea, Coffee and Chocolate are first mentioned in English Law-Books in 1660.

**DON'T BUY**

Your TEAS put up in cans, but go to

**SMITH'S**

and get the best, and what you are buying.

**COFFEE**

put up in CANS loses its strength and aroma. We grind it fresh and have it roasted twice a week. We sell CHEAPER than parties who take Woburn Tea agencies, as we pay no commission of 25 per cent to agents for selling.

We buy only of importers, and we can sell at lower prices than can be found elsewhere.

Make no mistake, but go to

**H. F. SMITH'S**

**Woburn Tea Store,**

190 Main St., Woburn.

**G. R. GAGE & CO.,**

**Merchant Tailors,**

171 Main Street,

**WOBURN.**

**WARREN ACADEMY,**

**WOBURN, MASS.**

This Institution has been organized on a new plan, and will be opened as a

**SCIENTIFIC SCHOOL,**

**SEPTEMBER 8, 1873,**

**UNDER THE DIRECTION OF**

**L. S. BURBANK, A. M., PRINCIPAL.**

**MISS ISABEL C. TENNEY,**

Formerly teacher in Framingham and Salem Normal Schools, Teacher of Language and Literature.

**MR. FRANK E. MORSE,**

Instructor in Mechanical Drawing at the Mass. Institute of Technology, will take charge of the class in Drawing.

This School is intended to give a thorough practical course of instruction in the English, Latin and Modern Languages, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, the Natural Sciences; also in Mechanical Drawing, and in the various branches of the liberal education. The regular course of study for graduation will occupy three years. Candidates for admission should be at least 15 years of age, and must have a good knowledge of Arithmetic, English Grammar, Geography, Writing and Spelling.

Special facilities will be afforded for the instruction in the various branches of the liberal education. The regular course of study for graduation will occupy three years. Candidates for admission should be at least 15 years of age, and must have a good knowledge of Arithmetic, English Grammar, Geography, Writing and Spelling.

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## TURNING THE TABLES.

Breakfast had just been cleared away, and the little sitting room was very bright and cheerful in the yellow flood of the June sunshine. There were pots of purple blossomed violets in the window seats, and books piled on the table, and close beside the fire Mrs. Haven had seated herself at her desk to write some letters.

She was a trim, compact little woman, with bright, brown hair and eyes to match, and a firm, resolute mouth that somehow carried out the expression of a nose that our French neighbors phrase "retrograde."

Mrs. Haven had a character that one might see at a distance. As she sat there selecting her pen and unweaving the silver top of her inkstand, the door opened softly, and a round, full moon face appeared.

"Yes," said Mrs. Haven, desecrating at once by the inflexible barometer of a woman's ear the rising thunder storm in the domestic atmosphere below. "What is it, cook?"

"It's not that you're not a kind mistress, Mrs. Haven," said the cook, twisting the hem of her checked apron, "and the wages is good, not to say company allowed once a week, and the Sunday evening always ours; but there are some things that I don't like."

"What are they, cook?" asked the mistress, looking up at her.

"Why, cook, what is the matter?" "Some can't abide meddlin' with me, and some can't; and if the barrel of mackerel sets in the wrong corner, and the sugar boxes ain't kept covered proper, it's the mistress should tell me of it, not the master, and if Mr. Haven wants to be cook, me, well, and good; but I won't stay in the same kitchen."

And the cook flounced out, maitreing her apron, having had her say.

Mrs. Haven flushed scarlet. She arose and went down to the cellar, where her husband, minus his coat, was endeavoring to move a huge washing machine.

"You see, Bridget," he called out, "this is the worst possible place the thing could stand in, and—why, Mary, is it you?"

"Yes, it is, I," said Mrs. Haven; "I thought you had gone to the office, Henry."

"I'm going, presently," said Mr. Haven. "But you see, Mary, everything down here is by sixes and sevens. It's well I come down here occasionally. Cook has no more economy than a wild savage, and Bridget puts everything where it shouldn't be. My dear, have you looked over the grocer's bill for a month?"

"No, I haven't," said Mrs. Haven.

"Well, it's quite alarming. There is a leak somewhere, and that reminds me—the molasses keg is dripping at the rate of half a pint a day."

"I'll see to it," she said.

"But you don't see to it, my dear; I found a box of stale eggs on the top shelf—eggs, my dear, that are completely wasted, when eggs are five cents each."

Mrs. Haven turned and went up stairs again, with a round red spot glowing on either cheek, signal pennons of the disturbance within. She was not a faultless angel any more than other women are, and she walked up and down the room with her hands behind her, and her brown eyes glittering with an ominous sparkle.

"Mary, have you seen my memorandum book?" asked her husband, while he pulled on his gloves.

"No, I have not. Probably you will find it on the pantry shelf, or under Bridget's machine," answered Mary, shortly.

"Now, Puss, you are out of temper," said Mr. Haven, good humoredly; "and how very unreasonable that is of you."

"Henry," said Mrs. Haven, laying one hand appealingly on his shoulder, and looking up in his face, "you don't know how it annoys and mortifies me to have you interfere like this in my domestic affairs."

"Aren't you a firm—Henry Haven and wife?" he asked coolly, "and are not our interests identical?"

"Yes; but Henry Haven has his department, and his wife ought to have hers."

"That's all nonsense, my love."

"Henry, you will oblige me by leaving these domestic concerns to my own management."

"I would do much to oblige you, dear Mary, but I shall not concede that point," he said, as he took his departure, leaving Mrs. Haven very indignant and meditative.

Bridget's voice broke forth with Celtic accent upon her reverie.

"Please, ma'am, I found this little black book behind the floor barrel."

"Thank you, Bridget, it is Mr. Haven's," Bridget disappeared.

The column devoted to that day was full of closely written memoranda:—

"See Kartwyn & Daley about the house in Twelfth street; do not let them have it for \$1200. Call at McAllister's and order the green oil cloth instead of the buff one for the office floor. Tell Martin to proceed at once with the suit of Russell vs. Russell. Remind clerk not to settle the tailor's bill—alteration to be made first. Go halves with Jordan in lot opposite Central Park—Thus, indefinitely."

Mrs. Haven read the words without much interest, but presently her eyes brightened, and a roguish suspicion of a smile began to tremble around her resolute lips.

"I am very glad I found this memorandum book," she thought. "Let me see—Henry told me he was going to Brooklyn in the morning, so there will be plenty of time."

She glanced at her watch and rang the bell.

"Bridget, you will stop around the corner, and tell them to send a carriage for me immediately."

Her bonnet and shawl were on long before the vehicle arrived, and she employed the surplus time in jotting down various addresses from the directory.

When at length the carriage arrived, she took her seat with the self-possession of a queen.

"Drive to Kartwyn & Daley's No. 553—street."

Mr. Kartwyn came to the office door, a dried-up little lawyer, much astonished at the apparition of a pretty woman in a carriage.

"Good morning, Mr. Kartwyn," said she calmly. "I am Mrs. Haven. I called to let you know that you could have the house in Twelfth street for a thousand dollars a year. I suppose that you are aware, sir, that the property belongs to me."

Mr. Kartwyn bowed low, delighted with the good bargain he was about to secure.

"And now drive to McAllister's carpet store," said Mrs. Haven.

She walked in with cool self-possession.

"Mr. Haven has concluded to take the buff oil cloth," she said.

Mr. McAllister stared, but entered the order in his books.

"I will have it sent around immediately."

"Now the tailor," thought Mary. Slop and scissors had an elegant establishment on a side street, just out of Broadway. Mary walked up to the counter calmly.

"Mr. Haven's bill, receipted, if you please."

The tailor presented the document, which was promptly paid.

"Where now, ma'am?" asked the driver.

"Mr. Jordan's Real Estate Agency, opposite the street."

"Ah, Mrs. Haven, is that you?" said the Agent, cheerfully. "What can I do for you this morning?"

"Nothing, thanks," said Mary, graciously. "I called round to tell you that my husband has thought better of the Central Park lot. He will not take half."

"All right," said Jordan; "Smith and Parker are only waiting for the chance. I'll let them know at once."

"I don't think I've done quite mischief enough," said Mrs. Haven to herself; "I will go down to the office now, turn the stove around, and make Jack re-arrange the law books."

So the carriage left Mrs. Haven at her husband's office in a narrow, down town street.

About one hour subsequently Mr. Haven sauntered into the establishment of Kartwyn & Daley.

"About that Twelfth street lease, Mr. Kartwyn?"

"Yes, sir," said the lawyer, rubbing his hands. "A thousand dollars is a fair price, and I don't object to giving it."

"Who the deuce is talking about a thousand dollars?" demanded the puzzled lawyer. "I don't mean to let you have it a cent short of \$1500."

The lawyer looked amazed.

"Mrs. Haven was here this morning, and informed me that it was her property, and I could have it for a thousand dollars."

"Mrs. Haven?" echoed the astonished husband. "But, really, this is quite unbusiness-like."

"I don't know whether it is or not," rejoined the lawyer stiffly. "I only know that Mrs. Haven spoke before witnesses, and the house is undeniably hers."

Mr. Haven retreated from the field, vanquished but chafing.

At the door of the carpet store McAllister met him.

"It's all right, sir; the oil cloth is half way down by this time."

"Which oilcloth?"

"The buff one, sir; cheap goods—Mrs. Haven was here and ordered it some time since."

"The mischief's no mistake," said the dealer, anxiously.

"No—no!" returned honest Henry, disconsolately, adding to himself as he turned away, "What has gone into Mary—she is crazy?"

All things considered, it was not very strange that Mr. Haven was in no amiable humor by the time he reached Snip & Scissors.

"I'd like to know what you mean by sending home such garments?" he demanded, imperiously. "I won't wear 'em unless they are made over completely; nor will I settle the bill."

"Sir!" roared the surprised tailor, you are aware that our rule is no alteration after the bill is settled.

"Very well, the bill isn't settled, and it won't be in a hurry."

"Mrs. Haven paid it, sir, this morning," said the surprised tailor, referring to his books.

Mrs. Haven! How the uncalled for interference of Mrs. Haven stared him in the face at every step. Of course there was no remonstrance to be made; however, and the discomfited husband left the establishment.

"I'll stop in Jordan's anyhow," he thought, "and secure that lot; it will be a capital speculation."

Mr. Jordan was standing whistling in front of his grate with both hands in his pockets. He looked up as Mr. Haven entered.

"Well, old fellow?"

"Suppose we clear up that business about the Central Park lot—I don't think I can do any better," said Haven.

ries and hand books looked so much brighter."

"Mary, are you insane? It is scarcely becoming for a woman thus to usurp her husband's place."

"We are a firm, my dear; at least so you told me this morning—Henry Haven & Wife—and therefore our interests are identical."

"Yes, but—"

"Consequently," went on Mary, mimicking her husband's rather pompous voice of the morning, "I shall claim the privilege of interfering whenever I deem it advisable."

Mr. Haven looked frowningly at his wife, but the wrinkles vanished out of his forehead at the smiling sunshine of Mary's eyes.

"My dear," said he, "it is rather late to transact any more business to-day. Shall we walk home together?"

"And Mr. Haven must have left his 'interference' principles at the office, for Mary never saw any more of them. Neither husband nor wife ever alluded to the subject again; but Mr. Haven was cured of his one bad habit—Mary's single stratagem was worth a thousand remonstrances."

POWER OF TALKING.—Johnson, perhaps, set the fashion of estimating the capabilities of a man by his colloquial powers. His opinion of Burke was, that you could not talk with him for five minutes without saying, "this is an extraordinary man."

Johnson honored a man who fairly put his mind to his. If we pass in review the most eminent of those who are remembered as conversationalists, I doubt whether we shall find a single name that can be for a single moment opposed to Johnson. Curran, as a converser, was infinitely Burke's superior.

As a converser, Curran was indeed the first man in his day—of a day of intellectual giants. Horne Tooke, with all his friendship for Curran, allowed Curran to be superior wit to Curran. "Curran's man who struck me most," wrote Lord Byron.

"The riches of Irish imagination were exhaustless. I have heard that man speak more poetry than ever I have seen written." George Selwyn achieved his reputation as a wit rather than a talker. As a wit he stood in the first rank. If he was not always as sparkling, he was less premeditated than Sheridan. Walpole, who praises nobody but himself, praises Selwyn.

The pearls that Selwyn carelessly threw from him, Walpole carefully collected and reset in his correspondence. He was eminently and wholly a man of fashion. He luxuriated away a life of seventy-two years in clubs and conversations, in the House of Commons, and the card rooms at Arthur's. Lord Holland knew his worth as a friend, when on his being confined to his bed, he heard that George Selwyn had called. "The next time that Mr. Selwyn calls," said his lordship, "show him up. If I am alive I shall be delighted to see him; if I am dead, he'll be delighted to see me."—New Monthly Magazine.

There are companies that for a premium paid by parties desiring insurance against losses by fire, or water, or accident or death, pay a stipulated amount to the loser. Now why has no company ever been formed to insure the payment of notes, accounts, bonds, &c.?

The premium could easily be proportioned to the risk in the same manner as in fire or other insurances. Then in the case of parties required to give bonds with sureties to hold, and a most disagreeable request to make of them to assume it, even if the risks are of the smallest character. The risk is there, or no bond would be required. Now if there was a corporation who for the payment of a specified premium made its business to insure holders of notes, obligations, or bonds against loss, it might be really a public benefit. The party giving or receiving the bond, or matter in risk, would often prefer to pay double premium for insurance rather than to put his friends in the unpleasant dilemma of assuming a risk, however small, against their wishes or otherwise; of refusing his request. That a corporation might do a successful business in this new direction, if managed with equal shrewdness we have the right to infer from the fact that other insurances pay good salaries and dividends, build elegant offices, and very seldom burst up. It is a new field for enterprise, and we wonder some yankee hasn't found it and made his fortune in it before this.—Stoneham Sentinel.

YEARNINGS.—Where is there a heart that does not at some time, experience a secret yearning unexpressed?

The impress of sadness is stamped upon the brow, the eyes wear a pensive look, and disappointment is pictured upon every lineament of the countenance. Living a dead existence, concealing the deepest wealth of nature, and misunderstood by wearing a false external.

There is ever a yearning for the absent, a still, small voice within constantly calling for some dear one that has gone. Every look and word is treasured, as each leap of the past is unfolded; and when the distance is stretched out between two loving hearts, desolation creeps within, and the whole world is void of charm.

The summer warmth of beauty and happiness has flown, and every surrounding wears a melancholy aspect.

And when death takes from us the life of our life, and the precious form of one once dear, is borne away—what agonies pierce the human heart. The world has lost one, while we may have lost all.

We yearn for the presence of the loved one—we long for the constant intercourse we so much enjoyed; but a hopeless grief spreads between us, and we cannot catch one glimpse of the departed through the misty veil that conceals the future.

The world is full of happiness and light, if we but let the rose-hued glow shine within and make a heaven there.

While if the darker clouds of night cast a shadow there, a hell of sorrow is our destiny.

Were the mind to mount in loftier elevations of thought, than mourning God's decree, or winning earthly possessions; and expand the fragrance within the flower, pouring out the deepest aspirations and purest emotions of the soul, the heart's yearnings would be stilled, till it ceased to beat.

## IMPORTANT!

The question is often asked, Where can I get a good-fitting suit of clothes without going to Boston? The reply is,

Go to "Grant."

He is a thorough Artist in that line, and understands his Bis, and he employs

THE BEST WORKMEN,

who understand the Art and Mysteries of the trade; who alone are competent to make garments

As they should be made.

So if you want to get suited in any department of a

First-Class Tailoring Establishment, Call on

**A. GRANT,**  
169 MAIN STREET,  
WOBURN, MASS.

If you want your Drug, PURE and GENUINE, and your Roots and Herbs Fresh and of full strength,

**FOSDICK & BUSS,**  
APOTHECARIES,  
170 Main Street,  
WOBURN.

A fine assortment of Fancy Goods always on hand.

Woburn Circulating Library.

New books added as soon as published.

For Hardware or Tools, CALL AT BUEL'S BLOCK IN MAIN ST.

**L. THOMPSON, Jr.**

**Chas. A. Smith,**

**DRY GOODS,**

177 MAIN STREET, WOBURN, MASS.

**CENTRAL MARKET,**

151 Main St., Woburn.

**B. F. WYER**

keeps constantly on hand a full and fresh stock

**Beef, Pork & Mutton**

ALL KINDS OF

**SEASONABLE VEGETABLES.**

**Fruit and Game,**

Canned Fruit, Preserves, and Relishes.

and everything usually found in a

**Meat and Vegetable Market.**

Grateful for past favors he hopes, to merit their continuance, and to receive a fair share of patronage.

**LOOK! LOOK! LOO!!!**

into the

**NEW DRY GOODS STORE**

and see what a nice

**BLACK ALPACCA**

you can get for a little money

also other

**DRESS GOODS,**

AND

**PRINT**

**McClure, Ross & Co.,**  
(Allen's Block.)  
123 Main Street Woburn.

**JAMES BUEL & CO.,**  
**MACHINISTS,**

Manufacturers of and Dealers in

**Steam Engines,**

**Boilers Shafting, Pulleys Mill Gears**

And all kinds of Machine Work.

**129 Main street, Woburn.**

Steam and Gas Piping done at short notice, and in the most satisfactory manner.

A new keep constantly on hand a large assortment of Plans and Estimates for Pipe, Brass and Iron Fittings, Bolts, Nuts and Set Screws of all kinds, Copper and Brass Valve, Rubber Springs, Globe and Patent Rubber Seat Valves, Check Valves, Water, Gas, and Bibb Cocks, Rubber Hose, Stone, Metallic and Hemp Packing, Rubber Hose and Fittings, Belting and Lacing, Cotton and Woolen Waste, Emery Cloth, Machine Oils and Soap, and all kinds of Machinery and Engineers' Supplies.

Agents for the celebrated Cowing & Son's Fall Pumps, embracing more than 150 different styles, and also for the Blake Patent Steam Pump, the best in use. English Files, of all sizes, constantly on hand.

Particular attention paid to the fitting up of Pumps and Carrying Shovel, and to the manufacture of Leather Machinery.

**JAMES BUEL, JOHN R. FLINT,**  
Woburn, May 25th, 1870.

**Oil Carpets.**

The best assortment of Oil Carpets we ever had at now for sale at the old stand.

**OPPOSITE THE COMMON.**

**W. WOODBERRY.**

**J. E. Littlefield & Sons**

DEALERS IN

**LUMBER,**

Coal and Wood,

SHINGLES,

Clapboards,

Laths, Pickets,

Conductors,

Caps and Irons,

Mouldings

for inside and outside finish.

**TANNEIS' and CURRIERS'**

Yard & Hanging Sticks,

Doors, Windows and Blinds,

on hand and supplied to order at short notice.

**RED and WHITE CEDAR POSTS**

all lengths.

**LEHIGH LACKAWANNA**

AND

**Franklin Coal,**

Hard and Soft

**WOOD.**

All of which will be sold at the LOWEST CASH prices, at

**96 Main Street.**

**DR. C. T. LANCZ**

**Dental Rooms,**

135 MAIN ST., WOBURN,

Opposite First Congregational Church.

**BOSTON AND LOWELL R. R.**

ON and AFTER MONDAY, Aug 26th, 1873, trains will leave BOSTON ON

Lowell, 7:15 A. M.; 12 M.; 2:30 P. M.; 5:15 P. M.

Lowell Branch, 7:15 A. M.; 12 M.; 2:30 P. M.; 5:15 P. M.

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Lowell Branch, 7:15 A. M.; 12 M.;







## Middlesex County Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 13, 1873.

The figures printed with the subscribers name on this paper show to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

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## THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

The interest in the gubernatorial contest which has been progressing the past month culminated at Worcester on Wednesday. The delegates began to gather early on Tuesday, and more than half of them spent Tuesday night in Worcester. The excitement was not so great, however, as it was two years ago, when four candidates held receptions in the parlors of the Bay State House. Gen. Butler was on the field, and his headquarters presented a lively appearance. Gov. Washburn's room was also crowded and all the notables of the party thronged the corridors. It was a quiet crowd, and at an early hour dispersed to get a little rest for the morning's labors.

Wednesday morning the politicians made an early start, and the day did but to be a very busy one. Contestants for seats crowded the lobby of the State Convention Committee room, and they were a study. In several instances parties were not aware that their seats were contested until called upon to defend them. Some what of order was got out of the snarl, and at 11 o'clock the Committee adjourned to Washburn Hall where a scramble for tickets commenced by the delegates, and it was nearly one o'clock before all were served. About fifty representatives of the press were kept out in the entry for an hour, and finally went up stairs flying, and took seats at the tables prepared for them, and at once set about writing left handed notices of the somebody who had kept them out so long. The convention opened about one o'clock. Gov. Bullock was called to the chair and made a most excellent speech of about fifteen minutes duration, after which the convention adjourned for dinner.

After dinner Mr. Rice of Worcester favored opening the galleries. This was opposed by Gen. Butler, but it was carried, 531 to 488. The next question which arose was on a resolution to exclude H. M. Green of Franklin because he had said that he would not vote for Butler, if he was nominated. After a discussion of the question which was to test the matter whether a body convened to deliberate should be bound by the action of its majority, the convention decided, 584 to 539 to refer Mr. Green's case to the Committee on Credentials, and practically asserting the doctrine that the members of a convention are not bound by the action of its majority. As 1123 votes were more than the convention ought to contain, it was proposed to verify the count and take the vote by counties. The vote to see if they would vote by counties stood 586 to 406. Gen. Butler then withdrew his resolution, and stated that he accepted the decision, and should make no further opposition to Gov. Washburn's nomination. The entire State ticket was at present composed, was then renominated by acclamation. The dullness which was feared, did not continue, for the committee on resolutions reported a set to which the term "red hot" was not applicable. To the surprise of every one, Gen. Butler moved their acceptance. Commencing with the ten-hour resolution, he proceeded up through those endorsing woman suffrage, temperance, an impartial enforcement of the laws, the reduction of railroad freight, he discussed at greater length though with more of pleasantness than asperity those condemning the salary grab and the interference of federal officers, he closed by saying, "the resolutions give so much of good and so little of evil that I hope they will be adopted, as they will be, without any contest on my part." The intention was openly announced to read Gen. Butler out of the party, but it was seriously entertained it was not attempted, and the convention closed with the General still within the lines. The Committee on Credentials did not report until the last moment and they then announced 342 towns represented by 1092 delegates. The Convention was not so exciting as that of two years ago, yet there were moments which were quite interesting to the spectator, and we presume no one who witnessed the great struggle of Wednesday will regret it. Washburn was present by her full delegation, and Col. Grammer was given a place on the Committee on Organization. The member of the State Central Committee from this District is W. F. Durgin, of Reading, an attaché of the Boston Advertiser.

**PLEASANT GATHERING.**—On Wednesday evening the members of the Mishawum Club to the number of seventeen gathered at the residence of Mr. S. Frankford Trull on Railroad street upon invitation of Mr. E. The company spent an hour or two in social intercourse, games, and in examination of the numerous and costly gifts presented Mr. and Mrs. Trull upon the occasion of their marriage. At 10:15 an elegant supper was served, and then followed more games and music. The piano, flute, and guitar together with the voices of the various artists present, conspired to render the hours very short. The usual custom of placing the names of the unmarried members in a hat, from which one is drawn who shall next take the matrimonial step, was observed, and the choice fell upon—well, he knows. The occasion was one of the highest enjoyment. The good wishes of all go with the host and his lady.

**REBUILT.**—Mr. McCarthy has rebuilt the chimney upon his shop, which was damaged two weeks ago by the lightning.

**REPUBLICAN CAUCUS.**—At the hour named in the call, Lyceum Hall was well filled on Monday evening with about four hundred voters. At about the announced hour Mr. E. E. Thompson of the Town Committee read the call, and the meeting was organized by the choice of Col. W. T. Grammer (anti-Butler) as chairman, and C. K. Conn (Butler) as secretary.

On motion of Hon. Chas. Choate it was voted to proceed to ballot for 5 delegates to the Worcester Convention, Sept. 10th, and that the check list be used.

On motion of Mr. Joseph Kelley, it was voted that all who were Democrats up to the last State election, be debarred from participating in the actions of the caucus.

On motion of Mr. G. M. Champney, it was voted the Republican Town Committee act as supervisors of the check-list.

While the voting proceeded, a committee was appointed by the chair, consisting of Hon. J. G. Pollard, M. M. Tidd, Griffin Place, G. F. Jones, and N. J. Simonds, to report a list of delegates for the other conventions.

The meeting was a large one, and the large number of voters occupied about an hour and five minutes, in depositing their ballots. In some few cases, the right of challenge was exercised, but only one or two were deprived of their chance to vote. When all had voted, the chairman stated in a few words the delicacy of the position of the committee and himself in regard to challenge. He then offered to any one who was dissatisfied, a chance to lay their case before the meeting.

Mr. Maguire here rose and asked what prohibition a man must serve to be a good Republican, 3 or 6 years. The chairman made a statement of his case and asked him a few questions from which the meeting gleaned the following: Maguire was naturalized last year, and his Republicanism consisted of talking it "partially." The meeting took no action on his case, and closed the polls.

It was evident that both sides had made a good fight, and speculations on the result were pretty evenly divided. The count revealed the following:

**WASHBURN TICKET.**

John Cummings,	225
Charles Choate,	225
C. S. Converse,	225
W. T. Grammer,	225
M. F. Winn,	225

**BUTLER TICKET.**

Timothy Winn,	170
Clement P. Jayne,	169
Geo. A. Tidd,	169
Granville Parks,	168
A. V. Haynes,	169

Mr. C. K. Conn proposed three cheers for the Washburn delegates, which were given. The Committee on the other delegations reported the following which was adopted:

**County.**—N. Wyman, J. W. Day, F. A. Flint, John E. Tidd, John Gilchrist.

**Councillor.**—Alva S. Wood, E. N. Blake, H. C. Townley, G. H. Conn, J. H. Buck.

**Senatorial.**—John L. Parker, M. M. Tidd, N. J. Simonds, J. G. Pollard, E. E. Thompson.

The Republican Town Committee, E. E. Thompson, Jacob Brown, and John L. Parker, were re-elected, and the meeting dissolved.

**ACCIDENTS.**—A man named Smith, employed by G. W. Kimball, fell from a building upon which he was working Saturday night and sprained his ankle very badly.

**Eben-Cummings' team** while on its way to market last Sunday night, was passed near Alewife Brook in Arlington by another team which was being driven very rapidly. Mr. Cummings' horse was frightened at this, and started into a run. After it had proceeded about a mile, Mr. C. thought it best to jump from the wagon, in doing which his feet became entangled in the reins. This tripped and threw him so that the forward wheel passed over his back, but no bones were broken and he is very comfortable.

As a party of four or five persons was returning from a funeral Thursday afternoon, through East Woburn, the carriage was overturned in turning a corner, and the occupants were pitched out. One of them named Patrick Carr had the point of the left shoulder blade broken, and another named Patrick Gibbons was quite seriously injured.

On Thursday morning a boy named Converse, got a finger crushed at Simonds's shop.

**Mr. W. R. Wheelock** sprained his ankle early this week.

**WALK.**—Tuesday morning Messrs. A. K. Fridge, Chas. Swan and Edward Savette indulged in a little pedestrian exercise, the trial being from Roundy's distance four miles. Messrs. Swan and Savette became wheeled before reaching the Winchester line and withdrew. Fridge kept on, and probably his time was not as good as it would have been had he had some one to push him. Mr. H. Porter the time-keeper reports that Fridge made the four miles in 44 min. 15 seconds, the two S's being distanced.

**STRUCK AGAIN.**—The lightning paid a second visit to Mr. McCarthy at the Watertown Station, last Friday afternoon. This time it was the house that was the victim. The bolt struck the chimney, displacing a few bricks; thence it went down through the house, shattering the windows of the chamber and on through the parlor, blackening the gilt frames and tearing the wall paper in nearly a hundred places. The family who were in another room, were sensible of the shock, although no one was hurt.

**SELECTMEN.**—W. H. Edmunds was appointed special police at the Watertown Station. W. C. Tey was appointed an Engineer in place of J. M. Eaton, resigned. A town meeting is to be called for Monday, Sept. 22nd. A petition was received from East Woburn, asking the Selectmen to reconsider their vote on locating the school house, and a hearing will be held next Monday evening at 7 o'clock.

**HIGHLAND HOSE.**—At the meeting of No. 5 last Friday evening, the remaining officers were elected, and they are as follows:—Edwin F. Wyer, Foreman; Albert A. Ferrin, Assistant Foreman; Clarence Littlefield, Clerk; Charles K. Conn, Treasurer; Robert W. King, Steward; E. F. Wyer, C. Littlefield, J. M. Phillips, Standing Committee.

**SILVER WEDDING.**—The friends of Mr. and Mrs. Edward E. Thompson to the number of one hundred and fifty, assembled at their house on Franklin St., on Tuesday evening last to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding day. A more happy, genial and joyous party it has seldom been our lot to witness upon any similar occasion. Made up from the citizens of every part of the town, the cool bracing air of the evening and the bright moon seemed to inspire every one with cheerfulness, and social intercourse reigned unobstructed. A large company of singers from several of the churches were present, and rendered excellent vocal music, and rendered several select pieces with great effect. In one room a large table spread with "evidences of regard," was for a time quite a centre of admiration. In the dining room below, tables of refreshments were laid with great taste, and loaded with a variety and quality which reflected new honors upon the irrepressible "Still," previous to the partaking of which the presentation was made in a few brief remarks, by Mr. D. D. Hart, as follows:

"MR. AND MRS. THOMPSON.—We have assembled here to-night to celebrate with you the twenty-fifth anniversary of your wedding day. It is an occasion for congratulation in looking back at your conjugal relations have been of the most happy and enviable character; that you have been blessed with offspring, who, honoring their parents, have been able to take their places in life, cultured and respected; that your transactions with men have been met with such hearty approval, and especially that the appreciation of your thirteen years of efficient service as a prominent town officer has filled your home to-night with warm, intelligent friends, representing every shade of political preference, and almost every type of religious faith, who come to tender you their personal respect, and assurance of the high regard in which you are held by them, both on account of the conscientious fidelity with which you have executed every public trust, and their appreciation of you as a kind friend, a Christian neighbor and a worthy citizen. Now in behalf of the assembled friends you are asked to accept of the tangible evidences of their sincere regard, trusting they may prove to you constant reminders of the fact that the first twenty-five years of your married life has stood their approval also that a kind Providence may watch over your household with tender care, and that yourselves and a large proportion of the company here to-night, may be spared and permitted to resemble at your home to celebrate the golden event of another quarter of a century."

Mr. Thompson responded as follows: "MR. HART.—I find myself entirely unprepared for any extended remarks at this time, but I desire to return to you my grateful acknowledgments for your eloquent and complimentary address. The occasion which has called so many of our friends together this evening, is one I have looked forward to with a good deal of interest, one which calls for grateful acknowledgments to our Heavenly Father for His kind care and protection over us, and to each all our affectionate regards. We are happy to see so many of our friends present to-night, and to receive their congratulations, and also to receive the many kind wishes of so many of our numerous gentlemen with whom I have been associated officially. The celebration of this, the twenty-fifth anniversary of our marriage will ever be a pleasant memory, and I know my family will join me in returning to you and all other donors, my sincere thanks for the beautiful and unexpected array of gifts here exhibited. The capacity of our residence is somewhat limited, but we trust you will accommodate yourselves accordingly. By passing through the rooms, I think you will all agree that we have drawn a "full house."

The greater part of the presents which were numerous and elegant were procured of S. B. Dodge. Among them we noticed a silver service (complete), marble clock with bronze trimmings, gold watch chain, cake basket, spoon holders, table spoons, ladies' forks, napkin rings, books, paintings and silver coin. The display was very fine, and the occasion one long to be remembered.

**WATER WORKS.**—The water has been forced into the reservoir to a depth of about 17 feet, but the north and east walls look so badly that it is thought best to line them up with brick and rubble with clay. The water was let out as far as Buckman's shoe store on Monday. The same day the cast iron pipe which runs under the pond outlet, burst open a seam about five feet long. A new pipe was sent for, but as 14 inch is not a regular size, a 16 inch was procured, and a reducing coupling had to be cast. It is expected that it will be in place on Saturday. This event proves that cement lined pipe is stronger than cast iron. The water will be let out of the reservoir into the pipes and direct pumping resorted to while the reservoir is being made tight.

**NEW UNIFORM.**—The members of John Gilchrist's Hook & Ladder Co. 1, have received a very neat and tasty new uniform, consisting of hat, shirt, and belt. The shirt is red with blue collar and cuffs. Upon the breast is a blue shield with white lettering in blue trimmings. Upon the back are the words, "1. Hook & Ladder, 1" in blue on red ground. The hat is of the regular fire pattern, red crown, black brim with white front piece bearing emblematic designs.

**NEW CARPETS.**—A new and spacious store of Messrs. J. Lovejoy and Sons, at 178 and 179 Tremont street, Boston, is worthy of a visit by those who may be about to purchase carpets. They have opened a large assortment, and their stock always contains a choice variety of all goods in their line. See advertisement.

We notice in the rooms of Mr. O. Green on Railroad street one of the celebrated New England organs. These beautifully finished instruments rank very high, among the lovers of a first-class organ. It is of rare make and volume. Among its various stops the celebrated "Celeste" is found, a marvel of sweetness and beauty.

**PICNIC.**—The North Woburn Band held a picnic on Friday, and wound up with a dance at Webster Hall in the evening.

**Dr. Clough** calls attention to two nice houses in process of completion. Be sure and read the "ad."

**E. Prior** has an announcement elsewhere, which tells its own story. Give it priority and look it up.

**WATER MATTERS.**—The following additional correspondence has taken place between the Water Commissioners of Woburn and Winchester:—

WINCHESTER, MASS., Sept. 31, 1873. M. M. TIDD, Esq., Chairman Woburn Water Commissioners.—DEAR SIR:—In order to make the propositions of your Board, dated August 11th, 1873, more clear to the citizens of our town, we desire information on the following points, viz:

First.—Whether you will recommend to your town a perpetual contract instead of the term of ten years as in your propositions.

Second.—In any contract the town of Winchester may make with the town of Woburn, would the conditions in your charter as to drainage apply to Winchester?

Third.—Will you recommend to your town any more favorable terms to Winchester for a water supply?

Fourth.—Will you please furnish us with a copy of the chemical analysis of the water from your filter well?

By giving us answers to the foregoing questions, you will very much oblige us.

Respectfully yours, &c., D. N. SKILLINGS, J. M. HERRICK, J. F. DWINELL, Winchester Water Commissioners.

WOBURN, Sept. 5, 1873. D. N. SKILLINGS, Esq., Chairman Winchester Water Commissioners.—DEAR SIR:—In reply to your communication in looking back at your conjugal relations have been of the most happy and enviable character; that you have been blessed with offspring, who, honoring their parents, have been able to take their places in life, cultured and respected; that your transactions with men have been met with such hearty approval, and especially that the appreciation of your thirteen years of efficient service as a prominent town officer has filled your home to-night with warm, intelligent friends, representing every shade of political preference, and almost every type of religious faith, who come to tender you their personal respect, and assurance of the high regard in which you are held by them, both on account of the conscientious fidelity with which you have executed every public trust, and their appreciation of you as a kind friend, a Christian neighbor and a worthy citizen. Now in behalf of the assembled friends you are asked to accept of the tangible evidences of their sincere regard, trusting they may prove to you constant reminders of the fact that the first twenty-five years of your married life has stood their approval also that a kind Providence may watch over your household with tender care, and that yourselves and a large proportion of the company here to-night, may be spared and permitted to resemble at your home to celebrate the golden event of another quarter of a century."

First, We respectfully decline making any such recommendation as you suggest.

Second, It is our opinion that Winchester would not be a party included in any way with the drainage conditions of the Woburn Water Act. In accepting our proposition to supply Winchester with water from Horn Pond, we propose selling you so much water at certain rates free from all restrictions &c, except those named in our propositions.

Third, We cannot recommend offering terms more favorable than those contained in our communication of August 11th, 1873.

Fourth, We enclose a copy of a chemical analysis of water from our filter well made by Professor Charles T. Jackson. Any further information you may desire in relation to this matter, we shall take pleasure in giving at the earliest moment.

Very respectfully, yours &c., M. M. TIDD, E. W. HITCHCOCK, N. J. SIMONDS, Woburn Water Commissioners.

**NEW TOWN BUILDINGS.**—The votes of the town authorizing the erection of several station houses and school houses are being carried into execution as rapidly as possible. Mr. George W. Kimball has nearly finished the station house at Cummingsville, and has the one at East Woburn in process of building. The location of the one at North Woburn has not yet been decided upon.

The cellar for the new eight-room grammar school building on Main street was started this week by M. Ellis & Co. The location looks very lively with its nearly a score of workmen. Mr. Ellis expects to have the wall ready for the brick layers in about a week.

The new building will be two stories high with a Mansard roof. It will be of brick with light stone trimmings. It will contain eight school rooms and a teacher's room to each. In the upper story a nice hall will be finished covering the entire space. The site is a beautiful one, and the building with its two perfect front will be an ornament to this portion of the town. The contract has not yet awarded.

M. Ellis & Co. also have been given the contract for the stone work connected with the new school house at East Woburn. The plan of the new house to be erected is to be substantially the same as that of the Lawrence school house on Main street.

No definite steps have as yet been taken in regard to the Cedar street school house.

**A SUGGESTION.**—The authorities will have after the new school house is built on Central street at East Woburn, the present house and lot upon their hands. The lot contains about 12000 feet. The plan first proposed of taking land of P. Kenna would have doubled the size of the lot. In the new purchase there are 22,000 feet. The question has been asked "What shall we do with the old building and land?" If sold it cannot bring more than \$1000. It has occurred to us that with the introduction of water, the necessity of more house companies will present itself. Why not hold this land and house? Finish the lower story for a house house, the upper for a hall. Let the officials grade the lot a little and the children draw it in connection with the new school house yard for a playground.

**ROAD COMMISSIONERS.**—A hearing was given on a street from Warren to Jones's Court, and a survey ordered. The petitioners for a street from Water to Beacon had leave to withdraw.

**TOMATO.**—Mr. John Brauer shows at Wyman & Bennett's a tomato of the Trophy variety, which weighs one pound fourteen ounces. A very good vegetable trophy.

**PARALYSIS.**—Mr. Samuel Skelton living on Academy Hill was stricken with paralysis Monday.

**THE aggregate vote at the Republican caucus last Monday was 336. That of last fall was 353.**

**CURB.**—Workmen were putting in a curbstone in front of Fox & Hart's Block on Friday.

**SEE.**—the announcement of Mr. James Mooney in regard to the Parlor Kaleidoscope.

**BREAKDOWN.**—Gowing's butcher cart broke down on Main street Wednesday morning.

**LECTURES.**—The young people of the Baptist Society have made arrangements for another course of lectures the coming season, surpassing that of last year which was unusually good. The well known and celebrated John B. Gough opens the course on Monday evening, October 6th, with his new lecture upon the subject, "Now and Then," and is to be followed by Rev. E. E. Hale, Subject—"In his name!" Hon. Wm. Parsons, Subject—"Richard Brinsley Sheridan;" Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, Subject—"The Battle of Money;" Prof. J. W. Churchill, who will give "Readings;" W. T. Adams, (Oliver Optic) Subject—"Family Jars;" or the troubles of the Twelfth Parish;" Rev. Elias Nason, Subject—"Greenbacks;" Rev. W. H. H. Murray, Subject—"Civilized Heathen." The names here given are sufficient evidence of the character of the lectures. As the young men have incurred a heavy responsibility in securing such eminent lecturers at so heavy an expense, it is to be hoped that they will be fully encouraged in their efforts to provide our community with a course

of pleasing and instructive entertainment of a high order. All the seats in the house have been reserved and the tickets are for sale at the post office. As the church will only hold a limited number, those desiring season tickets must purchase them at once as they are being taken up very rapidly. Our Woburn friends can easily attend these lectures, as the cars run so as to accommodate them down and up.

**HOSPITALITY.**—Rev. Mr. Metcalf will repeat by request, at the Unitarian church to-morrow morning, the sermon which he gave a short time since on "Hospitality." As the sermon attracted a good deal of attention at the time it was delivered, we advise our readers to go and hear it.

**CAUCUS.**—The Republican Caucus on Friday evening of last week, was presided over by J. F. Dwinnell, and C. O. Billings was secretary. The meeting was quite harmonious (the check list being used), the adherents of Butler being quite active in bringing up their voters, and show that they had done some work beforehand. Many of the Washburn men were kept away by the severe thunder shower just previous to the meeting. Washburn delegates to the State Convention were, however, chosen, viz: Salem Wilder, C. O. Billings and C. H. Mosely. To the County and Councillor Convention, S. H. Folsom, A. W. Quincy, S. S. Holton. To the Senatorial, J. F. Dwinnell, P. W. Perry and J. H. Tyler. Delegates to have power to fill vacancies.

**A GOOD PRAYER.**—The following prayer offered at the Worcester Convention by Rev. C. M. Lamson, of Worcester is a model. We reproduce it:—Our Father: It is fitting that in all our undertakings we should recognize thine authority and implore thy protection. We seek to know thy counsel and our duty. May thy preservation in all our liberations and decisions perpetuate among men the perceptions of thine own wisdom; may they seek to understand and to teach the high duties of citizenship. For what we have received, the integrity and wisdom from our fathers, we thank thee. May we preserve their spirit undiminished and revered. God save the Commonwealth and establish it upon the eternal foundation of purity and peace. Amen.

**TELEGRAPHING.**—It is an outrageous shame that the rates of telegraphing to and from this town by the Western Union Telegraph line are so high. There is no reason why it should be, and we hope an opposition line will be started soon that will benefit our own and other towns in this respect. A good deal more of business might be done if the rates were lower.

**MUSIC.**—The Town erected some little time since, at a great expense, a very tasteful and ornamental structure upon the common, with the understanding that the band would give performances there at intervals during the week, for the edification of the community. Since the 4th of July we believe the stand has not been used, and we suggest that if it is not to be devoted to its intended use, let it be put to some business stand, or perhaps it might be used for the moderator and clerk in town meetings, while the voters could be accommodated on the ground below or roost on the depot platform, and not have any difficulty in hearing the stentorian voices of some of our public speakers.

**SCHOOLS.**—All the schools re-opened last week, and the parents if not the children are delighted.

Something of a flurry has been created in our town at the probable consummation of the sale of a tract of land in town for the erection of a new State Prison. The lot contemplated contains fifty acres; the price asked, \$700 per acre. It is situated between the Lowell and Woburn Branch Railroad, and between Cross street and Mosely's tannery. By many it is believed it will be a positive injury to our town, swallow up a large tract of land that is well adapted for building and business purposes, that it will take so much from our taxable property, that the introduction of such society will have a depressing influence upon the youth of our town, that there is something repulsive to such an institution that our town cannot overlook. On the other hand, it is said, one of our first citizens endeavored to sell his fine estate, located in the heart of the village, for this same purpose. Many believe it will bring business into our midst, create a good deal of work, cause the erection of many good buildings to accommodate the officers, that large sums of money will be passed out for food, fuel, etc., that the buildings erected will be an ornament to the region, that all immoral influence will be within the wall of the prison, that it will give our town influence and reputation abroad, that so many anxiously crave. It is understood the Lowell Railroad influence is strong for the location, as it will give it quite an amount of transportation. The owner of the land is one of our best citizens, and kindest-hearted men; he would not do anything to injure the town, but he has got the land and wants to sell it; who can blame him? If not sold for this purpose, a part of it will probably remain unimproved for some time, and if improved, by a class of houses, that will add but little to taxable property or beautify the neighborhood.

No steps as yet have been taken to build Highland avenue, though laid out several months ago. Those who are expecting to realize largely from the sale of lots, begin to think "dull delay" their only inheritance. The main street from Winchester to Medford center, is being widened and rebuilt in the most thorough manner. This year Medford is doing nothing half way with her streets. This season completed will be the widening of the best leading from Boston. Hills leveled, and valleys raised, a heavy coating of broken stones made the road bed. Widened and altered it, and have re-located it throughout its entire length; that the Selectmen, acting under the County Commissioners, are proceeding to enter upon the land of the petitioners and threaten to cut down and remove the trees standing on their land. They allege that the Commissioners exceeded their authority in re-locating, widening, and altering the avenue for various reasons, but principally because the original petition of the Selectmen did not ask to locate the avenue anew, but merely to define its bounds. They accordingly ask that a writ of certiorari may be granted and that the defendants be enjoined from further proceedings in relation to the construction of the avenue. There was now a hearing upon the petition, and the judge decided that the original petition was merely to define the bounds of the avenue, that the commissioners had no authority to widen and straighten it, and that the proceedings of the commissioners were so far void. He accordingly ordered the writ to issue.

A. Russ and H. J. Wells for the petitioners, and C. Robinson, Jr. for the defendants.

The decision only applied to the avenue, Charlestown and Lowell streets being all right.

On the petition of Warren W. Rawson and John Fillebrown praying that the Selectmen be prohibited and restrained in the matter of constructing, widening,

expectations, less care and perplexities. This region has as much natural beauty as the other, occupied by poorer men, given to mechanics and small trades, as wealth and cultivation increase its face will change; business and thrift will call up costly dwellings and cultivate wild fields, delicate flowers will please the senses, shade and ornamental trees overspread our streets, and higher taste everywhere greet the eye.

**CAUCUS.**—At the Republican caucus Sept. 6th, at which John Marion acted as chairman, and Otis Cutler secretary, the following delegates were elected: State, John Winn (Washburn); County and Councillor, Elijah Marston; Senatorial, W. H. Walker.

**ARRESTING.**—The Prescott Light Guard of Charlestown, picked up Spy Pond Grove last Thursday. Foot races, sack and greased pig races were among the features.

**FIRE.**—About 4:30 Wednesday afternoon a shed near the house of one Dacey living on the Acres was discovered to be on fire and help was summoned. No alarm was given in town, but the "Wm. Penn's" heard of it and went. Hand hose had done the work of extinguishment however. It made a dense smoke, and the entire Medford Department were on the scene.

**ACCIDENT.**—Last Monday as Mr. Theodore Schwab, piano forte frame manufacturer, was running a new work planer, he accidentally got his left hand caught under the machine and cut off the ball of his thumb and also all of the flesh upon the inside of the hand. None of the bones were injured. It was almost a miracle that he did not lose his hand altogether.

**QUERY.**—Who killed Johnny Brady's hens? It seems that Brady's hens, like all other fowls, are intent on flying over the wall into the neighbors' gardens, and after repeated admonitions to keep them at home, quite a number of them were shot. People that keep fowls should keep them on their own premises, or else an injunction like that put on the Board of Selectmen the other day, will be put upon them to restrain them.

**FRIGHTENED.**—Tuesday night as Mr. W. J. Niles' horse and carriage was being driven across the Avenue from the depot, the horse took fright at a lot of mattresses, lounges and other goods on the sidewalk in front of R. J. Ober's furniture store, and wheeled round so suddenly that the carriage was overturned, throwing out the son and daughter of Mr. Niles, and breaking the shafts of the carriage. He showed no disposition to run however, and matters were soon righted.

**GRAND HUNTING AND FISHING EXCURSION.**—Mr. Albert Winn, Henry Locke, John Hill and Lorenzo Locke, left town last Monday morning for Moosehead Lake intending to be gone a fortnight. They were well provided with shot guns, revolvers, bowie knives, fishing tackle etc., and no doubt will return well repaid for their journey. We presume they will bring home all kinds of game, and no doubt the citizens of Arlington will see a greater variety of things they have ever seen together before, exceeding in all respects, the success of the Isles of Shoals fishermen.

**INSTRUCTIONS.**—The following is an account of the case of Robbins et al versus County Commissioners. It was heard before Judge Endicott, Supreme Judicial Court, Sept. 5th:—

This is a petition for a writ of certiorari and for an injunction brought by a number of abutters on Arlington Avenue, a public highway leading from the city of Cambridge through Arlington to the town of Lexington. The petitioners petitioned the County Commissioners to view the main avenue of the town, called Arlington Avenue, from Cambridge to Lexington line, and define the bounds of the same; also, to view Charlestown street from Somerville to its junction with the avenue, and define the bounds, and make such alterations in the course and width of them as may seem just and proper; also, to cause Lowell street, from "the foot of the rocks," to the Lexington line to be widened and straightened; that afterwards the commissioners acting upon the petition, adjudged "said widening and straightening to be of common convenience and necessity"; that notice of a hearing of all parties interested having been given, the commissioners subsequently ordered and required the inhabitants of the town of Arlington on or before July 1, 1875, among other things to lay open, construct and complete Arlington Avenue in a manner specified by them, allowing the owners and occupants of the land over which the highway is



for having been into its interior this little distance.

A peep into Aunt's dairy apartment is worth your while, for in this great house there is nothing lacking; scores of pails filled with the milk from twenty cows occupy places which tell the thorough housewife what section requires the services of her skimmer first; the rows of tubs of golden butter, the dozens of cheeses on the shelves are enough to make your mouth water, and assure you that a part of what you call butter, would find a lodging in the soap grease up here. A cap of coffee with a portion of sweet cream looks and tastes very different from that which is doctored with milk that gets its cream from the "iron-nosed cow." A stock of maple sugar has its place near at hand and nothing seems to be lacking. Do I hear you say the children cannot have the advantages of an education? To be sure the old stone school house is a little behind the times, but here the people appreciate an education for they have to go away to other parts to attain it, and they are not held in any respect. A library of choice selections ornaments the sitting room, and its volumes are not found with accumulations of dust and cobwebs, for want of use, but are well read and often quoted from.

I regret that my story must now draw to a close, for I would gladly linger here till November takes her stand and brings cold winter near. I would like an apple from that tree which was brought from Canada, Massachusetts, and the back of one of her natives when he left his home and settled as a pioneer among these hills. Yes, I would be happy to make a long stay with these hospitable people, and if you think I have exaggerated these accounts, come and look for yourself, and I am positive you will agree with me that one must see and taste in order to appreciate.

ABRAM.

**Died.**

In Arlington, Sept. 5th, Etta Frances, only daughter of John P. and Mary J. Allen, aged 11 years, 4 months, 1 day.  
In Arlington, Sept. 6th, Patrick Connolly, aged 20 years.  
In Arlington, Sept. 10th, Grace A. daughter of John P. and Mary J. Allen, aged 11 years, 4 months, 1 day.  
In Woburn, Sept. 4th, Ellen, daughter of Michael and Catherine Kelly, aged 10 months.  
In Woburn, Sept. 4th, Mary McHugh, aged 62 years, 3 months.  
In Woburn, Sept. 5th, Melinda Cawson, aged 24 years.  
In Lynn, Sept. 4th, Arthur Andrews, son of Jacob S. and Ella G. Bates, aged 7 days.

**Special Notices.**

**SPECIAL NOTICE.**  
The Annual Meeting of the Woburn Gas-light Company, will be held at their office, in Woburn, on Tuesday, October 1st, 1873, at 11 o'clock P. M., for choice of officers, and the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the meeting.  
AARON THOMPSON, Clerk.  
Woburn, Sept. 10th, 1873.

**DODGE'S**

**Piano Forte**

**ROOM,**

**Cor. Main and Railroad Streets,**

**WOBBURN.**

**SOLE AGENT FOR**

**Mason & Hamlin**

**Cabinet Organs,**

for Woburn and vicinity.

—ALSO—

**First-class Pianos,**

**Piano Stools,**

**Covers, &c.**

**PIANOS** For sale at the lowest

**PIANOS** To sell on installment.

**PIANOS** Payments monthly.

**PIANOS** Taken in exchange for new

**PIANOS** Tuned and repaired in the

**PIANOS** best manner.

**PIANOS** Packed and shipped to any

**PIANOS** part of the Country.

**PIANOS** For sale in every way to

**PIANO COVERS** suit all customers.

**PIANO STOOLS** Of all styles and prices.

**PIANOS** Of great variety at low prices.

**PIANOS** For cash than any other

**FOR SALE OR TO LET.**

Two first-class houses on the corner of Court Street and Church Avenue, containing nine large rooms each, modern and convenient, with water over the whole, will be finished by October 1st.

JOHN CLOUGH.

**E. PRIOR,**

**REAL ESTATE AGENT, AND AUCTIONEER.**

Also, particular attention given to Collecting BILLS.

OFFICE: 194 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

Having Houses for sale or to let will please call upon E. PRIOR, Real Estate Agent, 194 Main St., Woburn.

**REMOVAL.**

We have just opened an

**Entirely Fresh Stock**

**CARPETINGS**

At our New Store,

**178 & 179**

**TREMONT STREET**

Near Boylston Street,

which includes a large assortment of

Ammister, Wilton,

**BRUSSELS,**

**Tapestry and Ingrain**

**CARPETS.**

Also

Oil Cloths, Matting, Bookings,

Rugs, Mats, etc.

**J. LOVEJOY & SONS,**

(Formerly of Summer St.) BOSTON.

**New Church Music Book.**

THE STANDARD. Price \$1.50, is a very

superior collection of Church Music, for

Choirs, Conventions, and Singing Classes. Compiled by L. O. EMERSON and H. R. PALMER, men of the highest reputation as conductors and composers. Sent largely. Already a great success.

**Sabbath School Music.**

THE RIVER OF LIFE. \$30 per hundred, is a Sabbath School Song Book of extraordinary merit. 400 composers contribute Hymns and Music, new, original and beautiful. Specimen copies mailed for 30 cents.

**CHEERFUL VOICES.** Price 50 cents. By L. O. EMERSON. A SCHOOL SONG BOOK is the one to introduce in Common School the present season.

All books mailed, post-paid, for retail prices. OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston. 156 C. H. DITSON & CO., 111 Broadway, N. Y.

**SPECIAL.**

Notice is hereby given that the subscribers have been appointed by the Honorable Judge of Probate for the County of Middlesex, to receive and distribute the estate of the late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, testate, represented by his executor, and to prove their claims; and they will attend to that service at the office of the W. & M. Association in said Woburn, on Tuesday, Oct. 6th, Nov. 4th, Dec. 9th, from 2 to 5 o'clock P. M.

JOHN JOHNSON, LEMUEL G. RICHARDSON, Commissioners. Woburn, Sept. 10th, 1873.

**FOR SALE AT TOWN HALL.**

A lot of nice second furniture for sale very low, at TOWN HALL.

WOBURN.

Consisting in part of the following articles viz.

2 doz. Chairs various kinds.

3 Nice looking Glasses.

1 S. R. Extension Table.

Lot of Comforters, Blankets and Mattresses.

3 Bureaus, 1 Nice Library Table.

4 Kitchen Tables.

5 Feather Beds, Pillows, Bolsters &c.

Lot of Straw Matting.

Also one nice Cabinet, Bed, suitable for parlor use; former price \$35.00; will be sold cheap, call early.

**G. W. POLLOCK.**

**Public Library**

OF KENTUCKY.

Ex-Geo. Thos. F. Brannett, Manager, Fourth Ward Gift Concert and drawing, at Louisville.

**WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1873.**

ONE GRAND CASH GIFT, \$25,000.

ONE GRAND CASH GIFT, 100,000.

ONE GRAND CASH GIFT, 50,000.

ONE GRAND CASH GIFT, 25,000.

ONE GRAND CASH GIFT, 10,000.

ONE GRAND CASH GIFT, 5,000.

ONE GRAND CASH GIFT, 2,500.

ONE GRAND CASH GIFT, 1,250.

ONE GRAND CASH GIFT, 625.

ONE GRAND CASH GIFT, 312.

ONE GRAND CASH GIFT, 156.

ONE GRAND CASH GIFT, 78.

ONE GRAND CASH GIFT, 39.

ONE GRAND CASH GIFT, 19.

ONE GRAND CASH GIFT, 9.

ONE GRAND CASH GIFT, 4.

ONE GRAND CASH GIFT, 2.

ONE GRAND CASH GIFT, 1.

ONE GRAND CASH GIFT, 1/2.

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ONE GRAND CASH GIFT, 1/8.

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ONE GRAND CASH GIFT, 1/64.

ONE GRAND CASH GIFT, 1/128.

ONE GRAND CASH GIFT, 1/256.

ONE GRAND CASH GIFT, 1/512.

ONE GRAND CASH GIFT, 1/1024.

ONE GRAND CASH GIFT, 1/2048.

ONE GRAND CASH GIFT, 1/4096.

ONE GRAND CASH GIFT, 1/8192.

ONE GRAND CASH GIFT, 1/16384.

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## MOUNTAIN ADVENTURE.

The following thrilling account we clip from the Boston Journal, one of whose correspondents recently was east away on Mt. Washington.

And now we begin the fearful ascent of Jacob's Ladder. The little car, brought nearer to a perpendicular position by the acute inclination of the road, seems ready to fall backwards upon the engine and hurt itself into the abyss below. The increased tremulous motion, penetrating through every nerve and fibre, the louder clanging of the machinery, the short, savage snorting of the locomotive and slightly decreased speed show the herculean labor being performed.

Poised in mid air, thousands of feet from the bottom of the mountain, in the very clouds themselves, a storm raging with out, covered us with a perfect sea of darkness, our only shelter a frail bark below, for all we knew, the slightest mishap may cause to be dashed into atoms on the rock below, and who will wonder that the stoutest hearts felt just a little of fear!

Onward we went, steadily onward and upward, when, just as we were congratulating ourselves that the worst of the journey must be over, there came, without warning or premonition, a loud crash like a thunderbolt, shot from a cloudless sky, so sudden and unexpected was it. There was an instantaneous stoppage of machinery, a palpable and terrifying lifting, or upward movement of the car, accompanied by a violent surge down hill, as though striving to break away and leap from the track into the depths below, then a sudden settling to place again, and then—all was still! And for a moment such a painful stillness, aweing and enchanting the spirit beyond description!

We have heard it stated that when a person is drowning there is a peculiar action of the mind, by which all the events of a life time pass in instantaneous review. Whether true or not as regards death by water, we know that there was a great deal of thinking done in a very few moments last night in mid air at Jacob's Ladder.

Was there a panic? No. Did anyone scream, or faint or try to jump overboard? No, far from it. It was all so sudden, so appalling, so overpowering, that the effect was quite the reverse. But when the awful, terrifying horror of the moment had passed, there came such a realization of the situation, such a thankfulness, such a calmness that it seemed as though some great benediction had fallen upon each heart, and rendered it too full for utterance.

The main eccentric shaft of the engine was broken short off, deranging all the machinery, and rendering further progress by rail, either up or down the mountain, utterly impossible. Of course there was a hurried and anxious consultation as to what had better be done, but there was one thing settled on the instant, and that was to leave the car, whatever might come next. Nothing on earth could have kept us there any longer. It was raining in torrents, blowing a gale and blacker than Egyptian darkness, but that was nothing to the dread uncertainty of what possibly might happen if we remained where we were, and so gathering up such light baggage as was at hand, out we started into the rain, into the gale, into the night, and clung to the timbers, to the car, and whatever else could be laid hold of, as best we could, like so many drowning rats.

When lights were brought and our position determined, it was found that the accident had occurred within a few feet of the upper end of the first section of the Ladder, where the great trestle work tapers away, and rests upon a sort of abutment, formed by the projecting ledge, very much as a bridge rests upon its embankments at either end. The road was just as steep here as elsewhere, but our light above the rocks was much less, being, so to speak, nearer the shore, which rendered landing possible, whereas, had the disaster occurred a few rods either below or above, we must have remained all night in the car, or clinging to the trestle work. As it was, we reached the ground with no little difficulty and danger.

Once landed, it was one of three things: To remain where we were, to go down the mountain to the station, or go up the mountain to the Summit House. The first proposition meant being chilled through and through, and perishing without exception; and of the other two we chose the last. And so we started, through the darkness and storm, on one of the most terrible journeys ever performed, since the night on which the beautiful young lady whose monument stands in sight of my window as I write, a perpetual admonition to the adventurous tourist, laid down her life in an attempt to make the same perilous ascent.

But here pen fails me, for who can picture that desperate struggle for life—the hope, the fear, the despair and the triumph of last night's adventure? Or who can describe the narrow escape from pit falls and precipices, the ledge scaled, the depths explored, as chilled and blinded by the driving storm, we clambered, torn and bleeding, over the jagged rocks, up the steep sides of the bleak mountain? Or, how strong men broke down and gave out in utter despair; how weak and sickly women had to be almost carried along by main strength; how others repeatedly fainted and fell, overcome by the terrible exposure and exertion, until life itself seemed gone out forever; or how one beautiful young lady, self-asserting to the last degree, immortalized herself by deeds of valor worthy of the Spartan mothers of old. And who can describe the thankfulness that filled our souls when, after having wandered about for hours, we were discovered by the guides sent out for our rescue, and conducted in safety to the top of the mountain! Or the emotions of each heart as our little party gathered around the spot where the lovely Lizzie Bourne perished, and in mournful silence, amid storm and darkness, added our tributes to the little monument! These things must be imagined, they can never be described.

On the train at the time of the accident was Col. J. W. Dodge, the efficient Superintendent of the road and popular landlord of the Summit House, to whom our party will always be under lasting obligations for his many attentions. There was also luckily on the train a "slideboard." This is an implement used by workmen on the road to descend the mountain with, and consists of a plain hard wood board or plank about fifteen inches wide and four feet long, having a sort of brake by which it can be partially controlled by its single passenger. It is said that one of these boards can travel from the top to the bottom of the mountain in less than five minutes! But minutes are considered dangerous, even in experienced hands and when used in broad daylight, two men having already been killed and several se-

riously injured. As soon as the disaster occurred the brakeman descended to the station at Marshfield on this slideboard, at the risk of his life, and telegraphed the Summit House for guides with lanterns, to be sent to conduct us up the mountain. Col. Dodge then organized our company into a procession, single file, cautioning us to "make haste slowly," and was unerring in his exertions for our safety and comfort all the way up. But on such a night, and over such a route of what avail was the most experienced guide? All we could do was to keep as nearly as possible the general bearing of the railroad, and push forward over rocks piled literally mountains high, and even then we were repeatedly lost, the gallant colonel falling to the rear exhausted, his two hundred and twenty-five pounds avoirdupois becoming at last an over match for his indomitable courage.

Having been lost for some time, we finally struck the railroad, and followed it up to a small shanty near the top of the mountain, occupied by workmen on the road, where we arrived entirely exhausted and worn out. The guides sent down to find us, after having hunted for several hours in vain, had taken shelter here from the storm to await events.

There might have been joy on board the Plata when Columbus first set eyes on the green hills and fertile plains of the New World, but it must have been a perfect funeral compared with the joy we felt on discovering that line of safety! Stout-hearted Scotsmen in the beleaguered fortress of Lucknow, are said to have wept like children on hearing the notes of the slogan which betokened the approach of the army which was to set them free; but what was their rejoicing compared to what we felt on meeting those guides! Nothing at all.

What shall we say of our reception on arriving at the Summit House? The hundred or more guests of the house had of course been up from the time of the first news concerning the disaster, and were all on the "qui vive" for our arrival. Then there was a steaming hot supper all ready, dry clothing, stimulants, hot flannels—everything which the good judgment of man or the kind heart of woman could suggest was placed at our service. Mrs. Dodge and her beautiful daughters were not only generous and thoughtful, but perfectly overwhelming in their kindnesses.

"Oh woman! woman! what dost thou do!"

For kindness; we had been ten minutes without you; Angels are painted fair to look like you; There's in you all that we believe of heaven. Amazing grace, power and truth, Eternal joy, and everlasting love."

This is slightly changed from Otway, but for the better.

THE ART OF TEASING.—As if there were not troubles enough in the world that come upon men without human design, people set themselves to work to diminish happiness and to increase misery. Philologists tell us that there is in man an organ and faculty of destructiveness—that, when unregulated, it inspires cruelty; that it is the root of that horrible passion which the old Romans had, and their modern descendants still have, in murderous gladiatorial shows, contests of wild beasts, bull fights, etc.

But there runs through modern civilization a vein of the same quality. People that would faint to see a gush of blood, and who think themselves Christians, have a lively enjoyment in witnessing pain, and cultivate the art of inflicting it. The mention of a few of the methods employed will make good my remarks.

The delight with which many report bad news; the eagerness with which they report to people evil sayings which they not but lacerate the feelings, show a morbid love of suffering. This is not the trait of a villainous nature. It exists in people of real kindness of disposition. It is not anomalous, because it is so widely extended as to seem normal.

Some people scatter pain-producing elements thoughtlessly, and are surprised and sorry when they witness the sufferings produced. Others do it for momentary pleasure, without making any bad results. But now and then we find persons who love to torture a victim. They enjoy another's sufferings. It is their happiness to see some one made keenly miserable by their lance like tongue. They will smile, and talk in low, sweet tones, and shoot out quivering sentences, poison-tipped, and cast a look sideways, to see if they strike, and at every sign of pain their face grows bright.

In part this is a latent ambition. People thus assert their power over others. It raises one in his own estimation to perceive that he can control the moods of another.

But there is a still more common exhibition of the love of suffering. It is seen in the ignoble, but universal Art of Teasing. We see it in its most unregulated form among children, who nip and pinch each other, make up mouths, twitch each other's clothes, run off with toys, push and joggle, point with insulting fingers, and in a hundred ingenious ways, strive to make each other miserable. As they grow up, it often happens that young people carry on a campaign of teasing each other vying with another which shall be the sharpest.

It does not cease with youth. Grown folks, good-natured, kind-hearted, well-meaning and full of benevolence, often show their perverse spirit in the midst of all their kindness. By sharp speech, by vaingloriousness, by exciting curiosity, pretended facts, by sinister compliments, by replying on them circumstances for bid a reply, by equivocal praise, by the blunt telling of some truth that had better been left unsaid, and by hundreds of ingenious ways which time would fail to tell, people inflict pain upon each other. Those who in the main are striving to make friends happy, will have one black thread in the web of white. Those who really love each other have a strange readiness for stirring each other up.

There is an innocent and even pleasure-producing method of rallying, which is delectable and gracefully done, heightens the enjoyment of society. One may touch a discord if it lapses into a true chord. Sometimes, when we have good news to tell, we are bewitched with a desire to open the matter as if it were a great trouble that we are about to break. There is a gentle badinage, an innocent arrow-shooting, which darters and charms. But the full of the other sort. If Darwin is right in thinking that men ascended from monkeys by gradual evolution, then it is very certain that some men came up by the way of the mosquito, the flea and the biting fly, and that the ancestral traits still linger in the blood.

## MURRAY ON THE HORSE.

Rev. W. H. Murray closed his very excellent address at the N. E. Fair, as follows:—

I cannot, before I close, resist the inclination to put on record in this connection my strong protest against the conduct of certain people, who by slurs and innuendoes and misrepresentations, seek to bring into popular disgrace the most delightful and elevating branch of American agriculture—the breeding and training of horses. Such behavior is both disgraceful to themselves, and, so far as it has any influence on the public, hurtful to the best interests of the country. As a branch of business, it represents an enormous amount of capital, as the national statistics show—of capital, too, contributing actively, year by year, to the commercial prosperity of the land, and also largely and directly to the health and happiness of its inhabitants. From the settlement of the country, the horse has been intimately and honorably associated with our social and religious life, as he has also most potentially contributed to the development of its trade and commerce. Without the aid of the noble animal, the thoughtless and ignorant, the gambler and the miser, nor our political gatherings held, nor, as we all realize in view of the revelation of last winter, during the epidemic season, could our business enterprises have been carried out. Why an animal so noble by nature, and useful to us all, should be singled out for reproach, or to engage in his propagation and training be stigmatized as a low and vulgar pursuit, passes my comprehension. For one, I acknowledge a debt of gratitude to those, who by importation of blooded animals, or careful attention to the principals of breeding, have contributed to the improvement of the American horse. The world is happier and better conditioned to-day because Lafosse, Darcy, Hiram Woodruff, and men of their intelligence and character lived. And not alone to these great masters who revealed to us the true method of shoeing, training and driving horses, are we indebted, but to all of lesser note who in any sensible measure assisted in the improvement of the animal himself, or of man's knowledge of his wants, and his proper use to serve the human race. It is a disgrace to teach men useful knowledge; to add to the intelligence and humane impulses of the country in respect to the husbandry of God's creatures; to increase their limited means, and even to improve their own condition, and send the aggressive spirit of the human race, to a country with a worthy ambition the young agriculturist to produce better stock than his father left him, and to say, "I say, if I disagree, then I rejoice to share it with those who, in every State of the Union, are laboring to accomplish the same noble end, by which the public interest, the integrity of whose characters I hope to equal, but may never expect to excel. I love, with an attachment which is native soil, and hold that its cultivation, and employment in those pursuits which are connected with it, is most conducive to the practice of those virtues which ennoble man and minister to his happiness. I love the earnest, honorable industries of the field, and the stimulating companionship of the spirited denizens of the stable. The strong, healthy odor of the earth, the scented hedges, the tremendous happiness of harvest fields, the welcoming noise of glossy favorites greeting my coming steps with the pride of their arched necks and expectant eyes—all this is a delight. I hail the life of innocent and humane industry, in which care sets with the setting of the sun, and gentle night brings center to the day's labor. I cherish the noble, in some limited measure, I may contribute something to the intelligence of those of my generation who share this feeling with me, by which they shall more perfectly understand the principles that underlie success in those pursuits, which, while they minister to the truest pleasures of life, supply, at the same time, the needed support and profit. Enough for me, if, when that crowded life which lives in cities, and to which I am most a stranger, shall have forgotten me—as it surely will forget—I may still be remembered in the scattered hamlets of the country, and be occasionally mentioned by old farmers, as having been a friend of the farmer, and of the farmer's best friend—the noble, servicable animal—the horse.

John Paul, writing to the Tribune from Saratoga, has a suggestion as to the mode of starting horses in a race, which we quote for the benefit of the managers of agricultural "boss trots," this fall.—Instead of all this nonsense in starting, why not bring all the horses up and have them to a line, as men do when they run? When the flag drops let them go, and if a horse won't go, let him stay, and the race go on without him. This would be fair for everyone, and no grumbling could then come in. There's always more "chinning" about "unfair starts" than ever anything else in a race. It may be urged that some horses would not start. Then keep the stubborn animals off the track; if a horse won't go when he's wanted to, I see no particular need of perpetrating the breed. The particular strain of blood which prompts a horse to stand still when you want him to go, and go when you want him to stand still, can be dispensed with. I have had several such horses in my time, and their hides invariably brought \$3 apiece, quite as much as any other horses' hides. They were said to make excellent trunk straps.

TALK OF THE WHITE AND BLACK.—A correspondent of the Country Gentleman says: "Every spotted dog has the end of his tail white, and every spotted cat has the end of the tail black. The fact there can be no doubt. I have examined dogs and cats without number in France, in England, and in America, and always noticed the same result. The dog's tail is not original with me, but the cat's. Our former minister to Japan, Mr. Harris, first mentioned the fact concerning the dog in a letter to the New York Times, published some years since. I have looked at many paintings of dogs in the galleries of Paris, and elsewhere, in regard to this, and even found there the dogs spotted, always 'in order,' proving to me that the artists had invariably copied from nature.

Professor Wise evidently does not intend, in case his balloon goes to the bad, to die "unhonored and unused," whatever else may become of him. Before he launches his great balloon he will publish a new edition of his book, entitled "Through the air: A narrative of Forty Years Experience as an Aeronaut." In case the balloon fails this will keep the courageous and devoted professor's memory green. But if he succeeds—why the great, discriminating, critical, reading public will imperatively demand a new edition revealing the results of that great venture. In any event, therefore, fate will reward our great American aeronaut for all his labors to navigate the air.

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THE BEST WORKMEN,

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Woburn, May 28th, 1870.

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## BOSTON AND LOWELL R. R.

ON and AFTER MONDAY, Aug. 19th, 1873, trains will leave BOSTON for

Lowell, 7:15 A.M., 12 M., 2:30 P.M., 4:30 P.M., 6:30 P.M.

Lowell, 7:15 A.M., 12 M., 2:30 P.M., 4:30 P.M., 6:30 P.M.

Lowell, 7:15 A.M., 12 M., 2:30 P.M., 4:30 P.M., 6:30 P.M.

Lowell, 7:15 A.M., 12 M., 2:30 P.M., 4:30 P.M., 6:30 P.M.